

Flo Milli Shit

I ordered the Fenty
months before the last birth,
after the miscarriage drug
grief by its mangy neck
and left the remains—leaky, foul,
ruining my clean floor.

I tell myself I earned
the impractical—sex,
sheer panties, splurging—as
I rush to get my purse,
stepping over the bills
pooled at the front door.

The sun nudges the curtains
open, draws me close
enough to kiss her heat.
I put on the lace, midday,
and pose—thigh cocked
over milk-drunk sheets.