

(Motherhood and more)

the great again

the eagle can't land
no flag is waving
as the drum rolls
down the gully
no puppies care to chase after

all's been tallied, counted, weighed
long gone dreams are buried
balloons sleep in flaccid bundles
as unfulfilled as tomorrow
shoulders brush
some
pause to embrace
there is no horizon

fear
the kind of anxiety born of instability
where are the bearings of truth
footnotes
noting facts and realness
how
when saying makes it so
anger is a health food
years of struggle and hope
get caught in your eye

keep blinking
tearful
pulling on your lid
until it's at half mast
four years (moments, days, months, lifetimes) have passed.

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I carry, tarry outside
bearing witness
as an outlier
lying around in my
invisibility
ability to see
unreciprocated

no locus for reality
no need to reply
alternativity
gives no birth
to worth
or wisdom
in this kingdom
of egos
stronger than the
piece that's called
me

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.....before you read this
ah, never mind, see
here you are
waiting for
a rhyme
this time

just like
spring

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The Incident

[This history begins as the parable ends:
from stranger to lover to foe; never friends.
Present tense gone only past perfect quit.
The future as fable fairly told but remit.
Any core of candor for all that was spoken
each page is curled, the honesty, token.]

the villagers gather to hear the story
true faces and names are considered too gory
ancient vows were turned over and laid in a heap
like compost or chaos that one fears to keep
so quick to the moral avoiding essentials
happy ever after being too sentimental
the facts are too vaguely unpleasantly mocking
anything close to the truth is too shocking
disclosing the basest of cowardly lows
the elders decided it's best no one knows

The unstory ends, as it never began:
no joy no betrayal
no woman no man

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Motherhood

not all of us
(ovaries not withstanding)
choose membership
nor are we all
recruited

some born to it
others learn as they go
accidents gone well
or trusting in miracles
and science

our names are many
most, the sound of needs:
hungry, tired, scared,
lonely, anxious, hurting
day and night confused
the now is never gone

this One is always Two
each next another, blessed
no honesty more could tell
or warn what motherhood brings
all swaddles and coos and trusting eyes.
And, yes, it is that trust that us defines.