Sigh (A Chest Rises Then Falls Again)

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Even though summer is over,
blow-up, multi-colored
beachballs are sold
year round in K-Mart.
Even though The Register
leaves ink on my fingers,
it tells me how the stars
are properly aligned
to bring love into my life.
Even though my mother
says Quaker Oatmeal must
start a day, I can still have
chocolate fudge Pop-Tarts and
Diet Pepsi for breakfast.
Even though the moon
makes me bleed, I know
its light will give field mice
pleasant dreams of cheese
and give the night’s hand
something to grasp.
Even though in autumn
the Iowa trees are given
nothing to put on, they do
the fox trot with the wind
without ever stopping to shiver.
Even though my asparagus
is painted with pesticides,
I can get rid of them—
sort of— by scrubbing with
lemon-fresh Joy and water.
Even though a man isn’t
holding my hand, I can have
babies whenever I choose
just because I am a woman.
Even though the Catholic
Church and I are fighting,
baptizing myself in the rain
will make me go to heaven.
And even though a hole
has been eaten in the sky
by hungry technology, the
earth still breathes with me.