Head curved downward, 
two gray flecks, unblinking—
eyes?—closed. Below, 
a white knot, maybe 
an arm, and the vibrating core 
at the center was her heart 
was her heart was her heart. 
Floating in apocalypse 
soup—how could we know, 
how could we know? 
Little island. That night 
I dreamed the rising tides 
of my body. Dreamed 
rain heaving into a body 
of water, body that 
could drown a daughter.

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I’ve read that the ocean is a large pot of apocalypse soup soon to boil over with our sins. 
—Natalie Diaz

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