

Spring 2021

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Recommended Citation

DePanise, Emma (2021) "Goliath Frog Soothes My Mother's Morning Sickness from Her Bedroom Window," *CutBank*: Vol. 1 : Iss. 94 , Article 4.

Available at: <https://scholarworks.umt.edu/cutbank/vol1/iss94/4>

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EMMA DePANISE

GOLIATH FROG SOOTHES MY MOTHER'S MORNING SICKNESS FROM HER BEDROOM WINDOW

Nestled near a birdbath with shells
and grey stones, I can't see through her

window but I hear her every
groan. I press my palm to my own

stomach, imagine. There is nothing
but cicada shells, no more space

to grow. I don't know if there are any eggs
inside the womb I built in the black night

but I moved the stones, I built the water
for something to live in and leave. I tell

her, *you are both a tree and a leaf.*
I tell her, *your curls are a current*

a minnow wants to get caught in. I tell her *I can't*
sing but I can whistle. I exhale fall air

and I don't know if her curtains
are closed. I don't know if she's back

from the bathroom or shouting for a plate
of toast or if the wind is rubbing

the branch against her window
but my whistle is the wind now

and the wind doesn't need
to be heard, or touched.