

**From a Distance, My Womb Looks Like Audrey Hepburn**

I spot my womb on a park bench, her pink muscle sharp against the green. I watch her light a cigarette; she hasn't noticed me. Even then, it's been long enough that I'm not sure she'd recognize me with both of us starting to gray. She pouts, parts her lips to take a furious puff: a real diva. Smoke curls around her like hair in the falling dark. Her cigarette butt glows cinder ashy red in the early dusk, frames her in a soft afterglow. Soon, the street lights will snap on; my womb closes her eyes, leans back, inhales. Exhales. It's quiet except for crickets.