

for what its worth

i see the way you pick
your words small rough
pebbles tossing in your cheeks
 before you let them fall
into our mothers ear
where she traps them
& funnels them
through the tumbler
 the way she did for me
till they are shiny
& bright

& when she doesnt hear you right
or misses a word
she kneels
she tells you shes sorry
she asks you to say it again
 *was it a peach or a beach you
wanted?*
 did you say listen or kissin?
im not sure

but mother cups your face
in her hands feeling your cheeks
for word stones

she presses
her ear to your mouth
you whisper

peaches

my sister
youll find it harder
to breathe
between your words
when you find
the world wont listen
as closely that not everyone
has tumblers for ears

for what its worth
to be heard is easier
when growing verbal

i pull a peach from the basket
& take a knife to its skin
the seed dislodges in my hand
& i slip it into my pocket

id hate for you
to break a tooth
in that bright little mouth
so full of words
so full of peaches