

Jennifer Moore

Saint Veronica Has Something to Say

If what I tell you is true, the pain inside your jaw will not abate.
The absorber and the absorbed become one.

Caught in a quarantine, the jaw says to the hurt
You're my voice now. It has learned the art of ventriloquism,

the art of making another mouth move.
But come close, I have something to tell you:

the caught fish can unhook its lip
and reenter the water. If what I say is true,

knives sharpen themselves and wait for meat.
Ice can thaw from the inside out.

