

**If You Bury a Woman Let Her Have Her Tongue**  
**(after The X-Files)**

They'll find me in a defensive posture      sharpened like a bone tool—  
 this country is all road and wood and we can only plant ourselves      in one  
 or the other.      And I've never felt safe in a car—      still I cling to the city

carry a flashlight      and my medicine      try to remember to breathe      wait  
 for the trees to take over.      Dana Scully sets a scene with white lace  
 pretends she isn't completely bored—      you can't be the myth and the truth

not on the same day      not in any official capacity.      On Route 1 or I-35  
 person eats person eats possibility      and we excuse ourselves and we ache  
 and we wear the woods      like a jacket.      I could read his face but

save me the trouble      tell me how the preternatural is solitary—      how lonely  
 that existence—      but I can out-lonely anyone.      I give this to humanity.  
 In certain hands this illustration      is not a creature but a woman      all claw

and teeth.      This is our future—      though Scully is not yet barren      and I  
 am not yet surrendered.      White lace is another life and      we hold the wild  
 of ourselves as if it is not ours.      Is there anything more terrifying than

a wild woman      in the end?      And who are we to tell them to put down  
 their guns?      I trace my clavicle with two fingers.      It is still there  
 holding me together as animal as I am.      Compare drawing to photograph—

sameness is relative.      Doctor Scully holds the medical report      sees hips that  
 have doubtless borne children.      And I want to tell her to close her eyes  
 and sharpen her teeth—      the walls are about to come down around us all.