

Savage Pageant: A Genealogy

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When we were little,

my sisters (being the youngest, I too) thought

the pregnant form was disgusting.

Nothing is as plain or crass as expecting:

the awkward roundness

of past sex on a body-stage and all that skin x stretching x

What we really wanted was

combustion to burn the deed

around our own real estate. What

we really wanted was inelegant:

a clean break from the spectacle

with gas station snacks and water when we needed.

My grandmother had eleven pregnancies and

an infection.

My mother had four and wished for boys.



Sometimes you can't put all the bones back where they're supposed to go.

I had a boy and they took you out with a knife.