She's Florida Missouri but She Was Born in Valhermosa and Lives in Ohio

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Recommended Citation
Three Poems • Thylias Moss

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My mother’s named for places, not Sandusky that has wild hair soliciting the moon like blue-black clouds touring. Not Lorain with ways too benevolent for lay life. Ashtabula comes closer, southern, evangelical and accented, her feet wide as yams.

She’s Florida Missouri, a railroad, sturdy boxcars without life of their own, filled and refilled with what no one can carry.

You just can’t call somebody Ravenna who’s going to have to wash another woman’s bras and panties, who’s going to wear elbow-length dishwater to formal gigs, who’s going to have to work with her hands, folding and shuffling them in prayer.

Fullness

One day your place in line will mean the Eucharist has run out. All because you waited your turn. Christ’s body can be cut into only so many pieces. One day Jesus will be eaten up. The Last Supper won’t be misnamed. One day the father will place shavings of his own blessed fingers on your tongue and you will get back in line for more. You will not find yourself out of line again. The bread will rise inside you. A loaf of tongue. Pumpernickel liver. You will be the miracle. You will feed yourself five thousand times.