

RACHEL LEBOWITZ

EXHIBIT 16: BANDAGE

They come begging for bandages to wad between their legs. Three weeks in huts of mud and broken shell and then back to the field, through damp and dry.

That nigra's baby was born dead, from a fall she took whilst carrying water. Look at her curled there, sand flies on her neck. Her three weeks are almost up. Near the swamp, the cherry blossoms bloom.

And in Cottonopolis, they have ten days. The card room is thick with dust and the chimneys pour out smoke. All day women cough and breasts throb. All day milk leaks. Her dress drips with it.