**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