

## There is no such thing as autobiography

By Alexis Stratton

only tales and stories—told in pieces—but never  
unfolding too much. Moves, not truths, the feelings  
of then and there, secret codes  
only visible in certain lights. We hold them  
in, accumulations, gathered  
in one body. The touch of silk, breathing in  
her skin, swallowing the burn of that first  
cup of coffee, buttoning up  
your shirt, pulling on that blouse, taking hers  
off, walking down the street  
in heels, stage lights on your  
face, that first time  
your heart felt a tug  
toward someone, lying  
to your parents about it, lying  
to yourself. Longing

is dangerous. Remembering  
is dangerous. Forgetting  
is also dangerous. Written  
on the body are our stories,  
lives—possibilities, dangers,  
and desires. Telling them,

we do not always  
stay intact.