Fall 1998

The Man Who Cannot Control His Body

John Niekrasz

Let us know how access to this document benefits you.
Follow this and additional works at: https://scholarworks.umt.edu/cutbank
Part of the Creative Writing Commons

Recommended Citation
Available at: https://scholarworks.umt.edu/cutbank/vol1/iss50/11

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by ScholarWorks at University of Montana. It has been accepted for inclusion in CutBank by an authorized editor of ScholarWorks at University of Montana. For more information, please contact scholarworks@mso.umt.edu.
THE MAN WHO CANNOT CONTROL HIS BODY

is in the window naked across the street.

A pair of falling birds
cast out
from the quiet of their nest,
    his hands
        shuddering, shudder.
    in the air.

An emptiness
between his shoulderblades,
    An emptiness
between
    a white space
    a space
    between his featherless wings,
    a mold asking to be filled
    with the red clay between his featherless wings
    a mold asking to be filled
    from which horseshoe crabs
    are pressed
    with the red clay
    from which horseshoe crabs
    are born.
    are pressed.

He will not look
    in the mirror,
    will not look at himself
    in the shape of his bones
cannot stand
    the shape of bones leaning against skin,
    flutes tarnishing in secret
    beneath a thin white sheet.

flutes tarnish
    He sits here
    on his bed,
He sits here every night his legs twisted tightly around each other,
    his head drifting up
    beneath a thin white sheet.

Fall 1998
twisted around
drifting slowly away.

He struggles to pull it back struggles not to think of the fullness of an apple down, of the wholeness he feels not to think of the apple, slowly of the wholeness he only feels in his sleep.