

"Still Do I Keep My Look, My Identity..."
by Gwendolyn Brooks

Each body has its art, its precious prescribed
Pose, that even in passion's droll contortions, waltzes,
Or push of pain—or when a grief has stabbed
Or hatred hacked—is its and nothing else's.
Each body has its pose. No other stock
That is irrevocable, perpetual,

And its to keep. In castle or in shack.
With rags or robes. Though good, nothing, or ill.
And even in death a body, like no other
On any hill or plain or crawling cot
Or gentle for the lilyless hasty pall
(Having twisted, gagged, and then sweet-ceased to bother),
Shows the old personal art, the look. Shows what
It showed at baseball. What it showed in school.