

I Don't Want to Be a Sad Mother

The moon looks rough tonight
I scrape my eyelashes on it. I need a full kiss
in the dark.

This year I sleep with no one on my new pink sheets.

Missing you begins the first time I hold you
in the operating room.

Things are set up in a way
in my heart. I don't want to be a sad
mother.

Already I have used you to comfort me.

Already you have driven me mad, I don't remember where,
into the icy woods where I had to imagine waves
until I was calm.

Forgive me. I have hated myself since I was a little girl.

When your father leaves me, I can't tell you
he is going.

I think of death toys in the water sockets.
What is your favorite game?

When you wonder who loved who more, I can only say
I wanted you more than your father