Anticipation. Preparation.
JULIE EBIN

How could I have misunderstood?
I thought this body was mine to command

that I could choreograph mitosis until I do not fear
my heart being too meager
to make way for the new curve

From a flash, this flesh:

pea gaining pod in my last womb
my rib becoming her rib
blood thumping through placental sieve
to build each tiny cell and kick

The romance of a small being
impelling me to dream expansive

Stretch me apart
Can I prepare to be unmade?