



MOTHER OF VINEGAR

Staying up all night at the end of the world. The triumph of midnight blue minutes after you have given birth.

The “Mother” lives at the bottom of the bottle, a slimy membrane, a bitter sediment, a bad thing in your mouth, a mistake.

You can close a window against a hurricane or outer space and you can brace yourself but you will always feel the pressure if you flatten your cheek against the void.

The vacuum within. That thing that lets you go.

That is all.

You become the sky all at once, when you least expect it, when you don't know how (to be the sky) but you are nothing else.

There are no anti-grav boots for love.

When I said if you had a seed what would it grow, Ashley said grow me a mother, grow me money, grow me love.

The lust for Mommy rules everything.

That one day Nola wrote the poem about the lava lamp, the bulge on the bottom that was the mother and the little baby bubbles that left her, they rose to the top and sank down.

Then they started all over again.

She wrote her poem in pencil. She left it in her pocket and it disintegrated in the wash, flecks of white on everything.

Kathe Izzo 2024

