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When My Water Broke, I Reached Down and Tasted Your Coming

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**When my water broke,
I reached down and tasted your coming**

Nikki Ummel

I am up to my armpits

in creation.

Your birth-wet mouth. Bawling.

My snuffling mother love.

I am not numb.

Inside-out undies party, we
sleep without sheets.

Goodbye, laundry. Pile yourselves elsewhere.

My naughty daughter.

I stopped waiting for you.

Then there you were. My little deuce coupe. My body

The dark horse
you rode in on.

Born on a Wednesday
by river road.

Us drinking the soil. Us planting the toothache tree.

Yolky child. When will I become too much for you?