

HER PREGNANCY DREAMS

CAROL BERG

I am afraid of the lies
in my belly. I search
for the source inside of me:

pond lily roots and fallen trees,
water beetles, water skippers, nymphs
in their diabolical black bodies.

The Eastern Newt, in terrestrial form,
is called the Eft. What am I called in my watery
form? The spadefoot toads with their vertical

pupils and the courting woodcock male
flying farther and farther with his twitterings of flight feathers.

I have lost the pink lady slipper blooming inside of me.
I have lost the pine tree's ability to hold orioles and creepers.

I am the canoe's invention. I am the wind's breath.
The currents change while I look at them

and the rocks are for someone else's rest.