

Aurora Violet
The Weekend We Were Pregnant

The weatherman said we weren't going to see it—
too far south, unfavorable conditions, light pollution—

but there it was, the aurora, violet wisps
crashing and fading, gauzy green sliding down the sky
into opaque pools, stars freckling through the haze.

We didn't know it was going to be that beautiful,
or that brief. It came so easily, it seemed,

like she was just there waiting for us to find her
and just as quickly flickered away.