

## motherspace

she-octopus of love  
I can still feel your  
soft tentacles  
wrapped up tight  
around my heart and lungs  
squeezing out  
blood and oxygen  
across the years and miles  
to sooth your timeless wounds.

I am your baby boy hologram  
created to give you purpose  
and make you feel  
worthwhile.

I am your life preserver  
born wide-eyed and innocent  
into your world  
of choppy seas  
and sinking ships.

I am your personal relic  
frozen in time and space  
thawed and refrozen  
as required  
to satisfy your needs.

you taught me  
to keep myself small  
to be the best listener  
to put my needs last  
to sacrifice myself  
to wait my turn forever  
to be ashamed of myself  
to swallow every tear.

you taught me  
to defer to the feminine  
to accept the blame  
to hide my power  
to keep quiet  
to keep the peace.

you taught me  
that a man should be  
harder on himself  
than he is on anyone else.

you taught me  
that it's better to get sick  
than to speak up.

you taught me  
how to listen to lies  
and how to be replaced  
when the next shiny star  
caught the wandering eyes  
of the one I adored.

you are the minotaur's mate  
in the center of the maze  
your words and your actions  
live in parallel universes  
your skin reflects  
my every weakness back at me  
you caress me with one hand  
and hold my head underwater  
with the other.

you come for me time after time  
in various ways  
in various forms  
every woman who enters my life  
is you  
or becomes you  
a young girl who doesn't know better  
or an old woman who doesn't want to.

you can't see me  
and you don't know me  
but you won't admit it  
and you won't let me go.

would it kill you  
to set me free  
would it kill you  
if I free myself.