

## Her Children

I stored them in a  
suitcase fifty years.  
Two babies  
malevolent as waxed turnips  
lasting too long.  
Their yellow mouths cried  
in the crisper  
we are still fresh.  
For weeks I would not  
open the door.

These babies were my secret  
ingredient. I planned  
to use them with care  
first their thick rinds  
their hands sweet  
as saffron.

It did not matter  
who the fathers were.  
They had not escaped me.  
Their faces revolved  
like blanched jupiters  
I could pull from the dark case  
and eat.

I am not sure  
when it began  
this turnip immortality  
this cold  
the babies circling  
on wrapped feet.

There is no lock on my door.  
In the next room they titter  
their fingers littering the floor.  
First there will be beards  
through the keyhole  
chubby cheeks  
then fresh-cut teeth  
dragging the suitcase  
through its terrible orbit.

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