

Milkweed to Unsorry

You text *Anyboo I'm sorry for my bad choices*
as a mother and what I don't text back is *mom*
we have always been sorry sorry to buckled
sidewalks sorry my first word to strangers sorry may you
the are-you-ok squint you didn't get to bless me
be home to talk about crushes didn't get to wake to
braid my hair for the Heritage Fair bleeding
for the first time into turquoise underwear
I was afraid I shat myself tried to clean them
in the sink and yes I am sorry to the girl I was
and sorry to the you stuck in the rust of judges
and wages but what about the you that grew
taller fighting for an extra night
of visitation cooking ravioli from the co-op
frozen section I needed those nights to be a child
in proximity with you when I learned about
care that means survival in a country coined
to corrode your existence I thought of you horse-riding
we made it through this fall we carved
pumpkins you have grandkids who call you
Grandma Lolo you used a gourd to make
a crazy eye popping out of a socket
granddaughter let her horseshoe laugh arc over the lawn
climbed right up into your lap her eyes unshy throwing feathers
her hands on your cheeks and she said *I didn't*
even know this was going to happen today