

VAYAVYA

Winter, 2013

www.vayavya.in

The Body Wakes

by Denise Rodriguez

Because the body does not wish to wake,

my heavy bones sink into the sheets.

A glowing ball of light in the middle of the bed

waiting to be devoured.

Everything is damp with silence...

I still feel warmth.

Possibility encloses me

like a blanket. Sometimes

I feel I am being held

until the next life.

Maybe my legs will return, maybe

my voice will become more than this breathing,

maybe pain will not stay

away. Every day I sit with memories

like poems: lines altered

and accepted for a bit of hope

or distraction.

There are worse things—

the body wakes...

Eyes open

waiting for shadows to rise

from the darkness of the hall and overtake

me like steam from a crack in the earth.

I am...

The only promise left to believe in...

Line after line,

a pile of words

in the pocket of my memory repeat,

a prayer revised

on a white page.
