

Gratitude

He
is the kind of man
that has painkillers
on his nightstand.

The kind of father
that leaves his children
at home
alone
to bring back dimes
and old stories with no end.

I remember one
about a man that crawled across an ocean
to find some golden land
that only existed
for him.
When he arrived,
his tears traveled to kiss the dirt
full of sprouting seeds
that cut through the bottom of his feet
forming chains on his
unfed ankles.

Unbothered, he
continues to cry—
the kind of man
thankful for the pain.

Made for Me

It isn't easy to drink
homemade soymilk.

So fresh and hot,
this traveling,
burning
whirlpool
makes its way down
slowly.

A smooth second sip is saved for later
but not promised
for the third or fourth
and never
at the end.

Thick grains gather
at the bottom
of this unstrained drink
and in my stomach.

They join old wounds and words
nestle into their own corners
like everything else
made for me.

How I Remember My Birth

When I was born a girl my mom said no more no more girls my dad said give me a boy the nurse spouted lies to my parents then named me a flower so that the next child would be what they wanted I was attempt four a placeholder but at least in this golden land I was free my sister cost a few thousand across the ocean I was free I was free what a relief what an opportunity for another try to uphold the value of men of boys of my twin brothers born two years later and my mom cut open on a table thanked her religion thanked the nurse who stole my name and me who was born not a girl but a stepping stone