

nine weeks

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and you have a body as big as my thumb
from tip to first joint
clear-blue ribs as fine as fish bones
a rough-draft heart
eyes that can't see

and you look a little like a fish
but enough like a baby
to make me slam my book shut in Embryology
and run to the bathroom –
falling into a stall
with my mouth open over the toilet
trying to cough out everything

the father of your half-formed limbs
and bony spine
is seventeen
and scared
and spending five hundred and eight dollars
from his after school job at the deli
to have my uterus emptied
like a pool full of dirty chlorine

and I don't want to be a mother
but the night after we made the appointment
I sat in front of my computer and cried
tears blurring pictures of stage 2
and how you will never have fingers
like the baby on the internet
or toes big enough to curl
your blind fish-eyes
will never blink, turn green or brown
or look into mine.