The Body Is the Victory and the Defeat of Dreams

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and the Defeat of Dreams

The body is the Victory of dreams
when shameless as water
it rises from slumber
marks and scars still asleep
these many signs
its dark olive groves
enamored
cool in the palm.

The body is the Defeat of dreams
as it lies long and empty
(if you shout inside you hear the echo)
with its anemic hair
lovelorn of time
groaning, wounded
hating its motion
its primitive black
fades steadily
waking it’s yoked to the briefcase
hanging from it suffering
for hours in the dust.

The body is the Victory of dreams
when it puts one foot in front of the other
and gains the solid space.
A place.
A heavy thud.
Death.
When the body gains its place
through death
in the public square
like a wolf with a burning muzzle
it howls “I want”
“I can’t stand it”
"I threaten—I overthrow"
"My baby’s hungry."

The body gives birth to its justice and defends it.
The body makes the flower spits out the pip-death tumbles down, flies motionless whirls around the cesspool (motion of the world) in dream the body is triumphant or is found naked in the streets enduring; it loses its teeth it trembles erotically its earth bursts like a watermelon and it’s finished.

If I at Least Believed in God

If I at least believed in God your hands would have infinite interpretations when they move and lift me up to heaven a heaven like Rilke’s with sad angels blowing loneliness down to earth implied wings timid in their speech for they do not exist.

If I at least believed in God my absurd insistence on self-torture on stepping out of the white circle of small happiness would have been explained to me I would have a stone in me