
RODGER KAMENETZ

13

Two feet, ten fingers, one head.
Or I will build you 13
out of the teeth in her jaw, the bone
in her skull, the orbits, the sockets,
soapy calcium, brash oxygen.
13 the unlucky, 13 the tattoo
on the breast of the convict.
Out of 13 I can build you
ten attributes of God, then 3 beyond beyond.
I can take you from world to world
on a ladder or give you just this:
yod, gimel. Fingertip camel.
13 the irreconcilable, how we hate in our heart.
13 the friction, 13 the glamor,
13 that shines but we are afraid to touch.
Two pupils, two earholes, two nostrils, one mouth,
four chambers of the heart, two puffy lung bags
and all the sound bursting from my face
whistling through the holes, the sacs, the ventricles
or shouting, or in the *rigor mortis* of anger.
Suicide 13, oddball 13, unlucky 13.