

Flesh

by Ginnah Howard

Here's to flesh:

silky flesh,
and, oh yes, bones;
3 cheers for ridges
hip and jaw.
Let's celebrate
the clavicle and the patella;
all the spaces where
my fingers, toes and tongue
dance upon the bony borders
of your body—
swirl and sweep and sway—
the tarantella and the minuet.

Here's to the funny places:
to gnarled knees and hairy toes,
to nostrils and to knuckles.

To the Frog-King,
that sweet swaggerer
in all his phallic finery.
Bravo. Bravo.

Here's to flesh:
haunch and shoulder, fat and brawn.
Hurrah to frail and fickle,
yielding flesh
and jutting bone.

