

Wigtown Poetry Competition 2018

Main | Highly Commended: Lauren Pope, *Meditation V*
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Meditation V

The question: *How much weight have you gained?*
will repeat itself until I am again a sliver of branch.

I canter beyond the row of elms, a branch lashes my cheek as I go,
torso no longer bending forward the way it used to.

I gallop until the question cracks beneath the weight of hooves:
gain ground, speed, distance. I become singular and whole

like a bullet exiting the shoulder blade, whistling
with the rage of all women made to feel less than holy.

Like when I spread my legs for comfort in front of the TV,
and your sulky hand finds a second home between my thighs.

Am I the kind of thirst that haunts you when you flick on
the lights at 2am to reach for a stale glass of water

only to return to bed to find me larger, and more threatening
than I was nine months ago?

Call me dumpling, turnip, a fat round pie as you sink further into me
than either thought was possible.