

Miscarriage / *Linda Mae*

Isn't it strange
after the string of men I have conceived
and miscarried
that I should be surprised?
Once again
the nursery cleared out
the manifest content of my dreams
carried off in trunks
while the latent content
doubles me over
and forever trickles red streams
down the insides
of my thighs.
Once again
I cannot move
as the instruments scrape out my future
removing all evidence
of you.

Numb with shock
empty arms
and scraped-out soul
I sit at my window
and rock

and rock

and rock

and wait

for you

to go

away