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The Body Remembers

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The Body Remembers / Christine Zawadiwsky

Nothing nothing everything. The one I never had and the one who’s never seen. The rotting husks of never again. A hundred babies sleeping in the burning snow, the tip of each tongue white gas, a flame,

their flesh like folded corduroy. And then there was the one who put her hands between your thighs: a white grub feeding on snow, on snow. You cried in your shoes, on the steering wheel, at home. The heat

with its hundred choking hands, its yellow eyes, its purple skin, spits out the plagues of that night, that day, leaves traces of blood on its dirt-white lips, smears love

with death across your chin. Wet snails in a broken paper cup. A string. The one who caught men between her teeth where they stuck like crumbs of bread, like seed. Her swollen cheeks, her old blue nightgown, the useless rainbows

of her breasts where the body remembers for the mind, when seconds before an empty mirror are suddenly worse than wasted time. Always always everything. Her head like a bag of garbage on a chair. There’s broken glass and black bread on the floor. Your cotton bowels laid out on a tinfoil tray. The two of us walking to death with the cows. She washed her eyes and immediately went blind. The body remembers for the mind.

Believe You Me / Christine Zawadiwsky

Trust me, it always happens this way: I found a torn nightingale’s wing, I tore with sharp nails at your side, at your ear, I beat you till you fell on the floor, I tried on my new blue dress, white gloves, I noticed that your ear was filled with blood. I brought you ice. My lips were trapped inside the ice cubes, my teeth were dangling from the key chain. And since both my blue eyes were now one mute mouth, I ran away. I ran away.