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In the Root Cellar

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You cannot see your cold unborn self
with eyes rolled far back into the head
or the wives of a poltergeist miming figures in waiting
standing in the pantry amongst onions and bread
taking up
9/10ths of the small infant space between us

but you can hear the neighbor's TV and fear of my own mouth
moving across years
orchestrated as a lifelong concept of forgiveness
spun into contempt for self
you held the unrealized in two blue palms
aching an illusion in the way I would love

where spoonfuls were never missing
and missing was never wanting
and wanting would bring you home