Parallel Universe

X-ray

Though the bone’s fine –
unbroken arc of hip
a mottled half moon –

my caught gaze widens in surprise
to your thigh’s white field,
its pencilled fence of skin.

X-ray stencil broken bones,
ostensibly fractured spirits,
even a messiah’s mending face.

Strange then to see suddenly
this living trace of human flesh,
visible but completely missed for years,

revealed now like a trick, like science,
loud once the sound stops dead.

Samir Guglani