

**HADARA BAR-NADAV**

**And with What Body Do They Come?**

A dead man talks through my mouth. His guttural bass joins the high chatter of my grandmother and aunt whose words cough chimney smoke. Here comes the child I lost before she breathed and a man who trills the names of birds: star, star, starling, he chips his way through my teeth. Mother may I cut out my tongue. *The saddest noise, the sweetest noise.* Please, please, she keens.