

JENNIFER GIVHAN

## Ignorance

Nights those Jesus bugs skimmed creek's surface  
my bare feet glimmering like *risen again* I'd snuck

past date palms & horse corrals    graveyard  
trilling beyond highway & the boys & their shining

bodies    I'd brought my own    carried it  
with me    only newer    sticky

summer air & white flies circling streetlamps  
what bliss was mine    those moments before

glistening rocks    before shivering water    & wet  
with what could've loved me    could've hovered me home

## Mexican Wedding Cookies

We could road trip to Tennessee from New Mexico  
the kids & I      we could be brave      they think I'm brave

we could unroll our bags & throw our chanclas in the grass  
we could barefoot it      we could unlearn the constellations

& learn them again      unhitch their stories from their names  
like the names I've taken into my belly & rolled      dough

like masa      to my mouth      through my cervix      I've  
unbound them      I've squatted toward

cement      toward asphalt      & thick summer air  
squelching in my lungs      not enough for the work      not enough

we could love something ridiculous      we could mix pecans  
& flour & sugar into balls in our hands then scoop them

onto sheets in the oven      sprinkle them in powder  
white as that dress I swore I needed      we could unbind ourselves

from kitchens      from messes      from our mama's ideas of what  
we need      for happiness      for luck      for sweetness on our tongues

we could do it      I've heard a recipe for letting go tastes  
eerily similar to holding on      the difference in the butter

or the temperature      or the salt in the batter      but we know  
I'm lying      all the things we could & why Tennessee—