Letter to My Unborn

It was different last night, I was
different. A mother, an artist
painting love with broken brushes
I laid on my back, careful not to crush
you. I couldn't stand you dying
that way. I couldn't sleep.

The dead can't give birth
cause the baby spose to learn howta breathe
from it's Mama. The baby can't breathe
without it's Mama.

You are nourished from a dead soul

Today,
there are too many things in this room:
me&you&whitecoats&thecribicannotafford
&thedaddythatdoesn'twantyou orme
&themetalclawsto rip me open and rip you out
& last night is here too as I lay on my back
but there is no air & I can't feel you anymore

I couldn't bring you into the world not knowing how to breathe

& I couldn't teach you
with a dead soul
how to breathe
in a room with no air