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Anhelos; I am Lactating

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I don't recognize my life.
I don't recognize the men,
whose life I am committed to.
I don't recognize this wooden bungalow,
that I've occupied for 8 years.
I don't recognize the work that I am wholeheartedly committed to.
I don't recognize the stack of bills
that I pay every month
or the ones that come once or twice a year
and ask me for thousands.
I don't recognize the routine.
The mediocrity.
The predictability.
The standing-still.
The same faces.
The same time of year
that keeps coming around
and finding me in the same place.
"I feel trapped,"
I tell Leo.
"We are. But only temporarily,"
the tone of his voice matching the gentle rain outside.
I want to run
Hard and fast.
Want to look at a map
and plan my get-away.
Too connected to my daily life.
Too, too connected.
Longing for novelty
and unfamiliarity.
I'm 38
and when I was 28,
I was on the road
with a backpack, a map and
on foreign soil.
Today
I am at home
with my feet on the ground
and my obligations
pecking at my feet,
and I want to be flying,
high in the sky.
I am Lactating

You wouldn’t know, unless you knew
that I had a baby, and that I am breastfeeding that baby,
that in every sphere
that I walk
my breasts,
are full of milk.
While perusing DVDs on sale at the grocery store
during a lesson to my kindergarten class
walking across the sand in my black bathing suit
at your wedding reception
while chaperoning 5 year-olds during a cultural festival
as I present at a conference workshop
or when speaking at a Buddhist meeting,
my breasts swell with milk.
It is strange
how intimate my breasts and I are now.
The infinite topic of conversation
between myself and other lacting women.
I only saw a woman nurse her child
twice
in my lifetime,
before I nursed my own.
I was embarrassed to see the flash of her nipple.
I
literally
had no clue.
It is 7 years later,
I am nursing my second.
I am at the store,
feeling full.
And I am gauging,
always gauging,
when it is time
to let my milk flow.