

Bastards:

My sentences are children.
Tiny, helpless,
Little bastards
Whose fathers I never met.

I get around with verbs
Sleep with nouns, adjectives.
Linguistic slut.
Never the same one.

I carry my sentences in my skull.
Nowhere near soft, there.
Calcified cranium.
They find no comfort, no warmth.

I do not love all of my children.
Some disappoint
Hopeless infants
Sown by bum fathers; sloth begets sloth.

Some cave under the pressure.
I demand perfection; accept nothing less.
Impossible standards.
I am not a kind mother.