



## Love Poem to a Butch Woman

BY DEBORAH A. MIRANDA

This is how it is with me:  
so strong, I want to draw the egg  
from your womb and nourish it in my own.  
I want to mother your child made only  
of us, of me, you: no borrowed seed  
from any man. I want to re-fashion  
the matrix of creation, make a human being  
from the human love that passes between  
our bodies. Sweetheart, this is how it is:  
when you emerge from the bedroom  
in a clean cotton shirt, sleeves pushed back  
over forearms, scented with cologne  
from an amber bottle—I want to open  
my heart, the brightest aching slit  
of my soul, receive your pearl.  
I watch your hands, wait for the sign  
that means you'll touch me,  
open me, fill me; wait for that moment  
when your desire leaps inside me.

Deborah A. Miranda, "Love Poem to a Butch Woman" from *The Zen of La Llorona*. Copyright © 2005 by Deborah A. Miranda. Reprinted by permission of Salt Publishing.

Source: *The Zen of La Llorona* (Salt Publishing, 2005)

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