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The Lullaby

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CHLOE GARCIA-ROBERTS

The Lullaby

It is still dark.
So all the noise will be lavender.

On the morning when what draws us tight and fast to its mouth
enters our house
and silently learns your name.

You can hear me next to you
and what was your mother,
you will unbuild:
into only pain
breathing towards yours

your wound,
opening its eyes at last.

Mitosis comes to us all.
We break apart.
Into a heart that can only continue
into a heart that stays behind, beating against
the point all this losing began.

On this journey we cannot untravel
little skinbox never spill never spill.

Child, if the heads of flowers can defy their own deaths
then you can sing this dance
of blindly feeling for the wall.

For you may gravity's fingers uncurl.
May you transcend.
May you change away.

May the terrible eye of god swim over you.
May it at once
recognize you and forget you.