



MISCARRIAGE

All I have is me again
like the aspens
that used to hold
strings of gold lights
twisted like sentences.

One memory builds like a concrete step
chipped to rebar
and seeming to float above
another step.

There, gone—a stain
in a cup, a voice in a room,
an egg of light.

Language appears
and disappears in my palm.

I tell the screen
to wake me up
when I am ready.