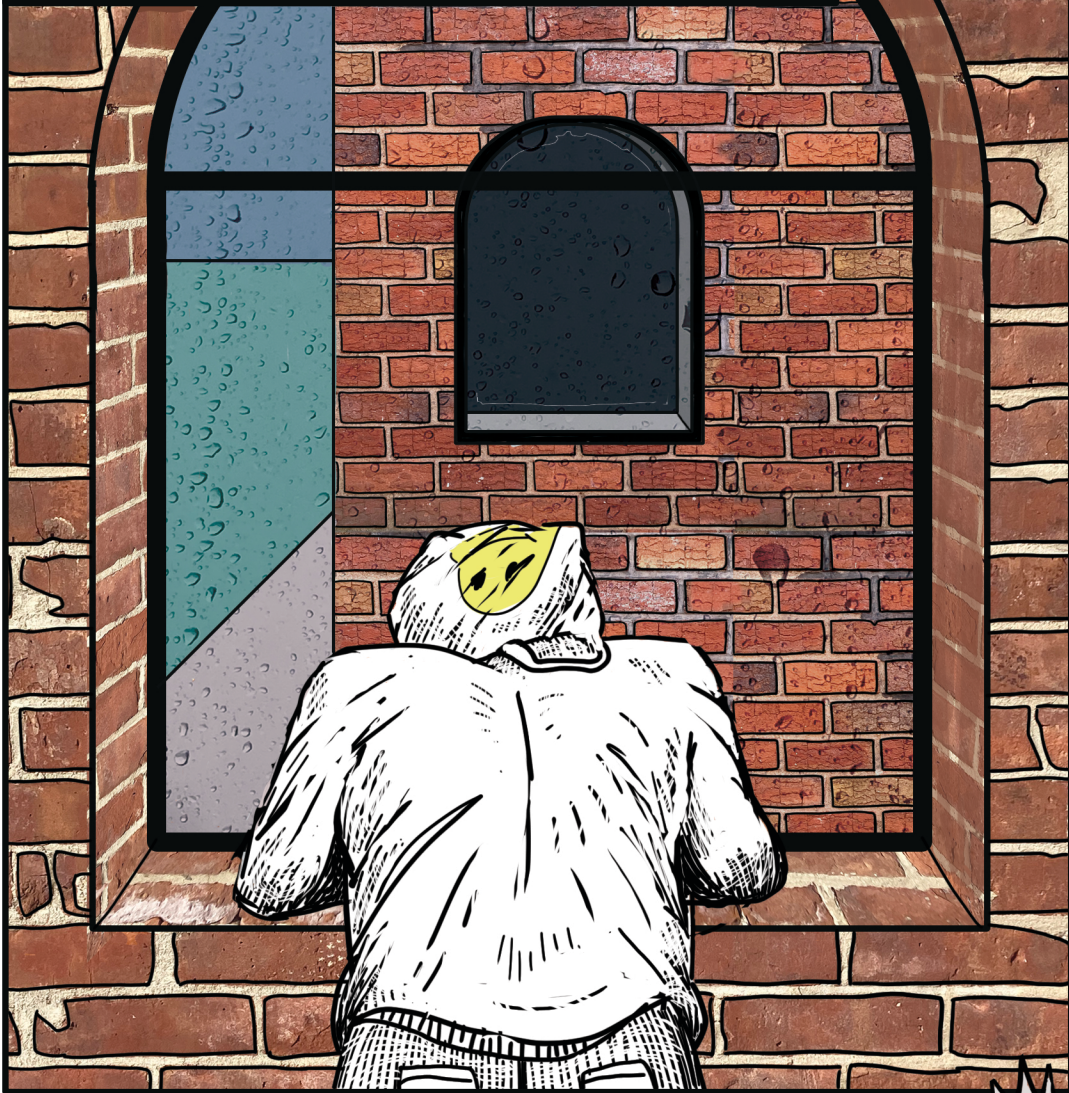
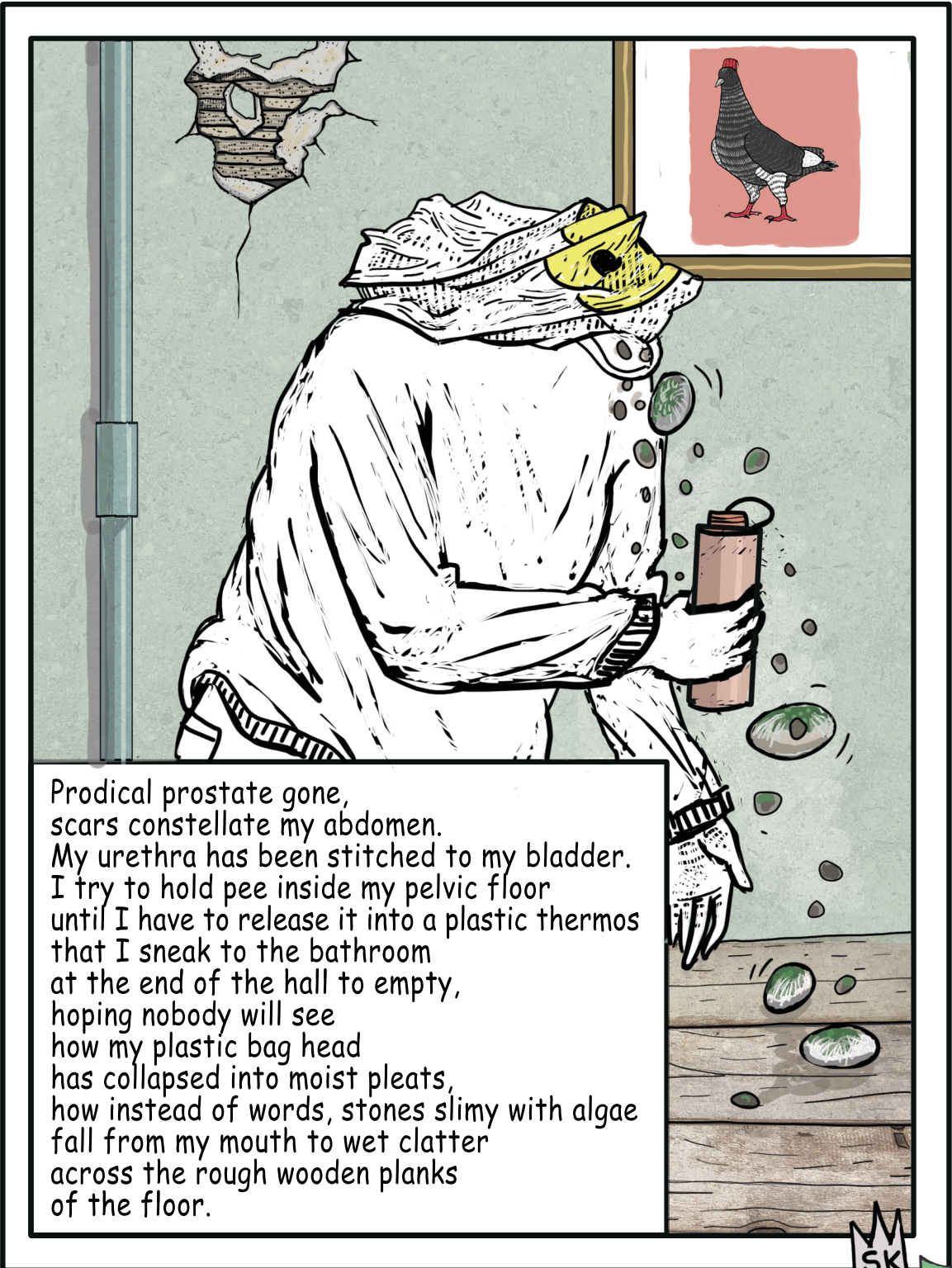


Holding Back

My studio shelters me from the wind like a womb
where I can lean folded by my window
with a view of an unlit echo
across the way,
and the river's spillway named
The Upper New York Bay
though there's nothing upper New York
about it.



Holding Back (cont'd)



Prodical prostate gone,
scars constellate my abdomen.
My urethra has been stitched to my bladder.
I try to hold pee inside my pelvic floor
until I have to release it into a plastic thermos
that I sneak to the bathroom
at the end of the hall to empty,
hoping nobody will see
how my plastic bag head
has collapsed into moist pleats,
how instead of words, stones slimy with algae
fall from my mouth to wet clatter
across the rough wooden planks
of the floor.



