

ROBIN MYERS

Poem for Self as Single Mother

Or as self-medicator,
or two-tongued song-
singer, or undersecretary of pre-dawn walks,
or any manner of other
offices. They're just
conjectures. I still scrawl
my appointments on the back
of my hand, tend
to keep them.

I know a thing
 or two
by now: mac and cheese, downward
dog, how to braid my hair
over my left shoulder, that we have
 the right to disappoint each other,
 the melody alone
to the honorary anthem of a country where
I'll never live again.

Any child of mine will have to wait
 for me,
 as I for her.

Some days I can sense
the pulse of her pooling
in me, taste
my spoonful of wine.

Feel
my body stumble,
 change.