

## Coincidence

by [Anya Silver](#) in the [May 16, 2012](#) issue

The same morning I press my shorn chest  
flat against an x-ray machine, my sister  
pushes from her body a baby girl.  
Praise God, whose hand passes over itself  
like river currents as it gives and takes,  
pulls one film from the whirring machine  
while pushing in a new, unprinted slide.  
Praise God for this fearful doubling, over  
which I will sometimes weep and curse.  
Little breathing at the still whole breast  
of my sister, little gold seed of death  
awakening as the first sun touches its tendrils.