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## Body 39

Mike Meginnis

This body is called a woman.

It pisses standing up. It has a little pink funnel.

It has upper arms like soft pink watermelons and stretch-marks like purple-red watermelon stripes. It has short salt and pepper hair, and this body has the beginnings of a proud set of jowls.

It has toes like the petals of a small white flower. It has toenails like flecks of coconut flesh. It has fingers like Vienna sausages. It has nipples like strawberry cross-sections. It has eyes the color of lime and lemon zest. It has a spare tire.

Due to a slight chemical imbalance, its tears are unusually sweet. Another body called a woman once threatened to bottle them. It threatened to stop crying if the other tried.

It works retail – it nods politely. Tonight it sleeps alone. Tomorrow maybe not.

Its parents are dead.

It visits a black church for the music and the sideways glances. It is costumed in spotless black jeans and a white flannel shirt. This body votes Republican in national elections. This body has a single crooked tooth.

This body smoked a cigar once. The bitter taste returns, sometimes, in the night, while the lonely flesh sleeps sound and snores.

## Body 50

This body is called a baby.

It is soft and brown like sugar.

It is round and kicking, it is smiling laughing pissing, it is from another country, it is diapered luxuriantly. It is powdered, pampered, lifted. It has a fragrant scalp.

## Body 69

This body is called a cripple.

This body has no hands. This body has no eyelashes. This body is carried nightly to bed by its wife's body.

This body needs a special opponent in board games – one willing to move all the pieces.