Bathroom Songs: Eve Kosofsky Sedgwick as a Poet

Jason Edwards

Published by Punctum Books

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=2331740
Two P.O.W. Suicides (1972)

“A program of foreign aid: we camped in the airfield, wore khaki, and walked around with shovels. It was a farce. I kept getting promoted”

the dream said, in the voice of a friend
young a couple of years back when he died from a landmine in a program of foreign aid.

That was the closest to truth in the dream, not verisimilar, not intimate, but
I take from the dead what I get, and like it — similarly, I hope, some little of what’s ours might grow available. So I struggle to keep in charity

with happy endings, returning prisoners having now to work on their marriages. Each one owes, to about a hundred American families, a son: the wrong ending: men with no legs, even, owe me a friend and so does every thing that demands to be asked

whether it wasn’t better to die. Nothing will make this interrogation possible, not torture or maiming, only, maybe, the black confusion of survival the shrinks say must grow worse. Just old depression. Just old death, soldiers, just your own old resources, what repeats, distorts, coming through.