**Supernova**

Amanda Leal

On the bedroom floor, my son lays splayed with his fists out, like a star exploding in

every direction. Mucus bubbles from his nostrils

like blisters, his screams becoming flints of ice which climb my spine, his distress

solidifying to matter

which fills my vertebrae like marrow. For the first time in months, I wonder if he misses

his father, whether he remembers his old life,

when he could find me in one room, and his dad in the next, the golden rim of light

beneath the shut door, the symbiotic manner

in which we disengaged. I still remember my son standing behind my knees in the old

kitchen, when his father screamed at me,

as he hid behind me the way most children huddle behind trees, and I wonder if he

learned anger,

if it has incubated within his cells like a virus, whether I will eventually look to him and

see his dad,

the Spaniard nose like a bird, the sunken septums between his amber eyes that I once

compared to sunflowers, two wooden bowls

that gathered disdain like water. Towards the end, I began unlearning his father's

image, the unsettling length of his femurs,

the slightness of his calves like parenthesis, as he jumped rope in our backyard, lifted

dumbbells to the sky

as though trying to knock the stars out, his hands that seem like baseball mittens now,

alongside my own. As I began to see myself again,

his image became startling, and now, I look to our son, the rattle from his lungs like an

animal, his knuckles that turn white

like sightless eyes. I put my hand on his ribcage as though I could translate the staccato

of his cries, and I imagine us in a porcelain bubble,

taking orbit, becoming reattuned as two planets succumbing to one another's gravity,

falling together with grace,

the dark matter between us like a tether, becoming the explosions we see at night.