Nativity

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NATIVITY

Whatever was clear fatigue ate a form around, filtered remedial light on the day.

I had presentiment of sun splitting open the car hoods, street signs giving their dividends of breath, clouds sending shadow to abdicate.

Whatever was needed had not been received.

Whatever was wanted was not formulaic in want, but multiple and less clean.

At first, the loss of concept—fetus sized as needle point, as seed—marked the advent of clarity.

Why had there ever been doubt about this?

Later, filtering beyond as does an automobile’s sound surpass our sight of it, the event moved in call and response with lag between.

I felt as if the birth had passed without my need to follow it.
You came to resemble in my mind a person
formed of me, more clone than creation.

Though the animal sorrow trembled, and I could see
its face panthering, its bruited silence.

In real event the tank was larger
than I'd imagined, as if to exaggerate
the size of your injury.

I watched through the car's rear-view mirror its medicinal shape
assuming no other body would be needed.

Lid unflasked, flush of pillows marked their flowers,
scenic and bullied into. Speculum distended
its alligator jaw. Morning arrived,
ambivalent. It rained
while the Fed Ex truck blithely swung along our street
with your surname or whatever root
the rain obscured in assonance.
Vials clinking, gloved trainer of chromosome, my palm so like a cradle it left me breathless.

You came to resemble the bringing forth and wiping clean of intention—

to eradicate who you are for what,
to me, you mean.