

GREG WRENN

Circumcision

I. NUMBED

Such rawness and nada.
Am below him.

Surges of feeling.
Unscrews the jar

of cream. Twirl and flick
of his. Greasy end:

tipped toward me.
Better. Am ready.

Will stop the racing.
Will shear off the seething

suckers. Am antsy starfish.
On a mirror above a mirror.

II. CUTTING AWAY

in one life: was a narwhal: fed a starving Inuit village
in another: was a tapeworm: peeked out: was tugged out diced

in a temple with breathing tubes: blooming 8th day—
taste it: my heart having made it good: for my father/Father

III. AFTERWORLD

My clipped cuticles, my prepuce: they did not follow me into the grave. And they did not fly back to me when I woke in it and walked up the staircase, which had unhinged itself and sprung up farther than I could see. Ascending without appetite, I heard my scars muttering, describing his look of suppressed desire upon me as a child, wondering if—when I arrived, winded—He would finally touch me where he had wanted to.