

Lisa Marie Oliver

Drive East

My midwife tells me: *Drive east.*

Put the baby in the car and drive east when postpartum blue,
go to the forest, the waterfalls, the viewpoint,

the old growth, across the Bridge of the Gods, you'll eventually
get to some sunshine. I don't remember the procedure,

the dilation, the placenta taken in pieces like torn bark,
the scraping clean. My midwife tells me

I woke under sedation and muttered, *This is shit*
to the sterile room, anesthesia failing to eradicate. I know

the body knows. There is memory. There is trauma, my midwife says,
and mountain air full of negative ions that cause positive vibes,

it's biochemical. I notice my midwife wears cowboy boots
the color of wild deer: chestnut or sorrel, well-loved,

broken-in. I know I need to drive further, past verdant,
past mossy, out to something semidesert, arid, sparsely

inhabited, to dry skies, scourged shrub, to juniper, to plain.