

THE ABORTION

The pools know
there is rain in my legs
and a little nest
going down between.

I'm rubbed in red,
it is the first and last color,
veins stumbling into themselves.

Blood sponge, my one—
say I did not see
the fluid that was tugged out.

Say it—I shut my eyes
demerol shut my eyes.
Feet in stirrups
pulled up like question marks,
guessing what
now? They never guessed.

If I thought of a hill
and the oleander was not poison,
would you be there,
a clutch of grass sprouting?
If I thought of the sky
and forgot the burnt constellations,
you would be tallied there.

But tonight,
you are looking out,
all porthole, from these eyes.