


Miscarriage

Jenifer Browne Lawrence

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A sorry April has eaten frost from the ground.
Leaf and thaw and worm mask what is
unmarked. She pushes back, this earth of
heave and light-starved spikes writhing up
and out. She cranes her neck to see what roots
already know, that light is only company to
dark, doula for uncertain birth, a redness
chafing into flower, writing off the blossoms
shed too early. She comes reluctant, strewing
garment down the hill, petals peeled from
limb and flight slipshod in wind that notices
nothing of the pink bruised self.