

LEAVE YOUR BODY BEHIND

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“It is impossible to say who I am.”

— Ronaldo Wilson, *Poems of the Black Object*

“The definable is making me a little weary. I prefer truths that carry no prophecies. When I eventually rid myself of this story, I shall withdraw to the more arbitrary realm of vague prophecies. I did not invent this girl. She forced her being upon me... I alone love her.”

— Clarice Lispector, *The Hour of the Star*

“Everything has a lot to do with poetry. Everything has a lot to do with prose.”

— Gertrude Stein, *Lectures in America*

Leave Your Body Behind

“It’s time we thought about leaving the body behind.”

— William S. Burroughs & Brion Gysin,
The Third Mind

So let me notebook show: that cloud over faucet
make hard work none. Twenty two years it took
me—takes me—to make this for form from
scratch. How many tings have you scratched up
from bottom, how many ages can you fill. When
not mattering doesn't matter anymore in the metric
system. When that old shiny click of hay gets you
about its value in chaps hang on the wall in Old
Tired Town. Don't drink the same old fixers. Trade
up for spinach, juice justice, food deserts, and
corner stores with bamboo baby yoga pants. Yloga.
With butt pockets for Gogurt. Did you have a kid,
did you sign your life over to something enormous.
Does that make you elephant in some bigger way.
Your wife, Trigger?

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So there he sits, condensing away. Condensating.
Every vowel so purpose, so dirty hole. Who are the
ones that shake it loose my way. Shake some action,
my feet. Like a radio stop. Here we are at at the
bridge again. I had nothing specific in mind. When
I asked you to hold the bag. Nothing in particular
when I put it in park and walked up the see saw
under the armpit border to another country in an
orphan train. I'm getting loose away from it like
all those slut shamey bypass pills. You should be
paying me not to procreate. If I popped you'd be

sorry then. I believe so much in shame. It's just sluts that don't exist.

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Come on over here and say that again. Really. Sleep over. I'll make a bit o bed, you can have the extra, your face is a towel, sit down a second, plant your feet. Like I've never seen that carpet before. I could make up these songs but I'm busy avoiding. I'm so busy in the bathtub. I used to fill it with rice. There were only so many grams. It's impossible not to think about my father's sex changes. The one he had, the ones he made. It's just a little something I like to say at the bar. So in walk these two 12 year olds. Order a stiff one. Deliver.

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It's about getting out quick. If you've never heard me say that before then you've never. Either you don't listen or you don't push in your chair. What's a little girl with manners got to do, got to do with it. What's a little manipulative girl doing handing me her banana, her gloves, and her grandma. So we spell doom together. So you killed an ant. What kind of a vegan are you if you still drink hot treat and asphalt. Haven't you thought about all those diapers and roe. Didn't you see the couch at the dump get dumped on. Didn't you just want to send it off to Mars. Didn't.

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It smells like hippie farm in here. Pimlican spice and no salt. Have you hugged your chip rubber today. Soon there will be no place for this face. Soon I'll be unrapeable what a fat shame. I looked at all the oldies for the objects—for the heavy phone that could break a teeth, the borax under the skin. Is that BB lightening cream you're using, or are you just that kind of pinko hunter. Sat at the table, moved chair in, moved chair up and in, rearranged ass in chair, moved at diagonal, reached for cream, talked over the situation. The heist, the trauma, the loot. Sat it out, took it down, didn't get it back.

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But I swear I rinsed it out before you saw me. But I didn't drop it on the floor. But I didn't think twice about it. But I strapped it on too tight. This is how they get made—she mostly makes him that way from the start, in the oven. She expects nothing of the bun. She doesn't even try the dough. It's enough, I made it, there. Spongy to the touch. Nothing a little slap of cream won't solve. Nothing clarified or hard to swallow. Take off your one time poncho and leave it at the door. Check yourself in. Remove appendage.

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