

H E A D

One day I'm sitting on my nurse's lap
my small body with its hydrocephalic head
the legs drawn up and kicking
and no feet

the nurse
trying to get my mouth in that great
hairless head to open.

Now my mother
looking ancient waves her short arms:
don't give her that she's sick.

The nurse is furious:
what do you think it's for.

My mother's a hundred and two the sides
of her darling face cave in she wants
someone to read to her and I'm getting
all the attention.

The pill's on my tongue
my head drops back like a huge lemon
hanging from its stem my eye-slits
water and I start to sneeze.

That child
I hear them whisper that child's all
head

and they abandon me.