

*Blue Irises*

It was too early in August when my son arrived.  
I sang a lullaby to the  
neonatal intensive care babies  
in the nursery where my son lived.  
I was slackened and  
let out  
like a  
slashed tire. I was  
c-section monster  
leaking  
love e

v

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r e.

My son lived.

But, the babies in  
the NICU  
who didn't live  
began to follow me  
around.

I could see the  
babies at night  
in the moon and  
how she was so  
so tired of  
little fingers pulling on  
her silver hair.

The babies started turning  
into months of the year.

June and  
August and  
July. Those babies

became ornaments in  
December and ghosts  
in October.  
September  
and May.  
January.  
February and then  
March(ed),  
November.  
April.  
That's the way  
the babies arrived,  
like a sign dangling  
onto life  
that said: *OUT OF ORDER*  
When I last saw  
the babies they ended  
as flowers.

*Little blue irises.*

I watched the nurse  
place the flower  
on a mother's breast.  
Unabashed, I thought  
about the last of things.  
How the babies would take a  
first breath and how a first  
breath  
was a last breath.  
How mother's milk was  
a last meal.

That's why if you see me and  
I seem distracted, it's because I am thinking  
about my son and how he lived and I...

I'm giving up sugar.  
I'm unsubscribing from everything.  
I'm walking into the street.  
I'm forgiving the cars for hitting  
me. I'm flying inside the static of  
the humidity from that

summer night in August  
and looking down on all of it.  
I'm walking on the moon just to  
see if I can / get this weight off of me.  
I'm hiding inside the blood  
in the rut of the surgeon's knife.

I'm counting the days until I hatch.  
I'm walking backwards into the sun.  
I'm living upside down

*for one night only*

I'm selling my soul to the devil. I'm buying it back.  
I'm selling it again and this time *I mean it.*  
I'm finding all of the dead and  
I'm walking them home.

I am putting the blue irises  
back where they belong.