

The Hummingbird

Blasphemous Pinocchio scrap.
Liar, growing your long nose out like a needle.

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After hospice left,
my mother successfully killed,
we threw most of their things away.

Morphine down the toilet.
Wheelchair flung on our lawn.

We kept the IV machine, though.
We turned it into a hummingbird feeder.
The silver pole and bag swayed in our yard.

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To make a hummingbird,
explode several peacocks.
Bottle whichever shimmering droplet
flees the feathers and pieces of beak.

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One of my mother's friends
saw a hummingbird hovering by the funeral home.
She said, "Look, girls, there's your mother."

My mother is not a hummingbird.
Her dead body is in a vase.

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To destroy a hummingbird,
jam nail scissors hard into the back of its head.
They will come out of its face, a death-beak.

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My mother loved hummingbirds,
if I am going to speak the truth.

Watch, I will hold one in my hands and squeeze it
so I can carefully draw her blood with its beak.

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And my stinger comes out of my mouth.

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And I wear one as a necklace now, Frida Kahlo knows.
Shiny green brain of the albatross.

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And I am a grown woman now, yet here I sit,
in my pink dress and red high heels,
zooming foil birds through the air,
humming to myself.

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My mother died for hours.
We watched quietly.
It was raining.

We opened every door
to let the birds in.
They settled on my mother's arms.
They were oily blue and green like paint.

A palette with its low empty eggshells misses them terribly.

The Gummy Bear

Jewel bear, fetal bear, whirls-in-fur-stomach bear,
deep charm, bait charm, heart-casts-its-head-on-string charm,
bone thread, a long way, headless heart on catch day,

and the rainbow played with her last teardrop
before placing it gently into the ursine uterus.

The mother bear wrenched herself through snow,
white sky cutting bird legs from their bodies. They fell on her like twigs. She ran.
Hair on the trees stood up and fell off. Green needles on the forest floor.
The birds could only fly now, she could only run,

and this was her own light, strung in her own belly,
and even if she evaporated, her bones breaking into clouds,
she would stop at nothing to bury her baby into snow.

The licked embryo sank into the ground.
Left there for that long winter, it grew hair and eyes even in its sleep.

One day it floats out beautiful,
a balloon on its umbilical,
wondering why, and to where, and for whom.