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Contained

Rachel Trueblood

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Contained *Rachel Trueblood*

	tracing figure-eights		in a mother's arm,
a child	asked	"what is	the sun"
to which	mother	answered	"it's the
heart of	our galaxy"	and sweet	child
asked "what is		our galaxy"	

mother replied "it is our body of somethings"
 and child thought and said "don't
 you mean 'everything', not somethingsss? and what do you
 mean our body, I have my body and
 you have your body – we don't share one"

mother took child's hands and said
 "look at this skin, it is brown and warm, just like mine
 and your hair is coarse and short,
 just like mine, and your eyes are
 dark and your knees are dry and
 your toes are long and your elbows rough
 and you once lived in my body when you were smaller
 and all these parts are parts of one kind of body,
 as a body can take different forms"

"we share this galaxy and
 when I say it is our body, I want you to understand
 that it is the space we occupy, but do not control
 just as we cannot change the shape of our fingers,
 we cannot break Saturn away from its rings
 nor the Moon away from the Earth
 because these things are somethings

 that are our constants and our
 galaxy holds all the constants we know, but not
 every constant known" and child said
 "I'm confused"

to which mother replied "I know
 but one day, you will see
 that you are
 not the body – but the
 somethings inside the body
 and you will realize that
 there are things larger
 than your skin and
 our planet and our galaxy
 and you will feel smaller than the smallest you could ever know"