

# Emilia Phillips

## Supine Body in Full-Length Mirror, Hotel Room, Upper West Side

*“All is seen.”—Dante’s Virgil, Inferno, Canto XXXIV*

What startles first is that it’s there.

After long hours in the car

when thought seemed  
seamless with forward

motion, & the body,

a home you left that morning—

& now it’s naked & unyielding,

if you’ll have it  
a narrative,

that the scars know more  
about your past

than you choose to remember—

the exact angle & slip  
of a blade

in your cheek you’ve spent  
months trying to douse

in the gasoline

of a better story.

& the stretch marks  
rivuleting your breasts, the body’s

overreactive white-  
washing, the blot

where your areola was once  
pink. It takes

imagination to say that what's there  
in the mirror

is what's you—

which is why most creatures don't  
feel guilt.

& if they have

memories, the form wriggling  
in that claw-trap

is another  
member of the flock,

witnessed. & the doves they released

over your brother's grave wear  
symbolism like buckshot

in the breast,

unknowingly.

Such dirty things  
meaning purity.

All those you've called you.