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Named

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“My father puts the
hairbrush up my butt.”

Words, words the
hated inseparable
words immerse me in
the sewer hole
of hate. I am

sick. I am nothing but
some flying nameless

sack that
catches & fills

with words, words like
“the hairbrush up my

butt.” They hurt. I don’t
remember. It just was. It

was nothing. Words are the
context of a feeling, a

city made of
words that I un-
do by words’ brutality, or
do I do it, putting
myself on top of the hairbrush? Is it a
dirty feeling? Is it a
torn feeling? Is it
electric? I can’t see my
father’s face. Could this be the grain of his terror
before I felt my own? Perhaps
we were all raped. Initiation into humanity—the
hairbrush up your butt.

**SHOE REPAIR BUSINESS**

“This shoe is shiny as a nigger’s heel,” his customer burst out approvingly; then, remembering the owner is black, he tactfully appends, “I mean shiny as a Negro’s heel!”