

RACHEL MORITZ

NATIVITY

Whatever was clear fatigue ate a form around,
filtered remedial light on the day.

I had presentiment of sun splitting open
the car hoods, street signs giving their dividends

of breath, clouds sending shadow
to abdicate.

Whatever was needed had not been received.

Whatever was wanted was not formulaic in want,
but multiple and less clean.

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At first, the loss of concept—fetus sized as needle
point, as seed—marked the advent of clarity.

Why had there ever been doubt about this?

Later, filtering beyond as does an automobile's sound
surpass our sight of it, the event

moved in call and response with lag between.

I felt as if the birth had passed without my need
to follow it.

You came to resemble in my mind a person
formed of me, more clone than creation.

Though the animal sorrow trembled, and I could see
its face panthering, its bruited silence.

In real event the tank was larger
than I'd imagined, as if to exaggerate

the size of your injury.

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I watched through the car's rear-view mirror its medicinal shape
assuming no other body would be needed.

Lid unflashed, flush of pillows marked their flowers,
scenic and bullied into. Speculum distended

its alligator jaw. Morning arrived,
ambivalent. It rained

while the Fed Ex truck blithely swung along our street
with your surname or whatever root

the rain obscured in assonance.

Vials clinking, gloved trainer of chromosome, my palm
so like a cradle it left me breathless.

You came to resemble the bringing forth and wiping
clean of intention—

to eradicate who you are for what,
to me, you mean.