**Nucleus**

Rachel Lauren Myers

and of me inside

 that voice among voices

 scrape of drum, emotions

eclipsing, my mind barren as my womb

expelled by instinct such disruption,

 mass of pink distortion

not yet a full composition, more

 a deconstruction, fragile parts and numb relief

 look down on it caviar eyes

so small, waxy fusion sinking slow

what were you to me yesterday

 and what are you to me now?

this wreckage, hypocritical to mourn

 when the discovery, the discovery of

your spark into existence my fear

 here in my toilet bowl

bloody

guppy, tell me

 would I have known to love you?

shock of hormones shock

 of you— real, real, O god real

 and of me