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## You, Doctor Martin

Jennie Ray

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## Ray: You, Doctor Martin

YOU, DOCTOR MARTIN

Jennie Ray

1.

You, Doctor Martin, caught my hand—ill flamenco sounds immediately. The winter car and I, we held backdoors. You, Doctor Martin, telling me

2.

to shave my head if I am very Jewish; your obtuse pronunciations, by now, are holding my hands. This is not ordinary and okay for us. In this combination,

3.

I do not count the days I multitasked manuscripts while you, stuffed envelopes while you. Every day I didn't count you. You swim like netted bait

4.

across my eye. My ears, nose, mouth all turn to eyes to see you sharper— then ears to hear you say 'My hand fits so easily upon your prettiest

5.

sweater, over your tiny waist'. Now I feel thirty years of your lost women line up behind my car window. I feel them, foreign cuisine of touches. And when

6.

you cupped my slight breast, 'Those women laughed'—