

1975

The Body Remembers

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Recommended Citation

Zawadiwsky, Christine. "The Body Remembers." *The Iowa Review* 6.1 (1975): 32-32. Web.
Available at: <https://doi.org/10.17077/0021-065X.1791>

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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.