Winter 2013

Forensics

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Recommended Citation
Available at: https://doi.org/10.17077/0021-065X.7332
The burial matters.  
Fetal and twisted  
fear their gods and  
there may be red  
ocher among their  
possessions. Arms  
over arms of the pious,  
and the multitudes  
heaped like netted fish,  
and the whole house,  
the kings, and the fan-bearers,  
and the hunting dogs,  
and the boats, and the rowers,  
and his first wife, and his astronomer,  
and his favorite horse in the ground  
splinters with the weight  
of an eleventh snowfall.  
You tell me there is meaning  
hidden in their best clothes.

Everyone in those days fell to consumption,  
and died indeterminate  
of pathology.

When you examine me, years  
from now postmortem,  
find the bone spur jutting  
from my knee. Write “possible  
limp” and do not be precise  
with more than measurement.  
Do not weep  
for my childless ischium.
Put numbers in
my name, do not imagine
a face where there is none.