

Lucy

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Faulkner Fox

Lucy

This time
 you woke me up
 in our tiny room
 in a Vermont bed and breakfast, saying:
 "a small girl named India
 is haunting this room."
 You said she was disturbed, chaotic,
 like a wild goat weaving in and out,
 baring her teeth.
 I couldn't feel her,
 but I trust you in these things.

Last time
 you kept pregnant me
 awake most of the night worrying
 about the three-foot aliens
 who take pregnant women into the sky
 and return them empty.
 "They mostly take women from remote places,"
 you said. We were in our parents' cabin in the woods.

Every time
 you tell me not to worry.
 "I am casting a protective circle
 around us and the baby."
 But I do worry.

I know
 you keep a big knife
 under the bed,
 wherever you are.
 But what – that has happened to us –
 could be stopped by a knife?