

EMILY FRAGOS

My Body

The body she needs me now to cut her food and feed her,
to bring the glass of sweet water, never sweeter, to her mouth,
dry and shuttered. Now it unfurls itself as mouth, fish wet
and bird ascendant to a higher branch, with the taste of peaches
on its tongue, and for a moment she is mine again. The body
she needs me to hold her hand in the antiseptic rooms, the pill-clicking
halls, the ill surrounding her with their ugly eyes surrounding her.
Needs me to massage her neck, her legs, her temples so filled with
ancient *agonia*. Her breathing is shallow now, more so than yesterday.
I alone can tell. She needs me to call her back. She grows evermore
distant, ever deeper, too tired to lift her head, her arms, to speak
the barest of words. I alone know what is happening. The body
she requires me now full force to her kind attention.

Iktsuarpok

to rise
from the bed
to go into
the cold
to wait for
the one
who does
not come

to hear
the snow
squeal
beneath
your feet
to see
your breath
fume
to feel
your heart
beat
to look
left
then right
for the one
who is
coming
who does
not come

to sit at
the table
to stare
at the door
for the
one

who is
coming
who does
not come

to go far
far
into
the dark rock
to go deep
deep
into
the cold sea
to look for
the one
who does
not come