

daughter.
 born
 of my new
 the mouse bare feet
 I knew
 have done before
 I would not
 something
 at the playground,
 glass shards
 picking up
 I find myself
 Picking Up

Youngest Daughter Series
 My sleepy girl tucks
 her head beneath my arm, butts:
 kid seeking comfort.
 Tucked in mine, swinging:
 young elephant's tender trunk,
 my daughter's small hand.
 Wind twirls fall oak leaf
 sun-gilded—a gold fairy!—
 she tugs me to see.

i want to
 smell, touch, taste you
 i want you to make me
 laugh
 i want you to do that again
 i can put you in my mouth!
 i can put this in my mouth!
 i want to put that in my mouth!
 if i could just get this body
 to do what i want it to!
 no? oh there's nothing left to try
 but cry.

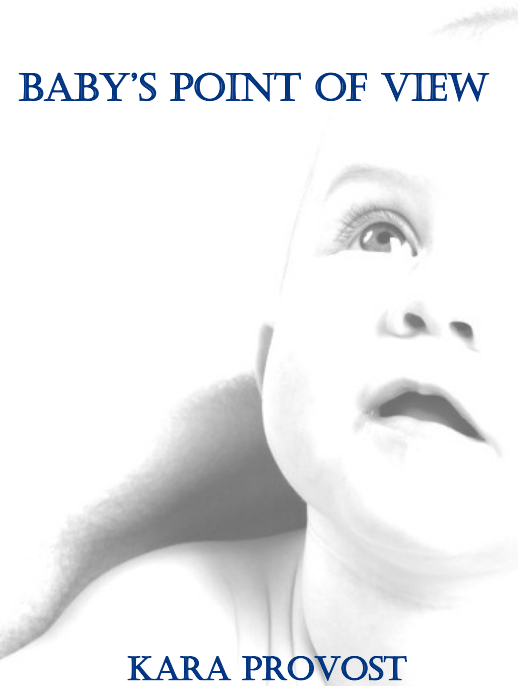
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Origami Poetry Project

Baby’s Point of View
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BABY’S POINT OF VIEW
KARA PROVOST

Creating

Warmth
 runs in my veins
 swirls in my belly like bath water
 a seed a sprout furry fiddlehead
 fern
 curled, unfurling within.

I swell like an eggplant
 as if I’ve swallowed a planet.
 Something moves inside: briney, ma-
 rine
 speckled, freckled, spinning
 my little finned trout.

Baby’s Point of View

i want you
 i want you
 i want you to
 come closer, closer
 bring your face
 down
 so that’s all i see
 i want to swallow you
 whole
 i want you to be
 inside me
 i want to be
 inside you