

Late at Night, When My Mother Picked Me Up
amy PFIFFERLING-IRONS

i secretly peeked
from under the purple and pink
blanket when i should've
been asleep.

the knotted tassel tickled
my lashes, when i
took it between
finger and fore,

and rolled it around
until my mother,
flushed from dancing and snow,
rubbed the swell of my girl belly.

when she picked me
up and hugged

me close,

i could touch the freedom
in her happy clothes.