

from First Forty Days

We are in quarantine.

A humming
miasma of wasps rises
from the earth, and it is beautiful,
like birth.

They fly into my trap, a bag of apple juice.

In the *Suffocation of the Mother*, 1603
one becomes both the witch and the
bewitched.

I become
Lady Macbeth: bearded woman, apparition,
in her sleeping scene, with open eyes.

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Maybe rhythm
is my wandering

womb
worldly

hum
that no one can explain

In August
the nest

chews down
to a center room

the hole in the middle.

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Inter-
locking

softness:

our edges

touch, smash
into shadow.

This poem—
like a bird shot

by an arrow
fledged with its own

feather—is a mother
poem.

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I'm still laboring down

Playing dead in the river

How I pass the hours

Day after day

An egg separates in my fingers

There are sounds

I can't explain

The loneliness of calving ice

All night

I'll talk darkly to the trickle

That talks over me