

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.

