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Plan B (Poetry)

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The plane explodes mid-air (or maybe just an engine sputters, chokes, begins bleeding smoke all over the nice, clean sky, stains the clouds an oily grey while children cry, an atheist crosses herself, a man curses the phone he did not put in airplane mode) minutes after I am told that I missed the flight.

I will hear, I am certain, of the tragedy the moment I touch down—five hours late on a rebooked aircraft—of all the lives lost, the rattling death I could have been on had not divine hands slowed traffic, woken me a bit too late.

When my best friend tells me she is pregnant at 18, I search the news for bombs, I wait for an explosion in a chemistry class she would have taken her sophomore year of college, for clear skies stained brown with burnt buildings, with bad timing.

When the baby comes screeching into his life, full head of fuzz like lint scraped from a dryer, it is almost enough (the catastrophe of a world in which he would not exist) to thank God for our irresponsibility.