The Body That Lies

By Wisnu A. Pradana

What’s good to have a body
that does not listen
to the will of the soul

“Stop clapping!”
commanded me to my tiny hands
“walk straight and run!”
to my silly feet

I shout aloud
I cry a river
to find my body
lie to me

“Aggression”
they said to my growling
“Isolation”
I received for not cooperating

in fact
I am only in pain
Wisnu, P.

and lonely

for being trapped in this body

Who wouldn’t be desperate
to have a life full of heartache
by the mocks of your peer
and the words of someone you dear

numbers numbers numbers
“profound mental retardation”
they conclude for my imperfection
to many, I am just a soul that slumbers

Note: “The Body That Lies” is a poetic reflection of my journey studying individuals with Rett syndrome.

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