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The Child of My Fatalism

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The Child of my Fatalism

Last night I dreamt that I was pregnant.
Today, my thoughts, as usual, drift and fall upon the
 problems of the world.
I sense only an exhausted, exploited darkness.
No control.
My anxiety-ridden, frustrated imagination creates a vision
 of relief to soothe me.
A maternally instinctive surrender to a poisonous epidemic.

A woman and a child lifting off the earth.
No mechanisms to direct and propel.
No barriers of metal to hold, confine.
No wings.

Only desires of peace to fuel a motion of retreat.

Soaring against the pressure of a dying wind, I hold my son
 against me to protect him.
We leave death to find the beauty of survival.

The image always disappears here.
I cannot picture what I do not know, what I cannot give.
Nothing more to offer a child, this unfinished escape.
My last hope.
The subconscious cure to justify the birth of a wanted child.

Jennifer Peterson