

THE OVERLAP

Once a girl I love miscarried.
I didn't ask for details;
here is all I need to know:
she loved it
and it died.
I know, too, how the machine
works its sticky magic.
I have felt it unwork in me.
These are the details you need:
I didn't want it
and it died.
You need to know this, too:
I still think of it.
Want and love are not the same word.
When I was weeks into the making
of a wanted thing
there was a night
when she felt the stab of the machine
bucking
and I felt, instead, a kick.