

**EMMA LIVRY 1842-1863**

I live on  
vinegar and water,  
pale and interesting

but I was not beautiful.  
My eyes too large for me.

I seemed  
always to tilt forward,  
like a secret, prey  
like a moth.

Refusing to wear  
the muslin wings for  
*La Papillon*, the were so  
heavy. I could not resist  
the gas light moving through  
*chaine* to *chaine*. I spun  
until I was a flame.

Lani Scozzari 2003

## AUDITION

*The doors of that city are ninety feet high*

-Diana O'Hehir

Twelve is the number  
pinned to my waist.  
I stand in fifth position  
waiting,  
like a dress  
that's been worn.

*Please repeat the first sixteen counts.*

We are the peonies  
in winter, expected to grow.  
Cut down severely,  
spaded.

With tolerable fear, we move  
the blood in our thighs.  
A row of children, silent  
in black and pink.

If they choose me I'll die.

A heartless obsession,  
*Tombe, pad de bourree, jete, jete, pique turn-  
assemble.*

*Number twelve: lovely, if you lose some weight.*

Once my body eats its fat, hunger will begin on the brain.

Lani Scozzari 2003

## **BULIMIA, MY NAZI**

Your name rips the sky off my life.

I feed you my marrow, slanted,  
hot, shadowed by necessity. I arch  
for you when you ask.

My breasts,  
stretched out like a surface of tar,  
I always knew you.

Your grip carves the artic  
of my back. I've weathered  
the water's edge for you.

I can dance with no pulse.

Lani Scozzari 2003