

## loop

silent song, jammed in the gullet  
i have no words just swallow the bird  
fluttering in my throat cutting into the soft flesh  
it aches and i feel i will birth  
a child of sorrow  
i have no children i have no one to  
call me mummy  
i would have needed to  
fill my belly with hope and self-holding  
i knew you wouldn't hold me, so I held contempt

i drown songs  
in my lungs  
they're growing like my mother's tumour  
it spread so much said the doctor  
you understand probability, you're a scientist he said  
you know a distribution is not certainty  
but with a 90% chance she will die in six months  
it was seven, ha!

how names wiggle and turn  
in our labeled world  
like what kind of woman are you if you're not  
someone to someone  
if you don't give something to someone  
if you are stripped of your unlived selves in a day

they say  
time heals, here you go, you've successfully come out of  
the perfectly defined five circles of hades  
have you ever laid by a dying sunset  
tell me, how many colours did you see?

the sun gasps and sinks  
it will come back like a mutant virus tomorrow  
a looping picture of the same film  
with thinning air and hair and straws  
i lay and hum and let the swallow cut