

## At 24 weeks (Ode to your mother)

By Jason A. Maas

She is a pink romper and an  
amulet that could not be worn  
by anyone else out of fear it  
would break their neck, but for her  
the feather is on the wing.  
She moves in the wind and  
she smells the storm, she senses  
the turn of the seasons: chieftess  
with the days and the moon and  
which violets and broken pine branches  
make the best offerings.  
You might find her dancing  
at the skunk cabbage patch  
where the turkeys stalk and  
deer walk in lines and  
everything feels safe in the  
hollow behind all the homes.  
You might find her there, or  
in my arms, and holding the spatula  
and the dog all rolled into one big  
sunsetting time, as we arrive inside  
16 weeks  
of weekends left  
preparing for hamburgers or king salmon and  
patching together songs and  
the dog is always either lapping a blanket  
like a milk bowl or following you  
inside your mother's body  
because the dog  
knows your mother is cooking something.  
And while the dog may trick herself  
into thinking  
she's waiting for a falling fish  
skin: the dog, like your mother and I,  
are waiting  
for you.