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Try To Hide

Honorée Fanonne Jeffers

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TRY TO HIDE

The mind pulls a sheet over the face, the opaque mercy of zero memory—
the body won’t return the favor. Though it

sings glory

to me

& the highest

crazy song

i’m kicking

it

worships at The Shrink’s long couch, its ear tuned to her calm leeching,

with them

other two

hands plucking at the full box of paper handkerchiefs, the body

this corporeal idiot

will ignore the mind’s kindness,

& our mistress

we’re in church

a field of scripture

God is grabbing up dirt

fertilizing sunflowers

i know what comes

next

God will lift up my face

for a slap &
Instead suck the knowledge.
The mind will try to hide God’s

gift of knuckle
my body will fall
on its back
opening for the rack
anonymous
male sacrilege

capricious taunting:
daddy
not my daddy
night is daddy
not my daddy

A cuckold, a thought, the two-timing,
alive entity and though unsatisfied
with life’s slow-pouring mud, it dearly

loves puppies
& kittens
&
la

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