Like a beekeeper, my mother
was draped in thinning linen.

My father searched for her,
mountainous, spreading veils,
parting rivers of froth to meet her,
open-mouthed.

In certain lighting it’s clear:
his gaze clings to the backs of my knees.

The hungry smell of wet pine in me wears
winter, my stockings slipping, sun

burning through branches. And later,
scars on my bitten lips, fuller now.