

1972

by Dulce Maria Menendez

A daughter is stuck between the sun
and the moon. She is excavating
on a distant planet. She's a scientist
or an astronaut. She's a time traveler
knowing she will be conceived
on a sanctimonious day.

This is the daughter you dreamed
of having while you played with dolls
as your mother is sewing another halter top
for the factory so hippies could be free
to flaunt their braless breasts.

Threads float in the air are like tiny capsules,
holding your future ovums as your mother steps
again on the pedal of the Singer sewing machine.

The quiet hum of the air conditioner and the little FM
station playing an Eagles song, *Take Easy*, on a hot summer
Miami afternoon, your daughter sleeps on the edge
of Jupiter and Mars quietly waiting for the day when
she could suckle life from your breasts
and when she's had enough, she turns her back
to the edge of her own universe.

