Poem

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Embryo:
grow.
Your cherry heart,
start
and go
until you're 65.
Your little bugeyes
Looky, see
Spot run.
Your handbuds,
feetbuds
piggies-go-to-market.
You float about
like men in space
a place
you could conceivably aspire
to.
But, do—
do grow
until
a fetus
lead us not into temptation
But deliver us.
Know not what name,
nor blame,
your loving womb
a tomb.

Oh, embryo.