Tapes wound
around
a spindle
wind, unwind
and redirect
one’s constitution
toward the
twisted limbs
of a tree
trained simply
to bear fruit.
There is a person
there buried
in her hair
an image of
a child -
someone lost
in the plaits
of her own
past who
was cast aside.
That was when
the tapes began
to wind
ever so slowly
wrapping carefully
around her

Mummy

Barbara Morrison
entire being
is a gift
shrink-wrapped

pressed into tiny
cookie cutter molds by
cookie cutter hands.

Job well done.
As she of
many faces

is reduced
to dough, barely there
but warm

malleable on
a marble slab
she lent herself

willingly
willfully (she thought)
there is no

other way
or perhaps –
this is the

only way
for as a child
good girls

always do
what their
mothers tell them.