

SARA MOORE WAGNER

Postpartum I

Laid out in the sun, my freckles
redden, burst; Still, I am
leading you through this
field of sunflowers, follow
the line like an intestine, find
me so emptied, a work
of god. Here I am
tied to life, my freckles
open like sores. Dig into me,
if you want, I am here
roasting plainly;
Follow the cord, make me
want to work in this
way, to process it
as it comes, then let
it go. Skin me, let me be just
this, meat on stone, unbound:
discovered, un-abandoned.

Postpartum III

Improper latch, a gasp and suck, the smell
of my newborn child wailing. I wake
to a grunt, an unspeaking
thing bound in silence, trace
her skin. We both cry
in the night, mid-day. I want
what she wants: to return, then stay:
simple and raw
as I am: a body floating inside another
body. Lay me
on the chest of this world, its heartbeat
a lullaby. I'll sleep through
the pounding. The only pain
a bubble in the belly, then gone.
I hold her like this. I'll keep holding
until she or I can form a single word:
Mother. Or until she is quiet
again, as God.