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## First Cave

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## Sigler: First Cave

### FIRST CAVE

Josie Sigler

This man's fist sails toward my mother's face & misses

But opening my forehead the fist is insight: Given a world of false horizons  
what medicine is reaching, anyway?

*Go limp Go limp* is what you learn in this army We were Members all:  
mother, brother, girl

Crouched in the camp that was home Our bottoms hard against  
the bar of the pull-out bed

For years I remember: my brother wore Rocket-Man pajamas:  
& Nothing::The body  
never lies::

A false horizon is a disease of the eyes The others died of diseases  
of bad love::These unborn cried—*Carrying Capacity*

The body's truth changes over time

Her life was not big enough so she must Relinquish/Roots: like children singing:  
*You've no room for me I will not become*

A fish trapped in a mountain pond (all love grows lonely)

How we lose touch in the dark when touch is what we've got::*People out there's a lot  
worse off than you*, mother's-mother said, stirring her Metamucil::& the wound

Of protest closed over But she did not know She could not see  
(I answered *No, no he doesn't touch me*)

It would take a year to say my name & list the crimes of an ongoing war  
against the body

Instead I will show: My mother crouching, hands over her face My brother  
in Rocket-Man pajamas & 8-year-old girl with blood in her eyes

screaming: God is when you are whole with

Heavy masts of ships turned into the wind become light: Stop  
struggling::Turn yourself

Leave this girl her pagan ways & make the body a sacred  
Fire in the cave Remains: Open as skin.