

## **Missing**

— and now you  
stand in the doorway  
blaming the way I hold my hands in my pockets  
for your adulthood  
which has turned up

missing —

**Written on the Eye**

*of the Supreme Court Leak*

*Spelling the End of Roe vs. Wade*

An inner light  
in the greenhouse  
spoke through you,  
the girl in the baggy tee  
who slugged some mouth  
that called you ho.

*Why, Mama?*

You held up the tin can  
of peppers like tiny  
planets.

Mama squeezed  
your shoulders.

*The plant's too young, sugar.  
She's not ready.  
We pluck them so she  
can develop  
herself.*

## Witness

take it.

His forearm crushed my chest —  
his— pain—

*No —*

thrust words between his body  
and my brain. He —

made me

flinch. It is the anniversary  
of what — the —

*Don't*

*let him kill me,  
don't let him kill, no don't let don't —*

incident. That  
happened.

I

uncinch my shredded  
self-esteem

like skin-tight  
jeans

I—

choose to tell, I

bare

witness.

**for You (too)**

You all bust butt to stay in a sagging house  
in the hau bushes by the yacht club  
where a banner stating

*There's No Excuse For Domestic Violence*  
braved the wall and your mother  
with the leather

laces swinging past her throat  
drove us to visit your brother  
whose eyes darted as his toddlers

swarmed the counter stuffing rice  
in their face. I watched your family set up  
stoves, tents, cots, pots, and a windbreak

in a snap. And yards! You workers  
chopped, pruned, pulled, and buzzcut  
*our* place. Then on the day of the

kidnapping  
I was scrolling my cell  
when I saw your face.

*Ohh.* You gave the look  
a man gives a system that's  
stolen his ancestral space.

The caption under your mugshot said you are  
36, no permanent address.  
I read you are Native, Violent —

and (between the lines)  
Dispossessed. The next morning  
I woke in the stark

dark — *please let them find her*  
*please let them find her*  
*unharmmed* —

and found  
I was praying for  
you (too).

## **The Drawing**

my son drew  
the centipede in shattered armor  
the villain with his roofing hammer  
and me, the mother with a heart and gun

I scribbled notes —  
phone number, case number,  
address of the prosecutor —  
around my picture, heart and gun

he asked me  
to let him forget  
so more or less  
that's what I've done.