

Amy Lee Heinlen

Rainbow Baby

three years after my last heavy loss
again mostly belly—waiting—weighted—

baring down 15 hours before precisely turned
insides // out // insides in / before I could

hold her—name her / Renée / after you
—with you I’ve been born

again since our churchy childhood
reborn through our tiny rebellions

teen girls with fierce daggers always
standing soft back to soft back

again born into motherhood
these girls from our own busted bodies

our bowing scars match—connect outsides-in
we can’t change the rules of this

who is taken / who is left
but we can leave bribes at the edges

humor an offering to whomever—
be less relentless

—we spent a night in a tent
midwestern girls in a midwestern field

others from our youth group sought out
sheltered in chaperones’ vans

while we camped un-called for
through a tornado cracking

ourselves up our talent for obliviousness
trusting the storied promise of rainbows

of our mothers / reborn / to find us
their prismatic reasonings of grace for girls

saving and killing us all the same