

POETRY
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confined body

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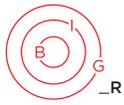
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I wrote CONFINED BODY during the confinement. I was a prohibited citizen, banned citizen. I had no right to move or to travel. My body has become a frontier. Mobile frontier. The thin and thick membrane barrier between me and the world of contagion. My body was confined. I was observing and watching my body as a fortress and at the same time as an imprisoned organism. Recluded, cut off, isolated, limited, forbidden, confined, in quarantine, in silence, in immobility. I wrote this poem observing my confined body and everything that came out and that I let in inside my body. It was a traumatic experience.

Natasha Sardzoska (1979), poet, writer, essayist, polyglot translator and interpreter was born in Skopje in Macedonia. She holds a PhD in anthropology from the Eberhard Karls University of Tübingen, Sorbonne Nouvelle in Paris and University of Bergamo. She has published the poetry books *Blue Room*, *Skin*, *He pulled me with invisible string*, *Living Water*, *Coccyx*, essays, academic papers and short stories. Her books are published books in the USA and Italy and her selected poems are translated in international literary reviews in more than 20 world languages. Her poem *Doll on Strings* has been published in the International Poetry Anthology against child abuse. She has performed at international poetry festivals among which: *Ars Poetica* in Bratislava; *Words Wide Open* in Genova; *Scream* in Rijeka; in the Revoltella Museum in Trieste; in the Academy of Arts for the *Poetry Festival of Berlin*; at the *Sha'ar International Poetry Festival* performing with sax, contrabass and contemporary dance in the Yaffa Theatre in Tel Aviv as well as at the biggest poetry festival in the world in Medellin in Columbia.

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confined body

this body is not my body
other bodies live inside me
bodies that I call mine
because to me they belong
to me they recall

I do have a pact
with all the microorganisms
inhabiting this body
seeking out for me
burning from within
screaming loud

for they want to get
outside of me
but I will never
give them
a cease-fire

*

this body is not my body
this body is every day haunted
by army and odd red guests
they take what they want
they leave what they need
this body is nailed by winds
they leave as fire defeats
from the nostrils
they abandon
this body
empty

*

this body is not my body
inside this body there are tenants
inside this body there are hutches

yet: I hide this body there
I help this body to remain silent
while I seek inside the seesaw
the girl made of bones and nerves

yes: this body is not my body
it is made of storm of lava and larva
and swelter and scepter and sceptic
questions which punch me from within
from within my tongue is entangled
welded behind my teeth
convicted by the shooting wall:

they blow away the wheat: then
they leave only the sickle
inside my throat