

Cake Bake Betty, Dear Mother

there's no ceiling
there's no broken bones
and I've no feeling
she will glow when she has grown into the sea that shows her gates
the water shall refill the empty space

my dear mother
where's your mining man?
and where's my father?
oh he has savored carcasses that lie like lovers in his home
we will sleep in bags that hang along these rows

and that's not all
she will stay
we will sit in fields of oranges and graves
why do you cry
there is no shame
but I hang her in my heart
still to this day
but that's okay
and when the light beams through the porch then we will know
sleeping silent to disrupt the fallen snow
and in your room I saw that you had grown
your cotton sheets did lift you by the throat

I split the numbers indeed
I held my arms outstretched
I cut through brothers in need
to be the curtain for the act that you have left here on repeat
don't forget to grease the pages when you leave
and when the water is as cold as it is deep
we will burn the barns where babes first took to speech

and under beds of water
there will lie my eldest daughter
she has drifted and the sea has held her body from decay
and the world she wouldn't let it
and she'd scream before she left in
and the sky stems from the ocean
and I will get to it some day