

Double-Cut

Jan Beatty

I was double-cut:
once in the womb with a hanger,
once when I came out.

In the asylum, the hanging
bulb of the playground kingdom
birthed the hunger in me—

children staring in cast-off tees
the paint-chipped metal carousel
with struck-stupid infants strapped
in

The golden girl sits in her dirty diaper
she'll grow up a poet
loving suspension

You be the fat black crow

you be the driftwood

you be the poorest kid dirty face

you be the crying one

you be the no name

strapped in
& spinning