



Mixed Signals

Fiona Van Allen

FIONA VAN ALLEN, *mixed media*

Once you cried because you thought you'd never grow up to be pretty.

Now you've grown up and gone away from home.



Untitled Poem; In Guilty Voice Lacking Remorse

Mia Lalo

MIA LALOV, *poetry*

(a)
Thus begins my ode of inveigh—
My child, ne'er will we play!
Ne'er will I kiss a tender face, looking into eyes gray,
Ne'er will there ever be an hour to mark a birthday;
Ye piles of my toys left to decay.

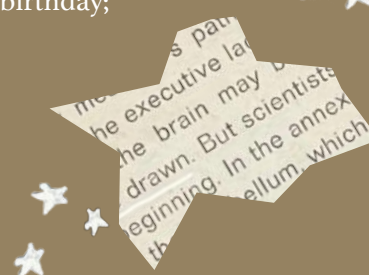
(e)
My child! I know thou must hate me.
Doomed to never be a baby.
Grounded, earth waiting to see seed;
Fertilization would be your guarantee
And to me the most horrific feat.

(i)
Each time I look to the sky
I wonder, would it have been stars or clouds that caught thine eye?
Would it have been women, with curls piled high—
Or working men, caring lofts of ply;
How would my yute have passed their time?

(o)
Now your soul resides in its waiting room,
And in my nightmares I am there with you.
I can feel thee trembling within my womb,
Phantom kicks in a plea to be exhumed
From the cavity you know is only a tomb.

(u)
In my years I shall be labeled a shrew
As I refuse to give birth to one like you.
Because of my denial of Eve's similar virtue
They will look down upon me from the pew,
And see my duty as a woman being put to no use.

*And sometimes (they ask me) Y.



In the Making

Originally titled "Teaching Your Unborn Son Vowels", the poem is organized like an ode, following a classical end-rhyme pattern, each of which connects to one vowel letter. It's a more juvenile version of The Mother by Gwendolyn Brooks.