My Mother Asks If I Plan on Changing My Name

imagine a thing that's yours until it isn't:
the kitchen sink full of chipped plates
a small cut along the width of your thumb
two women's suits
in your bedroom closet
a half-eaten mango rotting in the fridge
the long hair clogging the tub's drain
your father's sentiment to name
you after two women
in his life though he
couldn't care for either of them & so
you carry a name with a confused pride, google yourself &
find the gaggle of white women who share your very name
you're taken back to a moment when a waiter at the Mediterranean
restaurants returns your debit card then asks
how you got your name before spending several
minutes telling you what it means
Showerer of blessings Showerer of blessings
you remember the playground filled
with nasally children who said you have an old person's name
and even as you call yourself, your tongue is thick
with cottage cheese, falls slack when in your
own mouth acknowledge its drawl
how it sounds as if it belongs to a country singer
or to a brand of hand-stitched cardigans sold
at Sears

or your mother
how her mother
gave it to her first
& now she looks at you
your new mustache
cheeks faint with hair
& sees a daughter once was
remembers that you both
share the same first name
& of course, you wish
you could give it back
but your father is already
dead.