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In school, the rabbi offered me the word *spirit* when I asked *should I already hate my body this much?*

Spirit is a woman who cannot leave a woman.

Spirit has weights in her feet that keep her in her body.

(Later the rabbi said *you've asked enough questions for today.*)

Naomi, I write to you at thirty. I carry around this muscular bag.

Shouldn't each *spirit* eventually accept her body?

I used to grab my inner thighs between my hands and clamp down until the *spirit* screamed.

I would study my purpling skin while I filled my mouth with gravel.

Today I imagine *spirit* like a woman asleep in a pile of bones.

I imagine love like gnawing.

I wanted a body equally like and unlike my own and never found her.

Do I wear my grief more like a suit or a skirt?

My hands shake at the buttons. They struggle with the wire hook-and-eye.

When I was a child, the doctor called my hands *dainty*.

He told my mother I had *piano fingers*. Ones that could span an octave, or cover an entire face in its grip, palm to mouth.

If nobody has died, why do I grieve?

How do I dress the body I will not meet? How do I dress the body I cannot love?

We Jews adorn even the mirror when we mourn.

Our bodies become unfathomable.

The men and the women wear black for a week, keen from the waist in the widow's living room.

Every body looks the same for seven nights.

When I close my eyes at night, my hands grow to the size of your back.

I open my fingers in the silent room, fill the warming space between your shoulder blades.

When I close my eyes, Naomi, your body remains covered in light.

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