

Stillborn

I.

You rocket into the world
propelled
by a gush of water-fuel, warm
and not yet blue,
small as a doll
hand-sewn,

my love
great enough to loose a sea,

tonight, your first night
in the earth.

II.

I dream of you at six,
teach you to read,
my lips rounding over
the oo in moon, so carefully, carefully jumping
the cow

you keep your eyes down
as if you know
not even I

can get you safely to the last rhyme.

III.

No worry stone,
with a dead daughter,

pin-pricked
in a deep rub-groove, thumbs
knit and bind

this blanket of a hundred moons.

IV.

Tonight in my mind
I build a house for you

from cinder block and ash,

watch you sweep with a horsehair broom,
see how you manage
the angles,
the geometry of home.

I chase you
through rooms of wintergreen
and light

you, deaf,
softly-feathered, slip
into lethe.

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