YOUR BIRTHDAY WAS LAST MONTH: A SONNET & DELICIOUS AMERICAN POEM SONNET FOR 21ST CENTURY LATE CAPITALISM

Kimberly Ann Southwick

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Kimberly Ann Southwick is an Assistant Professor of Creative Writing and English at Jacksonville State University. Her debut full-length poetry collection, *Orchid Alpha*, was published by Trembling Pillow Press in 2023. Kimberly is the founder and Editor in Chief of the literary-arts journal *Gigantic Sequins*. Find her on social media via the handle @kimannjosouth or visit kimberlyannsouthwick.com for more.

YOUR BIRTHDAY WAS LAST MONTH: A SONNET

*after Bernadette Mayer’s “Birthday Sonnet for Grace”*

Bamboo & lace, her highness hugging about the rounded trunk of a tree  
I need to surmise a summer when spring is still here  
The smaller spaces of lines & words like flowers blooming  
Just a modest garden, a compost, nothing worthy of a queen  
How you have your father’s hair  
How it only parts wildly,  
Like a nest of whole birds—branches, brambles,  
Sticks you like to feed the dogs.

So much younger than the trees, I am almost forty  
And working finally a job with salary, benefits  
Where there seems so little time for collage, poetry  
We were in the barn & you played & then said, “outside?”  
How could I resist, how could I say no, the spring weather perfect no mosquitos  
& my answer always yes, I love you, yes yes, yes
When we’re almost all out of ice cream, America
buys more, slops it atop an Oreo cookie, double stuf
of course, & sugar snow down the mouth hole
then smash, smash, smash, smash, crunch. He likes
the way Oreo sounds, how many syllables it takes up
even though it’s just four letters. Once,
at a Barnes & Noble, I saw a sign for an Oreo
Dessert Bar, featuring “hand-crushed Oreos”
& I shuddered & even though I wanted the Oreo
Dessert Bar, I got a cookie instead. No one’s hands
should have to crush Oreos in the 21st century
when we have machines who can do that for us. Take that,
capitalism. (The cookie was less expensive.) I want to be
Poet Laureate of Oreos, but they never reply to my tweets.