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Keagan

Morika Fields
Loyola Marymount University

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You hadn't seen a full rotation of seasons yet,
swinging back and forth on a mechanized track
I was not your mother,
your discerning eyes promised to remember
They poured and your mouth howled
"Baby, it's okay," and held you near my chin
You refused to be comforted by distractions
and wanted nothing but your first love

I carried you through unlit halls to your room
bouncing your body weight on a waning bicep,
bare feet sinking into the tender carpet beneath us
Don't put me down,
you pleaded
as the gap between us grew,
green-striped arm wrapped around mine in a fist,
no strength to enforce your desire
You were lifted from my chest
and cried on the mattress of your crib

I'm sorry I left you
I'm sorry that I loosed your arm and my grip
I'm sorry that you fell asleep lonely