Bathroom Songs: Eve Kosofsky Sedgwick as a Poet

Jason Edwards

Published by Punctum Books

Jason Edwards.
Bathroom Songs: Eve Kosofsky Sedgwick as a Poet.

For additional information about this book
https://muse.jhu.edu/book/66797

For content related to this chapter
https://muse.jhu.edu/related_content?type=book&id=2331704
Bathroom Song (2006)

I was only one year old;
I could tinkle in the loo,
such was my precocity.
Letting go of Number Two
in my potty, not pyjama
was a wee bit more forbidding
— and I feared the ravening flush.
So my clever folks appealed
to my generosity:
“What a masterpiece, Evita!
Look! We’ll send it off to Grandma!”

Under the river, under the woods,
off to Brooklyn and the breathing
cavern of Mnemosyne
from the fleshpotties of Dayton —
what could be more kind or lucky?

From the issue of my bowels
straight to God’s ear — or to Frieda’s,
to the presence of my Grandma,
to the anxious chuckling
of her flushed and handsome face
that was so much like my daddy’s,
to her agitated jowls,
Off! Away! To Grandma’s place!

As, in Sanskrit, who should say
of the clinging scenes of karma,
“Gaté, gaté, paragaté”
gone, gone, forever gone),
“paramsgaté; bodhi; svaha!”
(utterly gone — enlightenment —
svaha! Whatever svaha means),
Send the sucker off to Grandma.
BATHROOM SONGS

Gaté, gate, paragaté; 
paramsagaté; bodhi; svaha!