

DAY PARTS

She exits the threesome
at the dentist door. The child to continue on
with the Dada party to lunchplaygroundpaintstore (she's
been explaining this) is saying Mommy? Mommy?
Mommy? part cry, part rhetorical question,
part cry. She remembers reading about someone else's child
deposited daily at kinder-
garten's door vomiting grief at his repeated
loss.

The driver of the car (mate, companion entity, o fully betrothed)
waves her on.

(Implements employed in her mouth,
she is asked Does it hurt
Someone's head in the rain window
wags sideways in the trees)

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The way I become ☹s she
under certain circumstances

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(waiting in the awaiting chair she reads old magazines:
the mayor sat with the mother and the father whose son corpse
had just been wrested. Tell me about your son, he said

softly.)

*

The tailor who opens his arms for your son.
Give me kiss, baby,
every time he says this. Burlys over
and tickles the child to tears.
(Generally, the child longs to see the man
and refuses to enter his door.)

Today
he will mend your shoulder bag
just now, just take a minute.

But he is of Egypt
and your escape, millennia old, is still contingent. In the region of homelands,
in the region of each other's blood. If you were more
visible, a furrow might furrow its course before this emissary
from another tribe. Where would the carpet go? Kneel beside
the golden child and his golden surname, and explain,
Look, Hasni is using the sewing machine,
his fingers on the vector thread tenderly aligning down
and across, up and through

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If there were a push door in the sky
as in bus ceilings:
EMERGENCY EXIT | EMPUJE AQUI
Well, I would consider using it. That would be nice to have.

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Then the child
will vomit forth
a penny, stop

breathing, vomit
another penny and a world
flicker and be restored. On his face,

fear. On his lips, pale
blue smack of mortal. The scent
will cling to your hands
(sustenance given back)
for hours, you'll lift tea and drink
averted-death-smell.
You will be thinking of sons

plucked from mothers' arms
in ancient massacres,
of first-borns taken
in wrath-plague: i.e., their
asking for their mamas,
their registering,
as the breath was pulled out
of their bodies:
It hurts.

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The mother lies down in her nightshirt
and the child says Mama-she's tummy
and places his stomach upon hers
cross-wise, teetering on the fulcrum.