

## The Genial Body

*Genius is our life insofar as it does not belong to us.*  
—Giorgio Agamben

When I was a kid, Gramma S wd send  
a birthday \$10 w/out fail, every yr.

Even then, I cd feel the violence  
of it. My genial body & the genial  
green cotton — a garment spared  
from her soc sec check, &  
withheld from the hospitals  
tho they were knocking.

Pay up: that electricity we ran  
through your body wasn't free.

The ice we bathed you in  
didn't freeze itself.

Sometimes she wd lock all of the doors.  
Her voice would leap & tremor: they're out  
there. She thought it was her dead.

Maybe in a way it was. I've seen  
how absence puts on bodies & know  
srs business when I see it —  
the mouth so like a mouth: to language  
to eat to bite to suck to seam.

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