

Mina Moriarty

and he held me in his palms

a slippery yolk of thirteen
soft golden thighs the tap tap
at the shell for me to slip through I
remember a day in the garden my fingers yellow
from turmeric and dirt I
blew my nose and read the mucus like a wise
woman reads tea leaves
shaking in soot and yesterday's breath

I woke everyday to the sound of a chariot a yellow glow all around
the aching light between my thighs
as loud as sun soft as yolk and he held me
in his palms the tap tap
at the shell for me to slip through my body
split into parts one heel of my foot in the ocean an eyelid fleeing
like tumble weed

I resembled a self un-sewn a child's drawing in a hospital room
when I left that room I was wonky
walking the way a stain would run
yellow and sticky he held
me in his palms the tap tap at the shell for me to slip through
my crooked shape in albumen it was eight
years before my pink flesh yawned and grew limbs that for the
first time would not flee at the sight of me
I birthed this unfamiliar creature
fed it biscuits and milk
its belly yellow and swirling its black eyes
hungry for its mother's meat I held on
to that feeling her of holding her of holding her
the tap tap at the shell for her to slip through