

FAULKNER FOX

PREGNANT PERSPECTIVE

Sometimes I think you're shrinking.
There seems no other way to explain it.

It's like the first time
I sat in the driver's seat
of the big moving truck.
I pumped the brakes in terror
thinking I was moving backwards
when really, it was the truck beside me
moving forward.

I can't always believe
that I'm the one changing, creeping up
on your masculine weight.

What will happen
when I weigh more?
Will I pick fights?
Will I lie around in dirty undershirts watching TV
while you bring me snacks?
Girls only dream
of the things I might do.

When we take a vote
—because we still play democratic—
your tiny little ballot
is lost in the big, full box.
You are one man.
I am the country.

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