

I will never know what it's like
to open my legs and receive him
to receive history
rampant, weedy spear
inside my body.

To let him into the world
so that his sap flows
out to the last branches
of the elms, the leaf tips,

or the more common form,
to open while clutching shut,
half-open, or afraid of a gun,
or needing food,
or with a fist rising

to open to the one who murdered
my husband, the conqueror
triumphant in my cunt
to open at the command
of law, of armies, of racks
prying my legs apart

and his furious seed
dripping from me
his juniper seed, his boastful
murderous seed
spilling from me, and growing
in me, inexorable
light and birdsong
pouring through the window.

I will never know what it's like
to open my legs and give birth
to history. My child, his story.
I will only know what it's like
to be that child of sorrow.