

the art of thumbsucking

this bundle of will and wet diaper, searches
for thumb: blind hand hovering
over shut eyes and craving rose mouth
trying out the fit of fingers and lip
to nest between tongue and still-toothless gum

already, you are crawling away—
creating your own mother
in self-soothing, wet suckles,
choking back tears and snot-snuffles
as I watch, watch and cradle-rock
you closer to dream—

or the pulsing dark cave
from which you came, carried
in all high-waisted, sentimental labelled
dumb bigness of the breeding female

little girl, suck in the outside: you mother me
when you find such comfort, simplicity
in what is already to hand