

KATAMARI | *Jonathan Moskaluk*

When my doctor tells me, casually,  
to drop my pants, I regret  
wearing taco-themed underwear.

When he asks—ball in hand—  
for a growth timeline,  
I feel like a bad steward of my body.

Either it grew like a goldfish—  
in accordance with tank size—  
or it's halfway through eating the other one.

When the ultrasound tech has me  
lay my penis across my stomach  
and cover it with a thin sheet,

I realize that sometimes,  
shape is more revealing than color.  
I wait for results,

our plum tree droops  
under the weight of its fruit,  
I research objects of similar size:

large duck egg, Cresthaven peach, cricket ball.  
In a dream it rolls away,  
gains mass like a snowball—

picks up gravel and speed,  
the neighbour's polydactyl cat,  
the row of new saplings at the park,

the old-growth forests and the water bombers.  
It's not until the urologist says  
*everything looks good, just a big nut,*

that I remember I have a pair of them.  
My right (your left) has been fondled,  
jellied and photographed.

It has a poem written about it.  
But there, right there, is another:  
pigeon egg, small apricot, ping pong ball.