

On December 13, 1999, my body bowed down to itself. Became a flood plain. Became a river and poured forth a child. There was no muslin covered basket and there were no reeds. Before a royal mandate to slaughter Hebrew sons, before a high court granted permission to Jane Roe, women were rivers and the Greek named her *oblivion*. On a stainless steel hospital room table my body released the jungled sludge of pre-form, pre-world, primordial beginnings. My body remembered itself: a river bearing even death.

daughter of Oshun  
remember your death dream wish  
rod flowering you