

## *On Home*

All winter long my sons have pointed guns  
in my face & with their mouths popped

the triggers. The oldest wants to spoon me.  
The youngest wants to change his name

to *the playground pimp*. When we circle up  
for dinner, I'm careful not to say chicken *breast*

or *meatball* or anything they can follow with  
*that's what she said*. Consider the going rate

for hormones, then picture an eager group  
of eBay bidders. I joke, but someone should

tell these boys—in a wake of black mascara,  
mothers drive away. All winter long I've left

feel-good Post-its on the bathroom mirror,  
the espresso maker, the edge of my razor.

Every day I've given myself reasons to stay.