POETRY AND MEDICINE

Miscarriage

Sarah N. Cross, MD

Sliding from the nidus, 
—hot, wet—
almost like every month.

A funambulist lost, not yet male or female—pulp, a pomegranate seeding.

Substance of many things—carbon, aspartic acid—from solid to liquid;

stained smell of iron on thighs, it passes away, flushes, me the only witness.

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