

# Metonymy

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Angel Baker

Do you want to be a *mother*? I don't quite know what to say but I say, *Woman is not metonym for mother.*  
You see something disappear in a man's face when you pierce this veil. *But you should have that joy, so when your body fails you, you remember the sloppy cheek kisses and swing sets.*  
I say, *Your life sounds lovely.*  
I remember once, too, thinking that the past was solvable like a green-shrubbed labyrinth, wires that need untangling, a fifth dimension dream that needs decoding. His face says, *I know better than you.* I smile to say, *You silly pretty thing.*