

**Matthew Westbrook**

## **The Body Has No Idea**

There are handcuffs beneath the bones,  
but the bones don't know it.  
And the dragonflies that knit the eyebrows  
can barely detect their own wings.

The bars that form the cage of the heart  
have no concept what they contain.  
Some even say that that caravan,  
the backbone,

doesn't believe in beasts of burden,  
while those shopworn furniture, the feet,  
know nothing of their separate toes.  
So many have written

about the lost city of the soul,  
yet the belly's gravity cannot fathom  
its own laughter, those ignorant contractions  
sober as onions.

These days the mouth itself is at a loss  
to contradict the notion of a voice,  
long sunken, deep within the chest,  
or the rumor the opposable thumb

has developed a brain  
that no longer grasps for significance,  
preferring instead the gray wall the eyes stare at  
when the mind won't see.