

My Mother's Take On Love

My mother gestures - two hands intertwined,
Joined by pulpy pinkies,
Jolted by a slight, tremored touch.

A forest grows between two sweat-dripped palms,
She says,
Its own ecosystem,
The birds and the bugs, live willfully,
Feeding off a radiance of energy,
Growing accordingly.

The synergy is imperceptible,
She says,
Yet fills the empty stomach with
Monarchs and an anatomical glissando,
Shivers from the nape to the lumbar.

Impossible,
I say,
To maintain that energy between
Two people that tussle over
Brands of chicken breasts,
The thermostat, and
Saturday's honey-do list.
Not just imperceptible,
I insist,
but unsustainable,
Love fades and the forest decays to stumps.

Yet here I am,
She says,
The birds, the bugs, relish in our connection
The synergy of two who tussle over chicken breasts,
And yet, our forest thickens and grows accordingly.

An open-faced hand can grow dry,
She insists,
When the humidity of one is unfit for trees,
But only then, does a forest decay.

But,
She says,

Our trees are lush and lovely,
Monarchs still fill my stomach,
An anatomical glissando,
Quakes my spine.
And, sometimes,
My favorite poultry brand lies in the meat drawer.