

Womb Thirst

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They come here in afternoons dangling children
gathering on benches, watching the swift arch of swings
and the circle of merri-go-rounds (and around).

I wonder at the sadness of playground geometry
calculating the diameter of circles like

One of them, round with a child
pushing from her center to soft edges:
Complacent mothers smiling on park benches.

When I come here to watch,
broodmares, sure-footed dumbness, I think.
Usually I sit alone.

None playing out there is mine.

Like me, an empty swing seems out of place
wishing to push from its steep angle
sky to ground, jealous of the rhythms
from legs pumping on either side.

So I saddle myself into the vacant space
while collecting the curious gaze of mothers
unsure of the communion: playground swing and woman.

Then I kick my legs until I've locked rhythm
with the children on either side.
A rush of air marks the radius of my arc

A child asks, "Will you play with us today?"