

1-1-2009

A Body Becomes Less

Iliana Rocha

Follow this and additional works at: <https://egrove.olemiss.edu/yr>

Recommended Citation

Rocha, Iliana (2009) "A Body Becomes Less," *Yalobusha Review*. Vol. 14 , Article 20.
Available at: <https://egrove.olemiss.edu/yr/vol14/iss1/20>

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by the English at eGrove. It has been accepted for inclusion in Yalobusha Review by an authorized editor of eGrove. For more information, please contact egrove@olemiss.edu.

Iliana Rocha

A Body Becomes Less

There are times when what holds me together are the soft ribs
of a fruit, a state's anatomy—
a heart in somersault.

You & your bulimia of confessions: you making love to the sofa,
you & clowns.

A gift from me is fear, a giant hollow horse. My torn,
tiny bird, a violin asleep
on the ground.

A little lower, you see the stars,
cower in the very question my body raised.

You put your fingertip out on the clusterfuck
of leaves—
& I am anything but the beat of a rocking chair.

Our voices are nothing if not vibrations, bodies
nothing more
than a small collection of private fires.

I try to tell you this.

When sleep finally comes, keep your dandelions. Let mine
be a funeral of stalks.