

Placenta

This formless, lobed organ
which is, after birth, ejected.

Neither mother, nor child; neutral,
just as the innermost vacancy
inside profound insomnia
is a space entirely neutral.

Something is always there between
one ordinary condition and another,
neither this thing nor that.

Toward this in-between I have
a friendly feeling, sidelong,
a kinship, even.

It has the large, vacant, honest
face of the real world.

[C.M.]