

# The Small of Her Back

*by* Con Chapman

The small of her back,  
where the downy hair stands upright  
like wheat in the summer light

made me think: pistil  
and stamen, as if back in  
biology class.



Chloroform, scalpel,  
frogs, worms—what else did we cut  
up so clumsily?

What a way to keep  
young minds off reproduction—  
repellent odors,



blood and guts, when the  
real but innocent thing was  
bent over her work  
at the next desk.

