



LUCAS  
DISCOVERS BLOOD

*Lucas A. Street*

When you mentioned the word  
I thought *cut*, leapt to fetch  
the blotting cloth, applied pressure—  
but you meant *science*, showed me  
your book, so riveting: the nervous  
system tracing lines, entangling  
a contraption of organs,  
the outline of a person  
in invisible skin. *Jesus*  
*healed my owie*, you utter  
unknowing, just repeating  
what I've told you. What I haven't  
yet: sometimes He chooses not to.  
Consider epileptic M—, who can't be  
left overnight, or N—, stopped finally  
trying to whittle down voices.  
Or the scar on your own forehead  
since that day, learning to walk  
near the coffee table, you stumbled  
before words were yours.