I am trying to loosen the miniature globe
that is grafted at my waist.
It is lighter than the smallest drop of water
even as it increases to the size of a balloon,
it will out-grow my middle
like the acorn of a uterus with channels
and rivers to feed the weightless embryo
lodged in its pastel-colored cartouche,
moving slightly, left to right
like shifting water, thoughtfully,
but in air; it reminds me of a Japanese lantern
stretching out of crepe paper
and drenched rags, webbed
into film of a porous cloud,
or a toy moon with puckered landmasses
stirred from the substanceless
envelope where something is preserved
but made small enough to go unnoticed.