

Something Blue – Delia

By Victoria Jorgensen

The law of diminishing returns is different for you
than me My return diminishes when I lift the
mattress you sleep on to tuck the sheets under,
tightly just so.

My return diminishes when my back aches at
night so I can't pick up my unborn child.

I won't have children because I can't
afford it I must take care of your
children because you don't want me
to take care of mine

I clean your windows smudged with memories of
sunsets unexpected sex
violent fights with your significant other

You thrive, unaffected by my fear of not being
able to pay the simplest of bills to corporations
who monopolize and whose board you direct.

I am the cells in the beak of the night
heron as the morning sun lights up
its wings

I have queen in my cells
the hands I wash with and the knees that
bend to wipe up sand from the floor and
hair that repulses you after it leaves your body

My body contains slave cells, wife
cells even the cells of a seasoned
boxer
firm with fight.

My cells have traveled
been imprisoned
starved and dehydrated with
flight My enemies? I have their
cells, too.

I've survived hurricanes, tsunamis, drownings
fire, suicide, miscarriages, abortions, infant death and
war Food poisoning, abuse and death by heat as well
as cold.

I came here with full
intent A dream of
success freedom
A wildness aiming at a
point of connection
a family of light

Daily my dreams
narrowed and I
became
part of your dream
Your comfort
Your security

I am invisible
As long as everything is to your
standard and stranded when it's not

Repetition binds me
Feeds me
Destroys me

Continuation stains
me like an unwanted
tattoo

It is impossible to be lost
at sea a highway of
container ships delivering
Americans
all the things they think they
need they think they need me
until the next health trend comes
out and they claim cleaning your
own house prolongs life
Eating at home in small
amounts keeps you thin and
alert

I'll be happy if half my dreams come true

I just worry I'll have enough friends to gather
when I die to say something nice about me
something deep about
me something sensitive
about me I worry

All I hope for
is a murmuration of
birds at my funeral
and a different home for my
cells I worry