

Belly Button Fantasy

Much of the time I fantasize about pushing up
the vaginal canal in some
sordid
Sisyphusian struggle to grow once again in utero
looking out through my mother's
belly
button window to what's waiting on the outside
picking from this perch what will
unfold
before my horizon eyes eager to do it again
without the script handed to me the
first
time I was pushed out into a home not without
love as long as I stayed on
course
with the linear map my ancestors charted before I
was even a glint. I pray *shema*
yisrael,
because those are the words I know by heart.
I pray this belly button window
fantasy
to newfound freedom exists. I don't want to slide
head first into a role
already
decided for me (again). I tug on the umbilical
to send a signal— to make my fantasy
known

in the beginning, before all creation.