

Today you think it's your birthday

but really we celebrate years before when Mother willed you from faulty fallopian tubes and unresponsive ovaries, when she became pincushion to hormones turning giddy anticipation into unrelenting grief cycle upon cycle upon cycle upon cycle, giddy to grief to giddy to grief to giddy to grief to giddy to grief, when -technology of technologies- she carried and lugged you lovingly along until she wallowed in warm water looking up to me with pleading eyebrows and I only watched, finally fighting her pain with a block atop Saint Joe's while St. John's wort blossomed outside • today is really the day we three together-bound brought you into our world our home our future dissolve and less about your birthday • today is a testament to two almost parents, purpose-bound, recklessly tossing our selfish selves away and conjoined like heat-bolted bridge girders in our triad of strength -turned tirade- anticipating our cave painting to animation • it's less about you, more about how, I'm sorry to tell - How you became - How everyday your deep ancestors applaud Her determination, Her fortitude, Her faith, Her blind expecting expecting