## Ode to Postpartum

Or to the girl who ate fruit with abandon. Plum juice & peach pit, the necessary mess & the fist of labor. To bear down one's teeth

into bone & skin of all things living & live for more than the girl, then, standing back against a wall, waiting for you, woman new

with the baby on your arms. Oh, the weight the waiting feel in their jaws, biting just hard enough to keep from bleeding. Here, let me

say it simply: there was a small & silly girl there the morning he was born, & once he was she wasn't. She took to sleeping

in the woodshed, in the shadowed branches, in the hum of hornets gutting green apples, & sometimes I could hear her hammering

C to D minor (quietly, so as not to wake him). Chin to the windowsill, keeping rhythm with rain, waiting for the bird that chose us both to swim

to surface our water frozen halves

a white & narrow road he enters

her your world cold of laughter.