

## POEM FOR MOTHER'S DAY

First a heartdrum: yours. Your beating, breathing. What rivered you rivered me. And then a long time parsing: *me, not me, me, not me*. Even now I sing Joan Baez and wrap pheasants with string in the way only you could have taught me, unbelievable you. When I first stepped outside of the chasm between us, everything shifted to the right a little, crawled like an organ. For so long I watched pride migrate outside the body, tried holding it down, white knuckled. To see a body—yours, robe loosed, your swollen, your operated, your resilient, your tired (how carefully you trusted me with each)—and search for its border. To listen for that first sound, a thumping. Rabbit foot. I love you to the moon (and back). You haven't left. And how much I'll ache when you do. How free—how awful.