

LESLEY WHEELER

Abortion Radio

God told me and I did not listen, the tinny speakers lament. Outside the car, ghost boles of oaks float by. Brown leaves jump up from the mountain road, swirl down again. I felt something pass, I caught it, my baby. Tiny hands, skin translucent. Every stump resembles a deer that's poised to leap. My friend just hit a doe last night, driving home from a conference, having missed her son's bedtime for three nights running. Her first thought: I've killed a baby. She stood in my office door to tell the story, her eyes pinking up as she laughed at herself. Shortwave talk refracts through me while I tune in a stronger signal: a spouse has put the kettle on, and children sleep in nests of pastel belief. The deer my friend struck lay down by the faded line at the verge of the road. Its sides fluttered fast and then it died. It went somewhere. Everyone goes somewhere.