

**We are needles. We thread ourselves  
and stitch every cloth with visions.**

So she closed her eyes and stitched  
a different body with an empty womb.  
It took. For a few hours anyhow.

So she went out and bought fancy art  
supplies—leggy easel, flat-bellied  
canvas. Shimmery paints, some brushes.

Painted her stomach blue (cloudless).  
Still, the canvas showed signs of rain.  
Still, she knew forecasters often lie.

She could nap, but lately curlicued  
girl names were appearing—thick  
birthday frosting for the birthday-less.

The dishes had stacked like top-hat  
skylines in some foreign city, though  
she'd been seeing water as foreign too:

amniotic, how no amount of sloshing  
or dish soap could keep it, this curling  
back toward the smallest of shapes—