

# Clothes Are My Favourite Body

## Parts

by Edith Lyre

From Irigaray

Etc, scanning

Butler etc,

My impression's so far — I

Don't know what a body is —

A body's something you have sex with,

Or use for sex with other bodies.

There's a blue chest in my bedroom,

With a chrome padlock,

Full of body parts I bought

Online

Or by impulse on Nights I

Didn't know what else to do.

Years ago my skin purpled Black,

Peeled, and grew back Grey.

I want my body back— So much of it's in

The lost and founds of hostels abroad.

Drifting over drifters' necks

(I don't like backpackers, chronic

Condition of weak dreams and envy),

Parts of me sliding,

Freed, the tyranny of Nervous

Tissue,

Nervous attachments.

'Is your hair real? Can I pull it?' texts

Male #68 on his way. I

Don't think you get the concept here.

Everything's real.

They're my clothes.

Their tiles are still Red from wax

Scraped off us.

Like walking on my own skin and

Her skin and his skin.

Our body parts stayed behind,

Continued the Night without us.

It's red, we reflected,

Yes, some will be blood.

We erased our parts with disinfectant.