

# Weighing In

By Rhina P. Espailat

What the scale tells you is how much the earth  
has missed you, body, how it wants you back  
again after you leave it to go forth

into the light. Do you remember how  
earth hardly noticed you then? Others would rock  
you in their arms, warm in the flow

that fed you, coaxed you upright. Then earth began  
to claim you with spots and fevers, began to lick  
at you with a bruised knee, a bloody shin,

and finally to stoke you, body, drumming  
intimate coded messages through music  
you danced to unawares, there in your dreaming

and your poems and your obedient blood.  
Body, how useful you became, how lucky,  
heavy with news and breakage, rich, and sad,

sometimes, imagining that greedy zero  
you must have been, that promising empty sack  
of possibilities, never-to-come tomorrow.

But look at you now, body, soft old shoe  
that love wears when it's stirring, look down, look  
how earth wants what you weigh, needs what you know.

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