

these five (5) poems debuted in *Obsidian* Literary Journal Issue 2018, 44.1  
<https://obsidianlit.org/44-1-toc/>

***Daughter\****

my body is her sacred gravesite  
She forgives me every day  
every night i sin against her

we weep together  
She assures me i am forgiven  
long b4 i reject her

i gift her my looks. She wills  
me a pinch of her Soul that i  
may glimpse her Spirit realm

when i pray she summons  
Ancestors who surround me and  
assure my transcendence

She comes to me on loan, clings to  
my wanton womb though i regard her  
as mere ghost of comely pleasures

She stomps out feetfirst  
confirming that she is  
me/him/us/we/one

She is peace warrior  
waging life with elegies that scream pain  
undergirded by love

“Say something,”  
Inner Voice beckons,  
“Let her know you.”

i write: *dear, daughter,*  
*i am the almost mother*  
*i'm glad you never had*

\****Daughter*** was nominated for a Pushcart Prize by *Obsidian* Literary Journal.  
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## ***Son***

my mind is his eternal urn  
He appears two hours after his sister  
¿why does he wait so long?

i am closing the gate when  
just before it latches i feel him kick  
his river rushes from my thighs

He grabs his ankles  
falls into a somersault  
and butts into the world

He will not weep or pray with me  
He couches his thoughts in tongues  
other babies cannot translate

His sad piano sings  
“winter will never end”  
so he keeps dying.

another warrior  
holding his peace and using it  
to smudge my womb

***Anywhere***

i want to live in a city  
where “disemboweled”  
is not in a headline

where black boys’  
dreams of becoming  
old men come true

where kids know their  
fathers, mothers, grand  
and great-grandparents

i want to live in  
a country where  
.45 is not the caliber

of the  
hollow-point president  
,alias predator-in-chief

***Another smoke-filled room\****

divided by Saturday-night sweat  
boxes a spill-proof rim-  
shot from the drummer's cue-  
sticks, slick with licks like wallpaper secrets  
will ever silence the bar-  
flies are open for wet, warm death-  
beds, once Deuce-and-a-Quarter, now 4-by-  
four-eight time tapping tic-toc-toe-  
shoes place pointed pirouettes in Tutu's  
Nobel Peace aura, All aglow  
we come together like Christmas magic:  
welcome, warm, lean, lewd, long, long  
agogô bells—you zig my zag—Your straight  
lines, striped with my Nappy spaces, be-  
come lullabies and mantras  
framed for our future in  
*another smoke-filled room*

\****Another smoke-filled room*** was nominated for an Illinois Arts Council Agency Literary Award by *Obsidian* Literary Journal.

***Where midnight stretches***

this is where  
midnight stretches  
over muscular

hills and valleys of  
buttocks and abs

where half-moon  
manicures & pedicures  
are reflected in the eyes

where each tooth  
twinkles like the  
star it used to be.

this is where  
lovers come  
together

this room is bound by  
sky & transparent walls  
that rise out of sight.

this is where  
i take you &  
you give me sons.

where you build  
our home & make  
daughters laugh.

where we  
become each other  
and recreate