

JUDITH BAUMEL

Memo, In Re: Pre-Maternal Memory

(Ithaca)

If it comes back aspiring or comes back shallow,
you meet
it awake at 3 AM, Hay moon gone.

Above:

Jupiter, Antares, the sky crowds with
the same
milky stars that spoke to a younger self, same
fully,
same technically, the rocks, lakes, fens, moraine,
and worse,
the universe, ancient, fixed and unutterable.

The past
will not be abandoned so it accumulates
under
foot: Soil, loam, erratics the ice brought bumping along
and dumped.