

Surgeon mother

It's almost simple to arrange
your daughter's sixteenth
birthday party
all the caveats and controls
negotiated, as well
as the catering

until, on call, another's
two year old
presents strangely.

Like the curse
of a wicked godmother
only revealed
on opening
her intestines rupture
and collapse.

Neither girl can wait
on that long weekend
of curtained corridors
incisions and decisions.

Jagged hours
for vexed surrender.

As you scratch your signature
on final papers
in the Saturday night silence
of your office

at your raucous house
a girl vomits vodka
over the lawn. And then
she weeps as candles melt
the icing on the cake.