

Womb Fruit
Heather Beier

solitary
singular
sticking to the binary?
meeting of the middle
this space suddenly housing guests
and in hosting or housing, imposition.
stretching of girlish muscles, ignoring limitations
of girlhood. in this understanding. this failure of
classification.
can a womb be womanly
when womanly does
not
fit?
at least not quite.
maybe not quite is good enough.
these products of womb, of zygote
cleavage,
embryonic differentiation
put simply, of birthing,
call me by two names
melding of this categorisation.
mother, of course, because
what else?
second, simply by name.
and in naming there is opportunity
for melding. blending
together of mother and father.
or perhaps something more?
disregard for binary altogether. movement away from
this two-fold. this word i taste on the tip of my tongue. splash of sour at the back of my
throat. is a word enough?
probably not.
focus instead on raising these...
products of womb,
frauds, or tricksters. users of aliases
son and daughter
performers of this
long con.
no one warned me,
this is the hardest, loneliest
thing i've ever done.

Poetry

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