

1991

His Token

Donna M. Voldness
Denison University

Follow this and additional works at: <https://digitalcommons.denison.edu/exile>



Part of the [Creative Writing Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Voldness, Donna M. (1991) "His Token," *Exile*: Vol. 37 : No. 2 , Article 22.
Available at: <https://digitalcommons.denison.edu/exile/vol37/iss2/22>

This Article is brought to you for free and open access by the English at Denison Digital Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in Exile by an authorized editor of Denison Digital Commons.

His Token

Unloading the freezer
that quit
two days before Christmas, I pulled out
from behind thawing peas,
a frozen placenta, wrapped
in a ziplock bag
and forgotten,
for seven years, after
the nine long months
I had thought
he was a girl.

In the spring,
Justin helped me
plant the garden
and bury his womb
under one of the hammock trees. When
last summer,
daydreaming
to & fro
in the shade and humidity, he asked
what birth was like. Afterwards,
he was all too glad
to be a boy,
and seriously apologized
for both the skid marks,
and the eight pound
stretch. Pushing him outside

one day,
in the yard wide with children,
he wandered
off on his own. I watched
how he blew
wishes from weeds,
and ran, laughing
through
their soft
airbourne trails.

Playing softball, I saw
the sun's
terrific brilliance, in the common
dandelions,
freckled
across the field of grass, where Justin
quickly skimmed the earth
reaching homebase. He looked up at me,
and shrugged his head sideways,
smiling
in luminous kneed
jeans, I can't wash out.

Donna Marie Voldness