

1998

for her belly

Bekah Taylor
Denison University

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



Part of the [Creative Writing Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Taylor, Bekah (1998) "for her belly," *Exile*: Vol. 45 : No. 1 , Article 18.

Available at: <https://digitalcommons.denison.edu/exile/vol45/iss1/18>

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.

for her belly

they dug a hole in the ground
for her belly, they dug
an oval hole in the ground
she gathers all day
he planted his seed
and it is not a child
sprouting there, feeling
the quakes of the body above
the cool earth surrounding
her liquid center,
it is not a child but a piece
of skin, a small bit of dough
the ground can be hoed,
dug, tilled, reaped
and he planted his seed in her
encased now in the ground
the oval hole they dug
until she looks up
hair matted with dirt
squats and scrapes the
strands from her face, plants
one foot and braces her
body, falls, tries the other—
with each step she is growing taller
her hand sweeps across her belly
as the lashes drip down
and soak into the earth
while the whip hangs limp—
the next day as she gathers
she cries for the expanse
of earth that is not hers,
for unwelcome entrances
and the price of her belly

—Bekah Taylor '00