

For two

Ankles warm after a big long walk.
Little bones crack around inside
the swollen interior,
Against the gravity, that pulls in
like a thirsty leaf.

You find time to balance after too much
Or too little activity.
Bare, icy sole to warm inner thigh, a full 5-toe squeeze.
Hear the rubbery groan of your right knee, doing something like a tremble.
Find the hottest place behind your eyelids as
The houseplants sit soaking in the sink.
Now other side.

You are religious insofar that no one asks to which God,
Fearing old-fashioned words, like heresy,
You avoid the research involving translated texts.
But sometimes they stop you in a grocery aisle,
Or they knock on your front door, pleading, and
Called to you.
But Oh, how the whole history of God could fill a billion ribcages,
A billion of the little spaces created between
index finger and thumb,
And then all the grand basins and valleys,
And then all the empty churches,
And then some.

You've never tried fasting, but you hear it's possible,
Some say,
It's easy after a little while.

You mourn the creatures who couldn't get used to the heat
And the hunger.

*I put your prenatals in your lunchbag,
So don't forget to take them.*

He presses against your writhing belly with his warm palm.

She'll thank you, He says.

Then you head out the front door, belly-first,

As He waves goodbye.

You're seven months along, now.

Still working.

And you've run out of neutral soap to wash off your SPF.

The day is long, and your feet still don't know that extra weight.

So you sit, postured heavily against the pull,

With the day, and the air,

 piled thick

 on

 your

 skin.