

Motherhood

Laura Smith

fly no mosquito no alarm clock babies
wail no they are not babies
anymore and is all this
whining absolutely necessary i
mean come on you are old enough to fix
your own breakfat find matching socks
write poetry kiss boys **WHAT DO
YOU MEAN EMILY
WAS FRENCH KISSING**
i think a nice little boarding school
with no boys within 100 miles
is in order here
you are 11 years old what do you know
about relationships
life anything you still call out for
your mommy after nightmares and painful
dental procedures besides where would
you go
you can't even drive
you don't even have a job who would hire
a 13 year old brat what color is
your hair now
**TURN OFF THAT NOISE
NOW I'M TRYING
TO WRITE
A POEM**
i don't care
i gave birth to you
didn't i you asked to be born all right
all that kicking and thumb sucking
on the sonogram
all three of you asked for it

taking and taking until there's none
left for me so yes i am
ignoring you on purpose
i'll drive you to the mall school
movies canada
later when i've unwound from work yes
i have to go you enjoy eating
and heat far too much for me
to stay and hold you
in my lap you're too big your butt
is crushing my leg get up the hospital
is on the phone everybody wants
a piece of me i wish i would
wake up
in a disney movie where the bad guy
always gets it in the end how do i
know i'm not
the bad guy
here come sit in my lap i'll find
your socks
and take you where you want
to go and live only
to serve you