

To Marjorie 1968
by Donna McCaw

Long frizzy brown hair free of curlers or perms,
Dark thatches sprouting from armpits.
She studied sciences, was pragmatic.
When I asked what she saw in Roger,
“A great body, good genes, energy, enthusiasm.”
No projections, no romantic notions.

When her daughter came screaming into her world,
Roger left.
She was neither surprised nor wounded.
She plopped little Asia on her hip,
Then got a PHD in genetics.