

DAVID SAPP

## **SCOTLAND**

When I arrive at clavicle, humerus,  
acromion, the view is breathtaking,  
a vista nothing like the map.  
Still, after thirty-some years,  
I am a fortuitous Norseman,  
longboat aground upon the shore,  
discovering the northernmost  
pinnacle of your back.  
Here, you could be Scotland,  
but just south of Ben Nevis,  
more hummock than summit:  
your curiously arousing scapula.  
I assumed my caresses were familiar  
with your bones, every curve  
of your topography, but here, oh here,  
is a delicious, neglected crest.  
I'll ascend your gentle highland tor  
with fresh, audacious kisses.