

Preventing Implantation

Some preachers tried to tell me it was a sin,
that the single-celled were babies
whose selves—
so thin they were already ghosts—
would haunt me in mirrors
or candle-lit prayers

if I didn't collect thick blood
to cradle them
in my deepest body-self.

But at night I dream of them,
the single-celled, as stars
spinning without anger or unrest—
no bird wishes to unwing.
They are the plume of the dandelion,
not the seed,
the top of the Doppler curve
steepened by the brevity of time.
They are the tiny lights
over the banqueting table
at the end of the age
when we all sit down together
and feast.

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