Chloe Sell

he was maxwell

In my father’s arms is a newborn boy
beautiful as God—
no: a softer, kinder beauty—
lamb's ears
milk chocolate
cabbage butterflies and nets
that catch then let go…

He is stunning in his inhumaness—
a flushed piglet with a
torso crumpled like a bag of flour, and
fatly folded thighs that nestle
themselves into Daddy’s
spotted, wrinkled skin
as he squeals…

He must be my child, my breath
was never more absent, or my eyes
and heart
so wet.