

KATHERINE SMITH

Miracle II

If, as Kierkegaard said, self is
the center of the universe, Rebecca's
mostly flashes on and off like a broken
traffic signal. Today though her cerebral cortex
sucks in endorphins like oxygen, so
for the last ten minutes the small miracle
of belief redeems the world
again. Her own body
that brought forth two sons
burns like Aaron's Rod. Rebecca
once had red hair that gleamed
as she sunk into the plush banquette
of a Parisian restaurant and flaked
off bits of trout almondine while a man leaned
over her. Though self's
more than Kierkegaard ever dreamed of, she
was pregnant and didn't go
with this stranger but with another
whose presence flashed briefly and died
into memory like a firefly snagged by a fish
back into deep water. Rebecca's hair turned
from red to brown. The baby was born.
For years the body lives without story,
but now the myth of personal destiny bounds
inside Rebecca like a delirious white sheep
dog leaping after sunlight into dirty water.