

Speak up, Knee!

Take my left knee, for example,
it gives a little grinding noise when flexed.

Let it bend, let it slide over the right one until
they lock easily, appropriately together.

Review the specks, the scars:

-one from the fence in the lumber yard in Northern Vermont

-the troubling, discolored lumpish thing below it

-the sweet soft area above the cap

-and the small veins at the bend with their geographic, adventuring spread
north toward the thigh and south toward the calf.

Those veins, curious to see more, keep pushing
out beyond home territory.

I can sympathize with this urge to travel.

(I myself almost went to San Francisco last weekend)

But I want such urges in my knee and elsewhere
in my body well contained.

I'd like to make the reservations, as it were, myself—
from my own head, not from the corpuscles.

Who is in charge here, anyway?

I ask my knee,
which can only grind back
inconclusive and inarticulate
from its clearly inferior position.