

Amber Christine Snider

On My Birthday

You lie in a prison bed,
you lie in that jailed bed,
me in my winter window seat
smoking your coveted cigarette
and drinking your breath.
I imagine us listening together
a song of sad city, you could not take
this place of poverty, pace, and demons.
I succeed where you could not.
Every year, on this day, I think of you—
the bloody day when I came into light,
this flaming orb, this wind of beauty.
Your creation of love from love, I am love.
I cannot promise I won't write bad poetry about you.
Make you want to cringe, sweat, smack
the face flesh you gave me.
I could write more, but this is a birthday song,
a thank you.
I am your product stored about the world,
a branded piece of furniture,
a laugh, a series of words.
It is raining now, cascades of verbs mean action.
Lack of lack of lack of lack of—
Tomorrow,
the still blue of this wretched beauty of earth
will find us both quiet in our sleep,
slaves to production, still slaves to ourselves.
Father, I don't write poetry as much as I should.
I need rain. I need silence. Like you.