

# A SPELL FOR RECONSTRUCTION

**LAUREN  
YARNALL**

For the few weeks when you were  
a photographer, I let you  
capture parts of me and print them  
out in black and white. And even though  
you changed your mind, you hung them  
around the house. I said nothing could be uglier  
than my lower lip, bitten and  
inconsequential, but *you are breathing  
art*. Then the papers said God was  
dead, art a lie. You retitled it *places  
where my mouth has been*, and kept them  
up until it didn't turn your stomach to see the inner  
crook of my elbow whenever you opened up  
the fridge. And then, after a few glasses  
of wine, you sent them to  
me in a box, unmarked. I spent the night  
on the floor, sifting through my kneecaps  
and eyelids, trying, body, to rebuild.