

When Mother Kisses

as if demons are raging in the distance
where a song of water and blood and fire and rock
launch their fangs through a girl,

as if somewhere, a girl is in labor, birthing the earth
and the sea is making its way back
coursing through a woman's thighs,

as if every time it rains there are no
kids to kiss the earth to the sound of laughter
no face raised to the heavens in supplication

my mother kisses just as the sun loses its wings
and stars are falling out the skies;
a shower of red shredding through the glass

my mother kisses, once, to remind you
a place in your dreams you never quite left
hands pressed through your skin
so that you relearn how to be
and the most treacherous of your members rise to their fall,
betraying the sound of your voice

my mother kisses as if you are a plain canvas,
as if somewhere a girl is still in labor pains.