I wish I’d written more poems about my babies being babies when they were

I wish I’d eaten more chocolate, not just the good kind, but the crummy Easter leftovers too, the Halloween chocolate gummy at the bottom of the monstrous bag

I wish I hadn’t split & kept splitting, a fish in a barrel, no, fish parts, gutted, awaiting the chum

I think of shooting fish as shooting stars
A skyful a mouthful of squirming & scales

I would wish on them, all those bleeding fish caught, quick-blown to the heads, then knifed to break the gill rakes, held over boat bow & bleeding into the waters that birthed them

Where my small babies have swum into bodies & voices & smells I no longer recognize as anything other than painful, as in, Young adulthood was so goddamned painful,

they reweave a shining trail in the water & though I cannot eat chocolate or have babies or undo the hurting done to me

I can watch the one closing her eyes at the end of my bed, awaiting another day She says, Every time I open my eyes, you’re there, & it’s like I never drowned or died in the murky open, never clamped my jaw onto a wire or pulled myself into the boat

It’s like I was born in that beautiful boat It’s like they were waiting for me to be born