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POETRY | SPRING 2013

## **Maroon**

By Elsa Asher

Sitting at the long table  
at Eugene Lang College  
in advanced non-fiction workshop  
I feel wetness pour out of me.

Inside the bathroom  
pulling down my underwear  
soaked through with blood  
crying and trying  
to hide this sound  
and wash my eyes.

He is waiting for me  
outside smiling  
with a gift  
I don't whisper  
then whisper  
I'm bleeding.

Emergency room  
St. Luke's-Roosevelt  
at the end of the hall  
the deep pit erupting  
I cradle my belly  
rock and moan  
he finds a nurse  
they bring morphine  
three times  
too much blood  
sonograms  
the word known  
long before uttered  
miscarriage  
prescription percocet  
taxi home in the rain.

In the morning  
she comes sliding out  
bundled in mitosis  
her organs and limbs  
folded deep  
my unripe plum  
an empty sac.

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