

I'm so sad
when I reach for my breast
and it's not there
just a hollow
like my holy womb
where life used to flow.

When I reach for the phone
to call my mom
but she's not there.

The hollow pit in my stomach
knowing I'll never see her again
live, in the flesh,
in her physical body

the body that bore me
grew me
made me who I am.

My mother
My breast
My womb
The hallowed hollow
of wholly womanhood.

All three
the womanly trinity:
My Mother
My Breast
My Womb
 vanished...
 lost within a year —
13 Moon cycles.

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