Why I'm Not a Mom / Linda Mae

Men and animals
exhaust
my maternal instincts.

Men with words as
round and wet as a
cocker spaniel's eyes
grope & search for
salvation under my sheets in
the dark.

Dogs, cats, with their
lack of reasoning
skills likewise look
adorable & incompetent,
& they too
cannot help it.

It's no wonder I
eat birth control pills like
potato chips
even while the
man-made concept
of my biological clock
ticks on.

How He Says Good-bye

First he waits until I've
finished my raisin bran muffin
and I'm ten minutes late for my
dentist appointment. Then some
between pushing the plate of
away and
picking up my coffee cup the
tears running down his
face he's telling me we're
not happy and my coffee cup
stops
in mid-air and won't go up
or down because it is now part
another world
far away like my toothache he
saying we're not happy which
true but
beside the point, the point be
we belong together
regardless of how
miserable it makes us we're n
lips are forming the words an
scared dry as they move from
wet face down to the
coffee cup the coffee cup har
air suspended between us like
future
and somewhere
from the far-away world
a waitress appears
growing larger and larger
and now she's looming above my
coffee pot in hand SOMEBO

She wants to know if everyth
all right.