

Robert Auld

I SAY HELLO TO MY BODY

In a repurposed dance studio
most Monday nights, I say hello

to my body. Left arm overhead, not
toward the front of the room where
it always inevitably should be, I say

hello to the scar by my left elbow,
a dog bite. I should clarify we

the class define the front of the room,
and reserve the right to change our minds,
though reversing my arms I do reach

the right toward the ceiling where,
first class, I found my body and mat

under a tile with a flower carved
into its center. Most Monday nights
since then, I curve my skeletal self

to form flowers, breath imposed, petals
bent in shapes I demonstrate. In this

temporary nirvana we pose as
corpses. After all it is simple,
saying goodbye body, dog bite

scar and stretchmarks, goodbye
breath, ceiling nowhere, kids

playing basketball down the hall.
After all we cannot leave them.
Class ends. Most Monday nights,

we roll onto our right sides, to live.
Tonight, I roll onto my left for balance.