

[Type text]

**uninvited**

born

my breath  
my body

( uninvited )

into this:

*she left you  
in your crib*

*you know  
when you were two*

*she went down the road  
to see that man*

~

still  
i wanted

precious one  
cherished one

~

on mother's day

this child  
of eight

chose~

the flowers

[in the car  
you wait]

carnelian rose

—french

[Type text]

provincial

vase:

miniature  
polyurethane

molded

for life

~

later you  
hated

your voice  
my eyes

this vase  
my mother

on the floor

~

still  
i wanted

pretty one  
strong one

~

when i  
was twenty

there were parties  
& men

—no more

wanting

numb girl  
fun girl

[Type text]

forgetting

~

forgetting

the day

i came home

—a woman

my breasts

my hips

full

soft under-belly

becoming

me begging

another man inside

my body

—mine

~

*you're getting fat*

you say

your disgust

my condemnation:

—alchemical fire

i do not know this

but we are

making:

*transformative soup*

& i

have left you

[Type text]

for another

man

~

is this the day

you turned  
away

—decided

i must be  
like her

~

one woman told me:

when evening  
comes her husband

ties knots

turquoise twine  
has consumed  
the yard

he is building  
a trellis

for a bean vine  
—transparent

wine veins

out of control

~

the plant she says  
has not produced

enough for even

[Type text]

one small meal

yet he  
will not

cut it down

~

again  
i want

again  
i want

never mind  
what good it is  
or  
whether it will last

i want

—what lives

i want turquoise

i want twine

[Type text]

**after the roses**

maybe  
it was mother's day

that made him hate

my love for her  
(special attention)  
my fear of him

more than other days

*she left you  
in your crib*

*you know  
when you were two*

*went down the road  
to see that man*

my father's voice  
—intimate

whisper

~

he drove me to the florist shop  
—gave me a twenty

waited in the car

a child of eight  
i chose  
my mother's gift  
alone

knowing i loved her  
knowing somehow

i shouldn't

~

[Type text]

at home:

my mother  
wearing blue

the outfit    new

her round hips  
buxom breasts

brickhouse body  
—thinner now

than sometimes

~

her slim    white  
fingers    frying a hen

dipping drumsticks:

raw    whipped egg  
white flour  
oil    heating  
in black iron

~

after we prayed

over the batter  
—crisp    brown

after we prayed

over the white bread  
spread with sweet  
cream butter

after i sopped up  
the last drop  
of brown gravy:

thick with pepper  
thick with grease

[Type text]

after i gave her  
the roses &

she held me:

her crooked smile  
her laugh tilting

my head on her chest  
her moist breath

~

( i cannot  
say it )

it is not happening

now my body

not knowing

the difference



[Type text]

## gut punching

i was  
    thin  
my pelvis  
    caving in

ribs    like wires  
—corseting my  
barely there body  
—a pale ballet

~

in the fall  
of my fourteenth  
year

i shopped for shifts:

dresses    straight  
cloth sacks  
empire waist

i bought six  
& chose

one    i'd wear  
the first day  
of high-school:

navy blue  
& yellow

linen

yellow  
fish-net  
hose

~

the first day  
the first week  
came and went  
me    bent over  
bile    coming up

[Type text]

my parent's bed  
my hot hot head

my mother  
her cool hand

my father  
kneeling

*please*  
*eat something*  
he said

~

age eighteen  
with *freshman*

*fifteen* a  
carat diamond  
on my left hand

my hips round  
my buxom breasts  
substantial  
full of myself

not a waif  
a woman

*you're getting fat*  
he said  
—gut punching

there were days  
( for years )

when i

didn't

eat

a thing