

The History of Thick

I am of short stature, somewhat thick; if it would help,
imagine me a forest of bushes, pointed thorns, thick-bodied butterflies.

My stamens have remarkably thick filaments, as suggested by my name,
which is Greek – oh, those thick-haired Greeks –

for “thick-stamen.”

Among those women seen in the thickest fire

– among thick graves of unquiet aspiring statesmen –
lie more delicate sufferers. We breathe an air thick,

infected, joy-dispelling. Then falls thick rain,
a thrilling region of thick-ribbed ice,

the thick boom of the sea up from the rocks.
Some are “space-thick” – that is,

one quarter so thick as the body is high.

Though such spaces are seldom cast, we call them thick.

I am one so thick-fingered that I miss the keys;
my throat one thick, guttural vowel.

Though thick-tongued still, I speak clearly –
the error of my body so thick and so palpable, I need not speak more.

–T.A. Noonan

Roll