

LIFE DRAWING 101

Lisa Araujo Davis

The strange man standing over there
by the vending machine, eyeing you,
doesn't understand the significance
of your breasts and collarbone,
doesn't memorize the geometry
in the swing of your walk and keep it
like the artist does
who knows your breasts are cylinders
your stomach, a sphere
your shoulders, a box—
who knows how they fit together
and shift with gravity
beneath your clothes,
beyond your skin—

not the way the strange man
goes beneath your clothes
to watch your nipples in the cold;
no, this is different
because he doesn't understand
that they are merely bows
tying the package off,
that they're a period
at the end of a long
sentence of ribbons
weaving themselves in and out
as your hips change angle
as each leg bends up and forward,
how this affects the angle of your shoulders,
how you glide so easily into equilibrium.