Diastasis Recti: Eden

by Elizabeth Harlan-Ferlo in the November 2024 issue

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She knows she couldn't control what the dust would become. But now that they're out,

she finds herself earthquakes,

floods and blizzards. The fire-sword

keeps slipping, reignites the border.

Breathed on, she made herself

follicles,

bronchi,

arteries.

The cycle

that lets blood in, feeds it,

squeezes shut, lets it go.

But now:

press into her where they were

muscle and flesh and sink

to your knees.