

# JANET GARRICK

## MISCARRIAGE

You see my dead child flicker  
on my belly.  
Yes, she rides with me again —  
quiet though, with no intention of living  
or anything so brutal.

With you near, she was always one  
flight from my imagination.  
Now, in the pull of your retreat,  
in the breeze that you made  
as you flapped your black hang-man's cloak  
and left,  
she has rolled back —  
her muscle-less sea-flesh, blank  
and soothing as her smile,  
is back as memory.

Out of her half-eye she guards  
her place.  
Dimly, she has fixed my boundaries.  
There will be no returning.  
From here we are beyond you.  
Here we escape even the bright blade  
of your genius.

Odd miracle, that she should become  
a strength.