

LEAH CLAIRE KAMINSKI

growth

the begonia leaves fat as your hands might be
plump and new pushing new

space out into the air
you as the green shoot

through me twisting
 me as drying humus

(you as shadow and red you
as thump as the night)

snow drops uncurl by the driveway
pillow-soft and pale as you

if you were around me in the spring
(shade among

shades in the garden
the almost-seen you didn't ask for it but when I summoned

you you
needed a vacuum to fill)

I felt you last night
scratch on the red record

of my placenta
(this morning,

sister to my bile duct, brother to my liver
you stretch and touch—on both sides)

pain

If the twinge is in your back it is gallbladder I don't think it's in your back
in your back is other pain

If it is between the dive and furl of the ribs out toward each side, just under
the sternum, it could be the stomach or bile duct or the ribs themselves or
pent-up envy

If it is further to the right under the ribs under the right breast (under as
in due south on the map of your figure, toward the feet not under as in
beneath as in buried) it is HELLP or preeclampsia or perhaps your liver
going wrong with cholestasis or gallbladder overproducing and then the
liver not processing bile as in anger as in bad feelings as in 'the cancer
personality'

If it is after eating it is your gallbladder though it may also be metastatic
cancer from your cervical lesion, which there is a photo of on your
husband's phone, if he hasn't deleted it yet because it was only 'polyps'
then, spoonbill-pink, gleams on the overskated rink

If it is only after fighting with your husband it is tension from a life made of
bad choices coming up against the edge of your body and where else to go

If it is only after sleeping on your right side and when you turn thrice it
subsides it is that you cannot keep your baby safe it is that your blood is clay
your milk is bile you could never keep it in you how could you keep it safe

Lake Michigan

your feet knowing sand at their arches: the heave the give and grit the quiet
waves of a chalky blue lake the heavy slide
down a small pebble bank
slide like

but stop

this world is not a metaphor for you in me

you will with your own foot feel sand hold you up the earth a body

will surge in you you will with your own mind
undergo the tumble and click of memory unlocking your own map

that traces your own body, its places that you will

with your own body have seen will with your body
have joined cells to, body to air to sand to lake

you will know it from inside the skin of your own body

you will be discrete as a stranger I miss you then like a lover

do not read this poem discard my body now