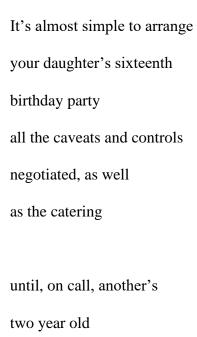
Surgeon mother



Like the curse
of a wicked godmother
only revealed
on opening
her intestines rupture
and collapse.

presents strangely.

Neither girl can wait
on that long weekend
of curtained corridors
incisions and decisions.

Jagged hours

for vexed surrender.

As you scratch your signature on final papers in the Saturday night silence of your office

at your raucous house
a girl vomits vodka
over the lawn. And then
she weeps as candles melt
the icing on the cake.