

EMILY BLUDWORTH DE BARRIOS

Like a Bone or Like Wrath or Like Dreadful Angels

Mothers are supposed to be ugly and relaxed
With remnants of hair on their face
Light fur on the skin of the upper lip

Shards of glass and light rotate inside their minds
They're supposed to be relaxed practical and capable

And sometimes anyway lightning shoots from their fingers
Anxiety is a type of fire power
Anger is a wind power that blasts everyone flat

Mothers at first are like limbs in a perfume ad
Or like velour pink pants dropped onto a floor beside somebody's bed

Then mothers are like remnants left after life has passed through

The mother in a circle of gold
Holds the infant who arrives
Having fallen through a hole where somebody's body used to be

It's natural to hoard your portion of devastation
Like a little bit of light from a little bit of candle that burns for eternity