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Josh English

BODY LANGUAGE

When my father's right leg began to tremor we couldn't pretend not to notice anymore.

I found a tree with a knothole large enough to hold my whole body

then climbed inside.

It isn't enough *to be there when it happens* and write it down

but first to cultivate the right shade of blindness.

I had to cross a little wooden bridge,

see the groundcovering all wrecked with rain.

I plunged my thumbs into the tree's soft interior

not for learning to love its marrow

but to watch the bits of wood strip and heave like a downed deer.