

# SCORE FOR LIKNESS

## ALLYSON PATY

Taste pennies out of nowhere and my nose is about to bleed.

Self-portrait in which you eat from the eyes of the dead.

The family doctor says *Not pennies. Iron.*

Self-portrait of Grandfather's immigrant grandfather laying track.  
That old kind of work with its pincers and sweat.

Self-portrait the morning the tunnel collapses.

Say my face is a ribbon cutting.  
My face is broken ground.

You know that the water you're drinking is ancient.

Self-portrait as condensation.  
Condensation as effigy.

Every day of your life you have been a woman.

What about when you're bone char.  
What about dirt.

Say your life's work.

Say burning the haze out of summer.