

Vacanti's Mouse

'The mouse, hairless and specially bred to lack an immune system that might reject the human tissue, nourishes the ear as the cartilage cells grow.'

Always bored, like Adam
if God had forgotten Eve and naming,

I imagined my aching spine
under a sail of gristle and skin; voices in

horse latitudes of sterile laboratory air
teased it like the promise of freedom or

change. Nothing ever changed
of course, except the steady, strange

unfurling of its growth; wing- bud;
soft sea- shell; whatever image wobbled

in the dim steel mirror of my
water- bowl. It grew like any metaphor: sly

parasite, cancer, transfiguration;
and though the burden of human hearing

has been hard on me, a heavy dream,
I think that doomed horses, massy and dumb,

flung helpless into perfect blue for men,
knew something of my own exhilaration

when the miracle, the shivering edge
of my nakedness, first filled with your language.