

Sandra Faulkner

PACIFIER ODE

next to the shiny
cans priced with promise
for smart growth,
super powered limbs,
beside the temperature
sensitive spoons, sippy cups
bibbs with cartoon faces—
things you never thought to need—

presides the paci, dummy, baby
comforter, all soother
silicone or rubber nub,
earlier a knot of fabric
soaked with the good stuff,
the thing you said no
to before you knew
the bite of attachment parenting

before the cry that broke
your single will, before
the warmth of plastic, sucking
like a fetus, like a magician
that bends objects beyond
what's possible
to this two-dimension time and space,
unnatural body that's better
than a fleshy nipple