**The Milk Nebula of My Body That Is No Longer My Body**

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After your body makes a body, it is no longer yours. This experience of being a fleeting home flapping in the breeze is a reminder that your life is a tent of a structure at most, an exhale, the impermanence of you staring you in the face each time you peer into the eyes of your child. How soon this life will pass. You’ll blink. That really will be it.

What is your pleasure, what is my pain, but temporary emotions we take personally. They are not of us, they pass through us, as though one giant birth canal with eyes and teeth we are merely tunnels to let life continue on its way.

We are fractals.

We are a solitary armless molecule unable to grasp at anything on our passage through a window screen.

We are a broken splinter of a fragment of a draft being swept through a door.

We are a living breathing doughnut, a hole in the middle running all the way from lips to anus that we dress in the same skin and the red of rubies.

Ever since giving birth to my child, I have lived an out of body experience. I birthed myself; we were twins from a different time. But nothing in our bodies is of us. My daughter was once an egg carried by my mother’s body. Her mother’s mother’s mother was a starfish swimming in an ocean spat out by a dying star. Everything on this earth is going round and round, a planet in a constant state of eating itself. I feed my child the milk of a nebula. A whole galaxy swirling from my breast into the biome of her little planet-body. Young and fragile as the Earth. Someday to return to space dust and the vacuum of life yearning for itself.