Counting
By Raj Kaur

This body's an education
in subtraction, zero circling empty
like a stomach
or a grave.

Hope's just arithmetic and
BMI's simple enough. I see her and
I am eating my heart out, 650 calories
but can my mother's thighs
be mathed?

Arms of my grandmother, unknown variable.
All I know is they sewed her children's clothes,
left room to grow, so now her fingers reach
into my mouth for what's
rotten—

a wound turned gift under my pillow, she says,
"Count sheep, then blessings."
As many as it takes
to be full.