In Utero

I've read all about you, daughter
your blonde aristocratic head
I've seen in mirrors, just the nape
of your neck. If you give me
your infancy, I'll give you
this old helpless garden,
teach you the names
of weeds, give you a road
to the sea, grow you
on salt.

I see you, arrogant and separate,
though my body carries you, bones and nails.
The first words you'll ever say: there can be no walls.
Whatever is holy, raw, vivid is yours,
whatever you love,
I will cast the worn
shawl of my heart to draw in.

Alison Rogers received her MFA in Poetry from Hunter College in 2008. She currently teaches English and Creative Writing to undergraduates at Hunter and writes as much as she can in the spare moments between grading papers.