

~JULIANNA BAGGOTT~

Q AND A: HOW DO YOUR CHILDREN AFFECT YOUR WORK?

This morning at the kitchen table,
my three-year-old son drew a picture of me:
so much swollen head, stick-arms poking out of my ears,
stick-legs under my chin, three dots for eyes and nose,
a mouth-line, a scribble of hair,

and swirling away, unconnected,
two circles, he told me, one for pee, one for poop.
I was concerned. Where's the house? I asked.

The grass? Where are you?
It's morning, he told me. It just got done snowing.
I'm watching you.

And for a moment it was like that:

I am standing in a trackless field,
wondering how I got here, how long I've been standing
mute, deaf, possibly blind with my big head, dot eyes,
and slanted, shut mouth.

How could I not have seen myself before?
It was a perfect likeness.