

On Feeding a Girl

To Become a Woman

Son, I will teach you on how to feed a girl so that she may become woman. Or how to feed a woman with a frozen mouth.

I will teach you hard. A hard dream. A terror.

(A twelve year old girl's terror, not your. I will dream you protection from felt terror. You will not dream the terror.)

It was simple, what happened to my mouth, the hunger that followed days later, the feeding.

Even in the dream-ether (a place of remembrances lost), I recall the ghosts of my mouth. The night the ponytailed man kept me, couldn't enter below, did something on my mouth.

Afterwards was the fall. (I sent you that dream.) Then I did not speak two, perhaps three days. (Time became soft, flocculent, neither sun nor moon light entered my soul.)

Many doctors came to test, prod, look, wondered. White coats, their purity; mine, gone. Why did I not speak, not move, they pondered. Would not feed me. And then the night nurse took my wrist, count my pulse, leaned over me, brushed the hair from my forehead, looked into my emptied eyes, asked, "How can I help you?"

And I cried, "I am hungry."

Tears I cried.

And she fed me.

Apple compote.

What three decades later, Chanan fed me.

This is how to feed a girl.

Or, to feed a woman whose mouth has been frozen in time. And hands. And feet.

