

When we fessed up about not wanting any,
Mom said “Sometimes babies just happen.”

And, like a crack
in a chrysalis, a hangover blistered
my thigh while a tension headache bloomed.
Above me, my wife—atop a donkey
and peppered in swan’s down
—rears back a mallet as big as sin,

and I realize Mom’s right,
sometimes they just happen,
and you never really know when
you’ll be fixed
to the pediment of some unexpected pantheon,

hurling bolts and barking riddles
from clouds. After all, it has
happened before.