

# Ultrasound

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

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.

