

# Genetics

*Kim Kile*

What part of me  
will be born in you?  
My father's nose  
sculpted like the statue  
of Jupiter?  
Or will your hummingbird flutters,  
summon a tornado of arms and legs,  
flipping like the gymnast I was?  
Will my hazel eyes win out over  
your father's brilliant blue?

You rest, head down, tiny feet pressed  
in my ribs,  
the roo to my kanga,  
stealing my breath  
before you even arrive.

A mother and daughter,  
tethered like hot air balloons  
by the strongest of cords,  
soon to be connected by only  
the genes we share.