

JODY GREEK

First Trimester

My child
 you are as small
 as a grain of rice
 so stop this bleeding—
 you're scaring us shitless

I wish you were like
 the cod larvae
 the scientists picked out of the plankton net
 when I worked on the ship
 gingerly grasping them with tweezers
 placing them in petri dishes

I'd put you in one marked
 SAFE
 and check on you ritually
 like a rising cake
 or a leaky valve-cover gasket

I'd gladly strip you of your powers
 invisibility
 uncertainty

cut the throat of luck
 smash the face of chance.