

## Passage

She stood in the doorway inviting  
you in and you walked  
into her room.

Her small hands offered a plate of sharp  
and sugar.

Leaning on the post of the doorway and you  
walked into her room.

Hands offered, body offered  
and you poured yourself onto her body  
and into her belly.

You stuffed into her belly yourself  
alien kid, tooled up for killing and  
kid-scared, stuffing yourself into her womb  
time after time until she swelled  
to fill the doorway  
sharp and sugar and you stopped  
thrusting yourself into the crowded room.

The room cluttered with worn clothes  
and plates and baby-smells  
some alien adult place you never really thought,  
tooled up for killing and kid-scared.

After the shouting and gunshot  
after the bleeding out and weeping  
a small boy runs the sweating streets, cursed  
with your foreign face  
your absence and the scar of your presence  
in his mother's room  
with all that money in your shivering hands.