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Beginning At Dinner, Beginning With The Kitchen Table

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BEGINNING AT DINNER, BEGINNING WITH THE KITCHEN
TABLE

I barely had a father. What there was I did not love. My mother was there. Always. I learned not to love her. I carved my brother's name on a kitchen table and have taken twenty-six years to apologize. I apologize. Table, I apologize for violence done not even in my own name to a brother of yours. As I hug you my arms do not slam into each other. I do not float upward. I do not reach down and grab at my head hair. I do not orbit the earth. As I hug you the urge is to anchor. To eat the vegetables you shoulder. Even the okra.