

NAMING MY BIRTH

I lacked the natural impulse to come
into this world. Attempted by a wing and a prayer,
as my grandmother used to say.

I sat in protest in my mother's womb.
Buttocks against her birth canal, refusing
a graceful entry. My crooked tailbone speaks
against the brutality of my birth. A hand
like the forceps of God, reached into my
mother's vagina, twisting my body into
the obedient child, a compliant child,
submissively entering head first as all
good children do. I was callously forced
into a hostile world, a world I would rather forget.
A world I often see in hindsight.