

## Miscarriage

It is as if the tree caught fire,  
and with it we who are words, spoken,  
never speaking. *David*: time's deeply drawn  
breath burst dark in the womb.

Long have I prayed  
for one aching moment of you warm,  
shaped to the curve of my breast.

Silent tongues, dry tinder, flame  
and flame again. Yours is the name  
I cradle in my sleep.