

IN HER, IT IS IN HER

I was born a fig tree budding awkward after winter.
I was born, a day of birth, and there was no candle.

I was born and there was no fruit, no prickly pear
or peach, a hard freeze, so unusual

so far south. I burgeoned, I breached
and crowned and was christened.

I did all this and had no idea. I was blossom
across a square, false fruit stolen

across state lines. I had a receipt. I mean, there was proof
of payment for me, pale little rosebud

with two mothers and two fathers, half
of them doting. I was dressed in white

and carried into a blue church.
I was the last gulp from the communion cup.

I was pruned before the first frost, half
rhizome, half grub, I was born tangled,

without a throne, a cross of dirt rubbed
into the crown of my head then washed clean as ice.

