

Infancy

I wish I could know her in her infancy.
I hear acid wash teeth are back in style
and I crave the girlish charm of
skipping meals
with a smile to seal my lips.
I miss my hipbones digging into the air,
taking up too much empty space.
I can recall the exact moment at which I became
100% water.

I wish I could know her in her infancy.
I want to hold her when she was
empty tummy
tiny breasts
the smallest child you'd ever seen.
She had a light in her eye
burning yellow
and the whistle from the space between her thighs said,
"the worst has yet to come."