

Antepartum

The first time I lost you I didn't know who
you were what you meant what you would mean
so back into the ether you went.

The second time I was crushed then plunged
into the salty angry sea of so many other poems.

This is ground treaded, I know, memories mined stories raped -- seized, of course --
but that moment when all switches over -- the conversion! --oh, when it happens
and you were once this and now that..

(A complicated journey there, though. One must be trained in the art of it.)

Every day crazy

humans make other humans grips me so hard, Jesus,
one day there isn't and the next a pancreas (of all things);
fresh firm kidneys;

a wild twisting ride of a spine;

a divided brain -- the hemispheres! -- even the sections (according to legend)
we don't use.

Four parts of the heart -- the chambers! -- you can feel the thumping of my thumping
heart, yes,

every inch hot; every vein blue; every pump life.

Oh muddy girl, little feral kitten,

I'm not a poet and

none of this is new, I know,

most miss one or two ---

but if I lose you now, I won't make it either. If you go, so will I.