

# Poetry Porch: Poetry

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## *Her miscarriage*

By Marge Piercy

When I was four or perhaps  
five, my mother lost the son  
she had promised my father  
making up for the unwanted girl.

I found her lying on the kitchen  
floor in gouts of blood. She  
yelled at me to bring ice. Down  
into the dark, dank basement

I went to fetch chips of ice  
from the tall wooden icebox.  
She packed them into herself.  
Finally the bleeding stopped.

Was that why I lay awake  
nightly on my cot listening  
to the waves of her breath  
terrified they might stop?

I understood then her flesh  
could be ripped open; I'd  
learned how very fragile  
was the center of my life.