An excerpt from *house-girl*

is it a lack of vision or lack of strategy

to ask you to lie in the dark

with me & catastrophize until the morning—

where so much in the language

is carried away by these traces of masochism

& the night is an occupy agenda.

there is no compromise for the strangers

in their hope spasm. being broken into by—

my mother, the memory that doesn’t need dressing up

moving gracefully with purpose but never stopping for touch.

shaming my father

hanging my psyche out to dry—

hope is the word for when your dogmas align.

they said *where are you hiding in the poem*

replace *where* with *why* & invite everyone

when I say body I mean growing up in the throes—

this is the conversation that happened.

which keeps happening, the exhaustive chattering.

how are you listening. how are you at floatation tanks.

how are you at naming things—

now that my worst fears are happening

naming things doesn’t help.

when I say body I mean I am calm & cannot sound

when I say I cannot sound I mean accidents scored in the body—

when I say lifeline I mean over-coding

when I say overmastering

I mean restoring the language & shaping it—

nobody here wants tubes

nobody here wants to press a button

nobody wants the over-tilt of confession—

biog-

Dorothy Lehane is the author of four poetry publications: *Bettbehandlung*, (Muscaliet Press, 2018), *Umwelt* (Leafe Press, 2016), *Ephemeris* (Nine Arches Press, 2014), and *Places of Articulation* (dancing girl press 2014). Recent poetry and reviews appear in *Westerly Magazine, Glasfryn Project* and *Modern Philology.* She teaches Creative Writing at the University of Kent and is currently writing a memoir on the lived autoimmune experience, titled: *Reactive: a memoir of an unknowable body*.

(Feel free to edit as required!)