

This Body of Mine

Miriam Manglani

This body of mine was tan, muscular,
and sung with the fire of youth.

This body of mine coursed with fiery hormones—
sprouted breasts, hair, curves,
and spouted rivers of raging blood.

This body of mine raced, rowed, hit, and kicked—
grew faster and stronger.

This body of mine stretched and stretched
to nourish and grow two babies at once
in its pocket of love.

This body of mine was milked dry
and left fallow—
its two bulbs extinguished, flickered out.

This body of mine is wrinkly, soft and worn,
an old stuffed animal,
perfect for holding on cold winter nights.