

1973

# The Abortion

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## 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.