

KATE HUTCHINSON

You Did Not Ask

You did not ask for this brain—
its twisted wire ends that
loop obsessions with school
schedules or routes to the
swimming pool – nor was it
your choice to spark hot
into rage when the drugs
you have not asked for do
not assuage your beast. No—
I birthed you, your father's
and my genes spiraling
into your eyes, your strong
heart, the fingers that cannot
stop wriggling, the muscles
in your torso that will not
support you if an oblivious
policeman throws you down
in cuffs to stop you when
you run from his abrupt
commands, though all you
wanted was to touch the dials
lighting up his shiny sedan.

Whatever you may have
wanted, it surely wasn't this—
the perpetual yearning to
drive down an open seamless
highway, the longing to
perceive a world you sense
exists but cannot grasp, the
impulse you feel to fling
yourself from a rooftop
and soar, like some fearless
featherless little god.