

I Make Another Body For Myself When

my grandfather tells me about important men.
He says the names and I forget.

In the next room: the uncles, the priest,
the cousins. The portraits. I am so tired of family.
Who knows why

we do
the things we do. Why we are these animals
in this room, holding our teeth in our mouths

to talk, to eat. We are gathered together
and I'm wild eyed, tossing my head
to see who it is

whenever somebody else walks into the room.
My body needs to get me out.
What harm will you do to me.

If someone were to photograph
the years of my life I spent young
and listening—

I would not be in the photograph at all.