

Missing My Twin Baby Boys

Today I laid in bed with one,
and I didn't have to force him into my needy arms.
He came willingly, like a bird to seed.

I stroked his thick hair,
his tiny seven-year-old belly,
and remembered a time
when I didn't have to yearn for these moments
and would draw energy
from long, snuggly naps with my warm babies.

A time when I was a slave to the bottles
washing them around the clock,
filling them with precisely measured portions of powdered
formula,
something I could control —
unlike the shit-overflowing diapers,
the spit-up,
the repeated wake-ups —
I could arrange our night-time arsenal
in even rows on a tray,
like missiles on a launch pad,
their glass clinking as I carried them upstairs.

A time when I needed them too,
to dis-engage *my* painful swollen breasts,
hard as grenades,
theirs until they stopped wanting them.