

**mother & me.**

my mother & i know each other,  
like the back of each other's hands  
which is to say like our own hands, because  
we are each other, and i have  
inherited all of her sins and i  
have made them all my own.

i have taken shape in her mold,  
i have taken this heirloom of how we are always  
not quite what the other wants. this  
heirloom is just mine now.  
i will cradle this last  
gift of my mother's. maybe i will  
pass the gift on,  
again, and again,  
to my own daughter, who will  
resent me the way i resent my  
mother

which is to say  
love her until i cannot breathe,  
bleed all over her,  
messy, claw out  
my heart, my lungs, whatever she wants, hand it to  
her in my open palm.