

APOLOGY

(And I owe many)
But this one is to Sylvia

When I was 16 and I read you
I sniffed
Irritated at the raw words
Seeing nothing of you in me

When I was 23 and I taught you
(With a poorly-veiled grudge, but dedication to canon)
Handled you with the tips of my fingers
Until I could flip the page

But, now I am 37
And the oldest was sick all winter
And the youngest cracked my nipples nursing
~~Finding myself~~
Finding my words
 was hard
 is hard
 will be hard

The oven does have a serenade

Instead of a Ted pushing me forward,
I have a Jack
Who reminds me
In the rare quiet

My words are waiting there
Needing to be spoken.

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