

POETRY | SPRING 2023

Miscarriage at 12 Weeks

By Christopher Dasaro

Little lotus, the chrysanthemum chorus of my Spring; the day you died

you fluttered aboard the pirouettes of a spacebound magnolia leaf.

Doc said you stopped growing at 9 weeks

and the raindrops of your heartbeat – the percussions of your four-chambered

proscenium pod – soon after weakened & withered like a red Yucatán beneath a whistling comet.

Doc said I could pass it at home

and so I did, in the windowless confessional of my bathroom. As I held you in the tips of my

fingers, in a mesh of Kleenex tissues—your first swaddle—it was but a small handful of the

earth. Your pink silence was like the eternities between stars; like the -tocks between hour-hands.

Your pink silence became the conscious being of my April chorus; the day that you died

you waded windward aboard a magnolium

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