

Transplant: After Georgia O’Keeffe’s *Pelvis IV*, 1944
-for that 26-year-old in Florida

Wolves have two stomachs, I only have one
Inside their den, regurgitation of skeleton and then another

There is quiet now in our hospital rooms
Ventilator’s tail pulled from electrical socket

Parents weep a lake. A sky and moon, too
They weep a pelvis. It hangs in a museum

I steal your hip bone, tuck it deep inside my pocket
Where else does a love note fit if not next to a groin

The hip’s eye blue nests a moon
I disguise myself from God

Black robed messenger, two buzzards fight for a kidney
Your mother writes *He never met a stranger*

O’Keeffe in the desert, her pilgrimage, a transplant
Long after the buzzards and wolves have left

Two pictures of your strangerless face in the post
Two blue eyes, spring starflowers harvested from God’s garden

Organs reaped from a body I didn’t sow
Such porcelain gifts a fragile body sows

I ingest dissolvable moons so that we become strangers
Two skeletons of different stomachs:

One lost in the desert, the other a planet, a god
A wolf swallows his own rib to rebuild all of us

—b: william bearhart