JESSICA CUELLO

Dear Mother,

Scratch beneath the surface of a man and there’s no help. P. disappears when babies die. There are so many tasks. Father hated me for being sad.

I pursued ideas like a horse, a dog, always behind, raised by a dictum, but not a man. I was a tent stitch on the pocket of his mind, a grafted cut in his bark of book. I cried in the open (less girl than gnome)

when the bell at the cow’s neck rang tan-tan-tan and I took my first affection from her wet, black eye.

Yours, as ever, & unmothered,

Mary