Your quavering fingers were something to contemplate. My head lay on my dead-pan arm. Sweat pooled on the kitchen table. We breathed as meticulously as meditators, each with intentions—mine to get air deep, to keep seeing the immediacy of your work, you to orchestrate tubes, drugs, needle. I wanted to still your hands. Black wasps, I said, their nest hanging in the Japanese willow like a saline bag. Two fluttered into the grass after I slapped them against my bare thigh. I was faint, sweating so much. We both understood the bad ways this could go. I exhaled a soft curse, and you may have chuckled. Then you slipped in the needle, turned on the hose of epinephrine, and we waited while it filled the both of us with the words calm down, calm down.