

In the kitchen, the oven clicks until it's cool again, until the weight I thought was needing a fuck cools and balls into something more juvenile and optimistic. Mama would never say that, even to herself—*fuck*.

My gyno checks to make sure my copper 'T' is adjusting to the the culture shock, isn't slouching in her desk seat on my cervix. She pats my thigh, says T looks fine, her Visa's good for a few more years.

There's a window in this kitchen that looks out on a square of glasphalt passing for a patio. The afternoon maps theories of impulse and motivation, maps how far the apple falls.

Maybe I need to make love, not fuck.

The oven clicks it out. *She said not to worry*, I remind myself.

T looks fine, a gifted student.