

Seeing the heart

One valve like a vagina
opening
another like a belly button
puckered
then fanned out
and all in shadow

Jacques Cousteau
came down here
and showed me
though his port hole eyes
were blurred
in near darkness

Humphrey Bogart
could have come out
of that grainy
black and white
or James Cagney
swaggering
in blood

or like a spiral
whirlpool into the ocean
some little ship
with you on it
long hair streaming
as you whirred
the tiller round
could have clung there
to the side

or just a black hole
quark
something out of outer space
not really screened there
like the latest news
the squirming future
or meatily indeed
my present tense

heart
dear dear heart
so hard at work
so literal inside me.