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THE FIRST CHILD

I grow dumb: the snow crops
pine from the hill until only dark
bark flaws the white everywhere.
This is nowhere. The child knuckled
in my belly is no one, a muscle,
a blind fish nervous at its hook.
Each day it devours my speech
until I dream, *surely I am a fish
beached somewhere on an iceberg.*
This isn't love. My husband
keeps his hands away, quoting
statistics: the trauma of young
wives in their first pregnancy.
He thinks I match some percent,
that I won't jab our baby with long
hatpins or feed it ammonia.
Doesn't he see how it puffs
within me, trying to get out?
How it nibbles my brain?
I want him to understand
how frost comes: to see white
fear wall me in like a glacier—
& see this child at my eyes
cracking its way to air.

CRABS

The new in-laws steam crabs
for my wedding, the aunts mumbling
how many kids can cram at her breasts?
Trapped in the crab-pot, red claws
clamp on each other's eyes for safety.