

SONOGRAM

His hand is in my stomach and my hand
is holding up my shirt
There's a spine and eye sockets imagined
blue imagined views
before he arrives
I see his sex and his profiled nose
dainty passage waiting to breathe
Our hearts beat faster
while I listen to his

I ran into my neighbor last night
I hadn't seen her since she hadn't been
pregnant
Now she has a four-month-old daughter
I cried, she said
for the first two months
after giving birth
I cried

Mine is four months incubating
my anticipation holds no perfection
there is no fear yet

I leave with
a black-and-white
of my miniature boy
incredible
reality
this him
inside me

I sit in the waiting room with proof of a form—
a growing life detected by symptoms
and a wave of sound
cravings, nausea, swaddling dreams
the lullaby I practice
and the image in my hand

Gannon Daniels