

Missing My Twin Baby Boys

Today I laid in bed with one,
and I didn't have to force him into my needy arms.
He came willingly, like a bird to seed.

I stroked his thick hair,
his tiny seven-year-old belly,
and remembered a time
when I didn't have to yearn for these moments
and would draw energy
from long, snuggly naps with my warm babies.

A time when I was a slave to the bottles
washing them around the clock,
filling them with precisely measured portions of powdered
formula,
something I could control —
unlike the shit-overflowing diapers,
the spit-up,
the repeated wake-ups —
I could arrange our night-time arsenal
in even rows on a tray,
like missiles on a launch pad,
their glass clinking as I carried them upstairs.

A time when I needed them too,
to dis-engage *my* painful swollen breasts,
hard as grenades,
theirs until they stopped wanting them.

A time when we claimed the wee hours of morning,
poked our tired heads through its thick blanket of silence.
A time when their screaming and crying
raked through our raw nerves
reaching unbelievable decibels,
and all twelve of our pacifiers were hiding
like delinquent children,
and we were too tired
to even think of looking for them.

A time when I woke to their babbling,
sometimes unsure if I was still dreaming,
the beautiful nonsense sounds
like the flow of rain down our windows.