
Sarah Laughs

Susan Thomas

Who wouldn't laugh?
Three scrawny angels float
over the desert at noon
dressed in immaculate bed
sheets and they tell me
I'm having a baby. I'm not
supposed to laugh? Please.

Yes, we were promised
as many descendants as stars.
But Abraham thinks it's too late
for me to be their mother.
He looks elsewhere for miracles.
His visits to my tent are rare
and his suddenly unsheathed penis
starts me laughing every time.

Well, why not a miracle?
I laugh when I open my eyes.
I laugh when I move my legs.
I laugh when I draw breath
or listen to the wind shriek,
or pass my water on the sand.
Believe me. It's all miracles.
Who can guess which are real
and which are made up

by lunatic angels who don't
even sweat or leave footprints?

Susan Thomas has new or forthcoming work in Nimrod, Crab Orchard Review, Cimarron Review, and River Styx. She has won the Editors' Prize from the Spoon River Poetry Review and New York Stories. Her collection was a finalist for the Beatrice Hawley and The Brittingham and Pollak Prize and the National Poetry Series this year.