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Sonogram Sonnet

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SONOGRAM SONNET

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“Not abnormal,” love: the best you’ll score
for mastering in four months the basic mold
of homo sapiens sapiens. Now our dour
genetic counselor lays out the odds

you’ll botch things with a strand of code misplaced.
The sound beam ghosts the outline of your lip,
first rugged lunar country of your face.
No praise for that. We caliper your hip,

we ogle a cross-section of your skull:
partitions, sockets, little rolled-socks brain
neat as an overnight bag packed part full.
Your heart winks like the signal for a train,

the train track of your spine
lengthens toward its own destination.