

Homework

No time.

All the time in the world
with a child and a dishrag,
Nagging at the kid to do his homework,
Homework.

Will the cake rise?

Will my boy grow up strong
or inherit fear from his mother?
I worried myself into a knot
when all his words were locked
in his chest like diamonds.

When the boy speaks

it's to break out.

As if a mother is a door or a gate
with a bolt across his dreams.

I tied his shoes
before he could tie his own shoes.

Today I pack his lunch.

He shoulders a heavy backpack.

When he leaves

I get down on my knees and pray
even if it looks like

I am only washing the floor.