April 2016

Contained

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Recommended Citation
Available at: https://digitalcommons.winthrop.edu/anthology/vol2016/iss1/14
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 somethings? 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”