Antidote
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What Will Be Untold

The stranger you were seeing came from river country. He was practicing talk. You told him you came to this country small and naked and he understood like a good dog. This was before the chicken livers and the spattering oil, the small quick burns. Burns your mouth couldn’t keep from lying about,

so when you spoke to the stranger, every word was a burial. The graveyard you were hiding in your chest opened up for him and he was amused. It was all wrong. His arm kept draping over your shoulder and all the words to your favorite songs were clenched in the teeth of the garbage disposal. Still, airplanes landed. Mothers called. The stranger sat up in your bed, heavy with his new language. It was all O Death and Baby Baby Baby. He leaned over to whisper it to you like you were an entire, muted audience. He was asking questions like What Kind Of Beasts Are We and What Name Do You Want In My Acknowledgments Page. Something felt stolen. You couldn’t even clap. You couldn’t ask for an encore, and couldn’t decide if it felt like freedom or a murder.