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The Ovary Tattoo

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THE OVARY TATTOO

Etched on my abdomen like a botanical illustration
is the reproductive paraphernalia of a flower
or facsimile animalis, the oviduct named for
Gabriello Fallopio, Italian anatomist,
no artist but a careful researcher, his vellum
untouched by the meandering entrails on the table,
untidy detritus of tissue and blood, a reminder that,
above all, God is Albrecht Dürer, an expert draftsman,
peculiar in his tastes, untidy but organized, peripatetic,
not particularly ecstatic in the connubial state and bent
on a sort of subtle revenge, for bare form tells all,
the apparatus itself like antlers or the antennae
of some marvelous insect, a bee, apis mirabilis,
yet on its side becomes a spilled cup or pincers
and darker still when capsized, an anchor,
ponderous iron, pulling hull, mast, sail, sailors
into the unfathomable bowels of primal craving. Some say
love is a cave, unlit and mysterious, or do they say
it’s a long corridor in a lavish French château
lined with mirrors, icy laughter caught on the dripping
crystals of chandeliers? I forget. Perhaps it’s both,
a declivity and une galerie des glaces, goldleaf nymphs
bearing platters of light into musty caverns beneath
the castle, the sheen of their skin in candlelight

belying the bastinado of blood, evil and completely
seductive, Scheherazade on a cellular level, because

if there is one thing about love that I will never
understand, it’s how pale it is, unaccustomed to daylight,

yet how it seems to live in the mad drumming of the blood
and then can sit in the chest like a high-toned cleric who, upon

closing his lesson book, crawls along the intestinal tract
like a transvestite demagogue, preaching to the E. coli

and the mutating cells, “Replicate, breed, multiply, procreate,
propagate, proliferate, make more babies for God,”

until every square inch of ground is awash in humanity,
the mad pulse of a trillion aortas, the tick, throb,

stroke, thump, pant of blood rising like a deep jungle moan:
we are hungry, we are angry, we are helpless, we are here.