

2018

Dream Song VII, or Dreams of the Body

Imani Congdon
Denison University

Follow this and additional works at: <https://digitalcommons.denison.edu/exile>



Part of the [Creative Writing Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Congdon, Imani (2018) "Dream Song VII, or Dreams of the Body," *Exile*: Vol. 64: No. 1, Article 10.
Available at: <https://digitalcommons.denison.edu/exile/vol64/iss1/10>

This Article is brought to you for free and open access by the English at Denison Digital Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in Exile by an authorized editor of Denison Digital Commons.

Metal teeth, my metal
hands, which nothing
give, which nothing
hold, which gentle
eyes have named as
gold, which silver
cries; so bright, so
cold.

Metal ears, I'm banging
through, I'm bouncing
'round my head of
tin; I slip
despite a steady
grip, my head is
light and softly
spins.

Metal hair, a brittle
crown, that melts with
sun, which snaps in
cold, whose needles
drag across my
neck, of whom I
brag; whom I
respect.

Metal arms, my iron
feet are pounded
down; they can't be
lead away from
you, away from
bed, and from the
blue that through me
threads.