

Prosthesis

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My mama rubs my head as I read to her, her prosthesis is off.
I hold the book but my little arms grow tired. It shakes.
She looks at me and smiles.

Years fade away and I sit at a restaurant sipping kombucha,
a hemstitch scribbled on a napkin in front of me.
My bottom lip is chapped. I pull it tight on my teeth and
massage my finger over top so the skin comes off like putty.
I can't tell if I smell or taste the blood.

I try to capture her in 18 lines. Her broken body was always a
metaphor
for her broken spirit, unwittingly taken from her.
How to say it?

I never subjected her to bed-wetting as a child,
only bed-weeping. She sat beside me until sleep carried me away.

She never subjected me to chores as a child, only comfort.
After a fight, she'd lie down and would I read to her until sleep
carried her away.