

INOSCULATION TREE

By Olivia Klimek

Loving inward—
not a thing he doesn't know,
or a limb we don't share.

Entangled here,
we give the life through open mouths.
Hands,
the moving parts in this—
nonconforming shape
an orange could grow on.

Push the hair from the face,
and the worry from the soul.
Body's blend
the way they only can,
when a touch is an antidote.