

Exchange

by [Penelope Duckworth](#) in the [April 20, 2010](#) issue

I am fearfully made and I imagine
the sleek curves of my kidneys and
the round red onion shape of my bladder.
I will never see those parts with their perfect forms,
their elegant overlaps sealed in my skin.
All I know is their transparent function, or its change,
or that blind nerve dance we call pain.

I will never see those long pale ropes that take
my food and turn it to steps or speech. All I know
is the wonder of containing such exchange,
that lets the morning eggs and the noon bread
rise as song in the kitchen, laughter in the back yard,
rise as indignation, care, or grieving,
rise as love or longing or belated thanks.