

Nina Corwin

Sal(i)vation

The chief of neurology knocks
back a glass of water and all of us swallow
in synchrony. A signal

your Insula gets the message,
he explains. Mine keeps firing off memos.
Attention: Pavlov. Attention: Mammary.

Wherever I turn, hungry dogs,
shivering birds, lilies wilting
in the dark.

There are two faces
to survival – yours and mine.
Look: we have mirrors in our eyes.

Not far off, compassion:
sandwiched between
upper crust and lower.

Feed Me cries an orphanage
and somewhere a mother
becomes milk.

Who among us couldn't use a sip?
Me First the voices pitch
from the gallery.

Let's play planet and moon. Take turns
in each other's orbit. Look at me.
Hello.



Hello. I have two loaves of bread.
A thimble of something to wash it down.
Dinner's almost ready.

