

You Get Up

because daylight won't save you
because a child's cry reverberates across
the deepest caverns of your heart, which is
dark and stained with old, rotted love,
yet you've given what's left of it to them.

How can you not get up, fix breakfast,
take out trash, pack lunches, brush teeth, wash faces,
kiss the tops of their heads as they hug you goodbye
with a long, firm squeeze that says Please come back.
So there you sit in traffic like a slug on a highway
thinking we're fucked.

But you do it. You do it
because there's no one else, not any more.
Even in this starless time, soaked in the syllables
of questions without answers, more separation
than agreement, more null than void,
despite that mocking voice in your head, yours or his
—you just can't tell anymore—which says
you've been given these silver linings
who call you mommy.
Get up.