



MER 14

Change

MISCARRIAGE AT TEN WEEKS

It plops to the bottom of a coffee cup
With a soft sound, little pillow in blood,
Little paisley still pulsing
I have to warm it
It must stay warm—
Get it
Back inside, where
It can grow,
No arms, no legs, no brain,
But still slick-warm in blood
Still pulsing,
For one long moment.

Cathie Sandstrom

NO VOYAGING

Breakers all the way to the horizon,
a sea that brooks no voyaging.

Standing on the strand, we look out, wind in our faces.
The others say *I can't imagine how it must feel...*

A gust tears the words from their mouths,
flings them behind us: *to lose a child.*

I put on the clacking wooden coat of a mother
whose son has died, try to make it look natural.

Behind me, the women gather close.
That this has happened to me

means it could happen to them. With whispers
and the laying on of hands, they console each other.