

KATHERINE SMITH

Miracle I

The baby who slept in the apartment in Paris
while I washed bottles in a bucket
on the floor, whom I cradled inside my jacket
on endless walks past the black swan in the Buttes-Chaumont

now drives a car through the American suburbs, has suffered
her own losses, stays out all night with friends. My past,
our shared past, though she doesn't remember,
has become my daughter's mythology. I don't long

for the courtyard in Belleville or her sleep, where
each spring a foxglove sprang from a crack in the wall.
When growth accompanies it, the real flowers
into myth, power, a question whether

that foxglove really did come back three years in a row.