

Fatal Detail

by Anne Donnelan

Even now I wonder at how calm I remain
face to face with the expert medic
in his metallic silver suite.

The smaller one won't survive birth, he says.

Thirty three weeks carrying two
a bulge of fuzz fills my head
the noon October light is navy blue.

I waddle my way to the town cafe
haul fatal detail heavy as a sack of spuds
to the father's earnest ears.

One will be born dead, I say.

A black-out blind drops on his core
taut as leaded glass his chilled veins
buffer the jolt of the jumbled chromosome
he leaves, return to work.

I drive home
screeches shoot from my throat
cutting as a swift's departing tune.
Even then I know
whatever living happens
I hold my loss alone.