

Tammy Robacker

Dollhouse

My first obsession,
planning a family
to fill up the home.

I positioned furniture
and moved around beds,
readying the nest.

I placed the mother figure
calm and productive
in a pre-arranged kitchen.

The father, always gone.
But I waited on him
to arrive for dinner.

Who would I be?
Who would I become
in that home?

I had no way to know
back then. Small girl
organizing bare rooms

in a dollhouse. I had no idea
I would be childless now.
My empty womb

the barren white tub
my pink plastic babies
slid right out from.

Maidenhead

O thin
fimbriate.

A dissolving
wall. Some house

pure nothing
et al. Dirty

proof imbues
the boundary

between carnal
guilt or human

innocence.
Was mine

lace-perforated?
Or fringed

and floral
formed? Was it

heavenly?
Saturn ringed

or Martian pink?
Was it cursed

and lunar
hung?

Or was I ill
fated? Born

with one
already gone.

Tammy Robacker is a Hedgebrook writer-in-residence, and she graduated from the Rainier Writing Workshop MFA program in Creative Writing, Poetry at Pacific Lutheran University (2016). She won the 2015 Keystone Chapbook Prize for her manuscript, *R*. Her second poetry book, *Villain Songs*, is newly published by ELJ Editions in Winter 2017. Tammy published her first collection of poetry, *The Vicissitudes*, in 2009 (Pearle Publications) with a generous TAIP grant award for poetry. Tammy's poetry has appeared in or is forthcoming in *Alyss*, *Lumen*, *FRiGG*, *Tinderbox*, *Menacing Hedge*, *Chiron Review*, *Duende*, *So to Speak*, *Crab Creek Review*, *WomenArts*, and many more. Tammy was born in Germany, raised in Pennsylvania, and currently lives in Oregon with her fiance. Visit the poet: tammyrobacker.com.

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