Ultrasound

This is how we meet, nearly, you and I,
in this grainy storm. Sound echoes unheard

colorless kaleidoscope: muted whites, flashing blacks

swirl and zoom like T.V. storm radar.

At first it’s hard to tell the difference between you, the machine, but soon we see how from dream and science you’ve come, somehow, to be.

The tech, with her meticulous cursor crossing and counting, proves it. You form and reform, as if purposely teasing our need to see you. Again and again your image resolves briefly into a readable human then winks itself away. You are translucent and nearly all that makes you, legible as letters.

There’s your kidney, bright wand of femur,
spine curving,  
like a string of stars.

I’ll never see  
this much of you again,

pulse of cerebellum,  
the dark network

recording this first meeting;  
your heart – how it hammers

as if alone it could knock  
down the closed door to the world –

I see so much, but not  
you. But even this

is one up on you;  
since, after all, you see nothing

of me. Just sense  
of light, new menu of sound,

the jog and jostle – all as alien  
as what’s to come (or is it?):

mystery more than you or I  
can know, and with a click

and a switch, back into black,  
for now, you go.