

**Rachel Knowler**

**Reinforced**

**(*not* a concrete poem)**

After the chip from the front of your grin,  
we'll make you a new one of china and tin.

After your hipbone, we'll put in a ball  
of steel and titanium, wedged in the hole,  
with a stem in your marrow to go with the pin  
and the splint and the stent that are where we begin.

After the knife, there follows the scar,  
and after the scissors, well, that's where we are.

After the slip from the tilt of the stool—  
After the grip of the hinge of the door—  
After the blood has been wiped from the wall—  
After the wires we'll thread through your jaw—

We'll build you up better than ever before.