

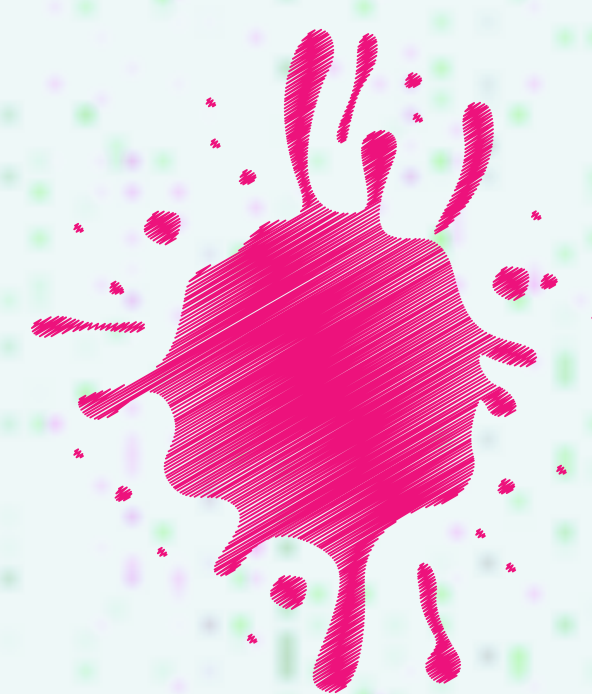
# Pregnancy Test

by Kendra Stanton Lee



Tossed into the dollar store basket:  
a deck of cards, a slick pack of chewing gum,  
a grenade--  
a pregnancy test for one hundred pennies.  
Our economy lacks faith.  
Invariably we buy five, along with a nail polish,  
the powder blue color of a faint second line.

Brand name boxes boast  
"For when you just need to know for sure"  
as if a pregnancy test offering total ambiguity  
were a legitimate alternative.  
As if casually rearing a human  
from infancy to adulthood  
were cheap in comparison.



How many whispering plastic bags  
have been rustled into this office building stall  
on a lunch break? How many know the suffocating  
silence of the minutes, the verdict  
of lines the welling of tears the no wonders  
the consulting of calendars the retracing of steps  
the circling of blocks, pacing then waddling,  
the illogical math of one plus one  
can equal three.

All the secrets we carry are nothing  
on the ones we bury in a wastebasket  
underneath the mercy of tissues kissed in bright, waxy reds.

