

Giving Myself Up

By Mark Strand

I give up my eyes which are glass eggs.

I give up my tongue.

I give up my mouth which is the constant dream of my tongue.

I give up my throat which is the sleeve of my voice.

I give up my heart which is a burning apple.

I give up my lungs which are trees that have never seen the moon.

I give up my smell which is that of a stone traveling through rain.

I give up my hands which are ten wishes.

I give up my arms which have wanted to leave me anyway.

I give up my legs which are lovers only at night.

I give up my buttocks which are the moons of childhood.

I give up my penis which whispers encouragement to my thighs.

I give up my clothes which are walls that blow in the wind

and I give up the ghost that lives in them.

I give up. I give up.

And you will have none of it because already I am beginning
again without anything.