

# Christian Spinning

*Marilyn Bushman-Carlton*

My son who is blue-eyed and sensitive  
thinks he's alone in his room  
where his music bumps and heaves.  
I stand unseen at the door which is open  
holding a stack of clean folded clothes.  
He faces a window overlooking the city  
(it might as well be the complete universe)  
which bruises him in small ways all day.  
The back of his pale freckled neck  
toils his head with the count;  
his elbows, boneless and fluid,  
unbind his hands,  
set them whorling in erratic ovals.  
Bare feet balance his knotted boy body  
tossed like clay on a wheel;  
his longish hair, blonded by sun,  
flutters loose, shines now  
and hurts my eyes.  
I am promised to silence,  
to the spectacle of his labor,  
his most secret heart,  
skinned, and spinning.