

## A CHIROPRACTOR GETS ADJUSTED

Ice-slick branching fists on trees,  
knotted in the dusty snow  
like muscles outside my office window.

My body remembers age eighteen,  
two years of factory work and a slipped disk.  
My sciatic nerve barks at me on the morning drive.

In my dreams I see white hands  
spill over the burn of a taut nerve  
like milk from an overturned jug.

My hands tango on a tendon  
when they find the tight spot.

Gliding fingers knead warm skin like dough.

This job takes me so close  
to the twitch of raw meat,  
the slow decay of bone.

This sheet is warm against my chest.

Eyes closed, I breathe deeply.

Thumbs dip between my shoulder blades.

Nerves shiver and bow,  
muscles loosen, and obediently,  
gratefully, bones begin to crack.

*—Anthony Iacobucci*