

Convincing myself of epigenetics

Kaydance Rice

after "After" by Emily Pittinos

My mother

is not my mother

because she is not

her own. She belongs
to thrown pots

and the maggots crawling

down my spine, to chewed
nails and unwashed hair. Everything

she touches rots and blossoms

with larvae and caterpillars.
She is of the night

and juxtaposing

the places our minds wander
with the riptide. I am combining

what lasts of the furniture

with the puddles of water
remaining from wherever

we last left

things and waiting.
Watching for the sky

to shift as I realize

none of us were
exactly human.