

KATHERINE COTTLE

Poem for my unborn daughter

A girl
the technician assures,
and your hands fly in front of your face--
a mess of motion on the blurry grey screen.

You, too, must be afraid
of your own growth each day:
fingernails that sliver out into knives,
a skull that shifts and molds.

I feel your kicks at night,
hunting for something,
though I don't think it is
a way out.

I am the same:
scared, unsure, constantly
searching for something tangible,
for anything to hold onto in this dark.