

## **For Your Birthday I Got You The Human Condition**

The human body is not comfortable for me, but you  
wouldn't let me close my eyes to these, if you were here:  
the gape of our mouths and hungry, angry bodies.  
Ceramic or flesh, I am surrounded only by strangers,  
all of us standing, talking, walking, eating, and no one  
is looking at art. From here I see dye jobs  
growing out in the crowd, grotesque, tortuous  
apertures and parts oddly placed.

I know, I know how we seek to collect  
something, anything, even ourselves amid  
the chaos of days, radiation of stars, stones, fallout.

I know we wish only for protection, unlikely  
and lovely limbs, somewhere a throat.  
We are warned again and again the ceramics are fragile  
but walking among them, I am the one who is broken,  
my pages filling with arrows pointing at absence,  
writing this letter to friends I half-imagine and  
copying down someone's birthday card that reads,  
*Notice that you are looking at a future  
version of yourself and you wonder where you are.*

© Sarah Busse 2014