

BARROW STREET

SUMMER
2000



BARROW STREET

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Advice

When you're born, cry. Cry a lot.
Cry and scream and quiver your lip
between dry heaves, little chest wings
rise and fall. Cry in grocery stores,
on tire swings and dentists' chairs.
Cry and don't stop when they call you
Crybaby, Momma's Child. Cry
and remember salt paths that drip
from the gutter of your chin.
Remember the concave feeling
in the pit of your stomach, the thistle
breached from the depths
of your breastbone, the slight ache
in the small of your back. Remember
the first hand that touched you,
your name drawn out of night
like dawn. Cry and feel that missing piece
behind temples, the cloud in your eyebrows.
Cry because it's what the eyes do
with the heart, when the heart doesn't know
what to do with the eyes.