

MOLLY MCCULLY BROWN *and* SUSANNAH NEVISON

Dear Maker,

Under my body's din,  
    a hum that won't quiet,  
I still hear what you've hidden  
    in all the waves of sound:  
each bead of pain  
    that buries its head  
like a black-legged tick,  
    intractable but mine  
to nurse or lure with heat.  
    Please, tell me  
what it means that I've grown  
    to love the steady sound  
of so many kinds of caving in,  
    buckling down, the way  
a body gives itself away  
    like a sullen bride or the runt  
who couldn't latch? I know I'm just  
    a hairline crack the music  
leaves behind. I love  
    the music, though I can't keep it.