

drought

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i thought the world would open
all at once
 like a flower unfurling in timelapse

instead it cracks apart in
fits and spurts starts
and stops jagged cleaving
 like the splitting of a robin's egg
 from inside out

we watch the baby shower
from across the dry grass park
my hand drifts to my abdomen
fingers brush absentmindedly
over that landscape of potential
it hasn't rained in weeks

you don't notice the gesture
(or else you do and choose
not to say a word)

later i bring it up in the dark
masks hurled in the hamper
the lingering burn of sanitizer

do you want...?
do i...?
but how can we?
knowing what we know?

this is the summer we buy
a HEPA filter
medical masks
more condoms

'93 babies
we have always known
the world is coming to an
end