

Strangers on the street tell me
I am having a baby girl.
They do this even when my wife
and her swelling belly
aren't there to be deciphered,
touched. They say it's my hands,
that if I was having a boy
my fingers would curl, forming nascent fists
ready to wield footballs, belts, a throat.
But these my girl-father's hands
glow the dull of beer cans and rifle barrels,
ready-made to thumb shells into chambers,
press stock to my shoulder and fire
curfews. *Congratulations*, they say.
At night I trace the amber line
cleaving my wife's stomach into hemispheres
and bend to her sanguine galaxy.
"People can be fucking assholes,"
I whisper to it, and she smacks my head.
Inside her, our baby kicks
as if to agree, as if to say
tell me something I don't already know.