

*Weed Born Wrong*

There are truths you find like signs of life along your mother's skin. Pale-pink lines tracing down her stomach and a c-shaped scar: your way out.

The year she took up gardening, the sweet potato vines climbed up the lattice wire like yellow tendrils towards the sun, but the winter was cold and burnt the soil black.

After that, the only thing the garden grew was white clover, small budding weeds you mistook for flowers.

Your mother says, *I can't help but grow the exact opposite of what I plant.*

The night you were born, a blizzard spun your father's car across the interstate, planting it four feet deep in snow. He claims that you were the ray of light that melted the ice

and got them to the emergency room. But that January was cold and you came out black and breathless. Even after the doctors cut the nuchal cord, you didn't make a sound.

Your mother cried, but you didn't make a sound. Each time you hear this story, you wonder what she expected to grow from the seed that birthed you.