

Two Weeks Late

I've eaten a half pound of pennyroyal. I've popped
the foil of seven white pills, Sunday to Sunday,
laid them out like wafers, and, one by one,
placed them on my tongue. I've driven an hour
to a Quik Stop in a town where no one
knew me to buy a bag of pretzels and two EPTs.
We didn't know about Plan B. Instead,
my friends and I, we shared the ways to salt

the earth inside our bodies; we used the heirlooms
passed from aunts, apothecaries, and the woman
at the farmers market who sold bouquets
of Queen Anne's lace while her son played Godzilla

under the table. When he destroyed his wooden city,
she built another, then another, then another.