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Quicken

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QUICKEN
Kate Beles

How strongly
you swing now,
my dangerous
dangling star—

*in your womb draped in red, closing-in
on collapsing tapestries of filigreed flesh.*

And through this fisheye/skintaught/gasping
sea of painpoints

I remember that
mis
implies one could
carry
well.

(We *miss* so much
but we *carry* even more . . .)

So I listen for the shaky rebirth
of this belly's heart beat
stutter to a stop

while I'm powerless to keep

my lungs from filling . . .

(breath breath *breathe*)

yours from falling . . .

But even as you go
O tiny fish—

I inhale
each sharpened
nail with which you glitter.