

Jennifer Culik

Alma Mater

I steal sleep with her.
Press my empty belly
Against her feet
And curl my legs and
Arms around her.
Push my face against the
Warm tea scent of her neck.
Capture her in the circle of
My body once again.

Her feet kick against me
And her hands reach up.
Her body straight and long,
Her belly full with my milk,
She turns away,
Dreaming her own birth.