

# The Woman is Round

by Bianca Spriggs

—after Izzie Klingels’ “Cells” (2012)

The woman is round  
the way he likes,  
but her hair is a constellation  
and her teeth are shards of glassy quartz  
and her clavicle is a tomb  
in which he thinks he would like  
to enshroud his lips,  
and her garment is a forsythia bush  
slipping from her right shoulder  
so when she turns to look back at him,  
he can make out the birthmark on her back  
which is a mammatocumulus cloud, adrift,  
and her spine is a blue bottle dangling from a limb,  
and her gaze is the New Testament,  
and her left temple is a grove of pear trees,  
and the cleft above her upper lip is a pier  
where she docks 11:11 wishes,  
and her beauty mark is a mantis  
trapped in amber,  
and her ears are hyacinth blooms,  
and the tops of her breasts  
are waves cresting at dusk,  
and her knuckles are hard candy,  
and her scent is that of a newborn fawn  
or the underside of a banana tree leaf,  
and her dreams are mason jars  
full of sparrow beaks  
and butterfly wings  
and possum bones,  
but he finds he can’t ever touch her—  
his fingers slide off her skin  
which is a patchwork quilt of rainbow  
light spun from prisms  
trapped in a gold room—  
no matter how tightly he closes  
his fist.