

# *the flexor of the hip*

## 7. *subclavian groove*

no tie to go around my collar  
no collar on most of my shirts  
no pain anymore in my right collarbone  
but the acromion still hurts

no time to go around bemoaning  
the scenes that pass you by on the daily train  
lifting my arms up toward the heavens  
imbibing the memories of the pain

no way to go that doesn't change you  
no way that won't put some weary on your bones  
no tie to bind you if you're bound for other bodings  
no song that doesn't have its hidden undertones