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Abortion at Thirty

Susan Rea

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ABORTION AT THIRTY

We're all being torn out of me—
You, me, and that mandrake root we grew:
The fuzz, sprout, and nerve of love.
No flourishing like the linnet tree
For us: I'm a picked orchard, and you
A ship abandoned in the secret cove,

And he is the inside of a vacuum,
Or she the dress of a paper-doll
Or it the X in our equation
Which has no answer. The sum
Is zero; a cotton-boll
Would be weightier than this son.

Do I blame you, little cockboat,
Tender between me and the earth,
For bearing your secret cargo?
You promise to keep me afloat,
Smoothing my way in or out of birth
By saluting at the bow.

Sailor, the back of this ship sinks first
And I am disappearing; I have sunk
Deeper than the bottom;
I am beyond love or thirst.
I swim with both arms and bunk
Alone. You are as drowned and gone
As this girl Nancy or this boy Tom.