Miracle of the Single Mother (Poem)

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**Miracle of the Single Mother**

*This is no place to fish*
she said, and took her womb home
to the coast she came from.

*That is no place to surf*
said the father, and he
stayed behind.

Alone she caught
a wave beyond conception,
rode it inside out
down yellow corridors
mirroring his absence.
Washed up, she was
pale as seafoam,
scoured as a beached shell.
Her beautiful mouth had
stretched beyond its
stoic horizon, measuring the
missing scream.

She drowned and returned,
two shimmering daughters
on her line.