Fall 2013

Try To Hide

Honorée Fanonne Jeffers

Follow this and additional works at: https://ir.uiowa.edu/iowareview

Part of the Creative Writing Commons

Recommended Citation

Available at: https://doi.org/10.17077/0021-065X.7395
TRY TO HIDE

The mind pulls a sheet over the face,
the opaque mercy of zero memory—
the body won’t return the favor. Though it

\[ \text{sings glory to me} \]
\[ \text{& the highest} \]
\[ \text{crazy song i’m kicking} \]
\[ \text{it} \]

worships at The Shrink’s long couch,
it’s ear tuned to her calm leeching,

\[ \text{with them} \]
\[ \text{other two} \]

hands plucking at the full box
of paper handkerchiefs, the body

\[ \text{this corporeal idiot} \]

will ignore the mind’s kindness,

\[ \text{& our mistress} \]
\[ \text{we’re in church} \]

\[ \text{a field of scripture} \]
\[ \text{God is grabbing up dirt} \]
\[ \text{fertilizing sunflowers} \]
\[ \text{i know what comes} \]

\[ \text{next} \]
\[ \text{God will lift up my face} \]
\[ \text{for a slap} \]

HONORÉE FANONNE JEFFERS
instead suck the knowledge.
The mind will try to hide God's

gift of knuckle
my body will fall

on its back
opening for the rack

anonymous
male sacrilege

capricious taunting:

daddy
not my daddy

night is daddy
not my daddy

a cuckold, a thought, the two-timing,
alive entity and though unsatisfied
with life’s slow-pouring mud, it dearly

loves puppies
& kittens

&

la

la

la