

Sara Moore Wagner

Shared Parental Agreement

I wake up because I hear myself crying
and think it is my son, but he is sleeping
hard, with the fan finding
a beat like a flat wheel. Above him,
a face is blooming like a bubble
over a dreaming cartoon figure;
It is his father who works
with his hands, building a house
out of the rubble of an empty church.
He asks me *why won't you live
like this*. I blame him
for the knocking in the walls that keeps
pulling me out of every quiet slumber.
When my son grows up, this discord
will be a pillow on his tongue. May
a little heart come curl in it. Then,
maybe forgiveness, or collapse, the
emptying and filling of every vein
or word. If you want to know why
I pretend: This boy. I will roll this under
my breastbone and keep it, as I do
every little gliding thought. We are
two lonely blades on the ceiling
of this room. His breath
turns it. His split breath.

Sara Moore Wagner teaches English at various Universities in the Cincinnati area. Her poetry has been published in many journals including *The San Pedro River Review*, *Vine Leaves*, and *Illuminations*. She lives with her children, Daisy and Cohen, and her husband Jon.