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Body Plays Dumb

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BODY PLAYS DUMB

Rose Swartz

In the afternoon morning that is only morning when you have been drinking, we sit on the sidewalk of the dirtiest drunken city. Outside the record store I ask body if it knows where it's been. Body plays dumb. Says no. I have to remind it how to feel. Feel like the baby bird bodies outside his house last night, the baby bird bodies we crushed under our feet, accidents that looked like Pollack paintings. Mottled and fucked up, body, that's how you should feel. I ask body why there are no tire treads on my back- why there is no sloppy seam running from brain to thigh where he slices me open. Body shrugs, says "look up at the lovers." Arm in arm, they smile too much so we heckle those lovers. We glare our ugliest glare. I scream at them "Hey look, we are in love too!" But body scrunches, knows this is a lie. I have to tell it to shut up, that this is just a joke. Now me and body yell together "We've never been happier!" I peel us off the concrete and accidentally leave some of body behind. We wail together "...so in love it hurts!" We chase the lovers but they are too in love to notice. Body gets tired, gets so jealous. Quits on the curb. I ask it again- where have you been? Body just cringes, says you don't even want to know.