

## What Trickles Down

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My mom complains she's on her period again  
Shouldn't she be done with it by now?  
Turns out the transition into menopause is just as  
irregular as getting your first period.

She feels like a leaky faucet,  
plumbing out of order,  
saturated majtki under cold  
water, sink rivulets pink.

She calls pads "diapers"  
I call tampons "swords"  
We let ourselves make light of it  
because we have to.

I take a pill that helps me predict my period now  
Maybe knowing it's coming will make me feel ready,  
bracing.

How much of this is felt in pregnancy?  
Rotating between hopelessness and  
animalistic perseverance,  
expecting pain so readily  
that it becomes a mindless thing?

My dog Mishka was pregnant when we first got her  
We thought she was just a little bit fat  
To avoid watching her wade through a

painful pregnancy,

it was terminated.

She is still fat and my siblings

and I tease her for it

Mom tells us to knock it off

Says,           Mishka is how she is

because she was pregnant,

and it won't ever be the same for her.

Irony that roe are eggs

from ovarian sacks

sliced out of a female fish

and considered a

fine dining delicacy,

higher in value the more they weighed.

What

trickles down?

Spend generations redefining what being a

woman means with every wave,

then always reduce it back down to

the ability to create and

nurture the next ones.