

## JODI JOHNSON

### *A Young Boy Thrown*

I am the grass, long-fingered,  
Slim-fingered, and into my hands  
Fell a boy—  
A burr shook loose from the sorrel's mane.  
I caught up his cries in my arms.

His skin was perfect and petal-thin  
At back of knee, underside of wrist;  
His white sickle of nail  
A pale first slice of moon.  
But under his head he left dark blood  
Smearred on the back of my hands.

There, a day, rising  
And sinking to its own pulse;  
And there, a moment, short as a heartbeat,  
Between waking and the opening of eyes:  
Caught shiny-new on my palm,  
They lay round and full in the red drops,  
Moments and days falling from his hair.