

# Curves & Curses



Sunnylyn Thibodeaux

## Spring Breed

for Shana Rae

At my mother's house  
I pluck baby shoots of acorn  
growth from her bed  
of pansies and fair colored  
periwinkles. She stuffs  
artichokes in the kitchen  
with potent garlic and parmesan.  
I can smell the Italian  
in her blood, stronger  
than the trace of honey sweet  
colored petals. I twist  
the faucet knob, clockwise,  
to let the water rush  
over my hands and into  
her weedless garden. I flood  
the emptied soils and join  
her for supper. She sets  
the perfect blossom  
of artichoke in the center  
of the warped table.  
We sit and feast. She doesn't  
mention the baby growing  
in my belly or the mass  
of mud under my nails. I pull a leaf  
and drag it through my teeth.

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