

## Ode at Twenty-One Weeks

Praise the sonogram's glow: spine's colonnade  
of bone from sacrum to skull—tiny cupula—  
here soft, round. Praise columns of femur, tibia,  
humerus, fingers and toes imagined; praise a hint  
of ribs at the nave, black mass inside called "heart."

Praise this technological grisaille, the landscape  
in process it renders, sketch called body.  
Praise the expanse of skin suggested by shadow,  
horizon of earth, sky. Praise the sealed sea  
protecting the face: profile's slope, chin's curve, bud  
of nose. Praise caves named "liver," "spleen."

Yes, praise this musical hazelnut, mini bass drum  
at *prestissimo*, new symphony's first refrain.  
Praise the spiraled blue cord, pulsing placenta  
echoing the heart's beat. Praise this organ fixed  
fast to the acoustical eaves of uterine wall.  
Praise whispered swish, swish.

And praise, as if an epilogue or epic's choral  
refrain, the spine. Praise its white stitches,  
binding arc—cervical to pelvic—narrative  
start to finish. Praise its interlocking words, chapters  
of nerve. Praise it, praise it, this burgeoning book.

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