

Within Striking Distance

I don't like being a push pin on a police precinct map.
What happened to me merits more than a colored dot.
If given a choice I would have wrapped myself in fur.
Thick skins everywhere would have made me bounce,
A better match for the primitive treatment.
Since reduced to muteness with neck encircled,
Fur from animals might have made me fiercer, even bite.
Protecting my throat was second-nature.
Having asthma, I will rise to guard my breath.

Hitching the dust mask on your ears worked.
I'm not used to recognizing by eyes alone.
Seeing how your features were linked
Would aid in piecing the puzzle of your identity.
You might as well be Mr. Potato Head
With interchangeable colored plastic knobs.
I wasn't able to catch whether your lips were
Generous, whether your filtrum pronounced.
I imagine your mouth as a constrictor's
You squeezed me the way you wished.