

JOELLE BIELE

Miscarriage

It was December, mid-morning, Thursday
or Friday, you were at work, I had
a magazine, and I remember the frost
inside the casement windows, how quiet
it was outside our apartment door.
Do you remember how we would go
for a drive, no place to go, just follow
the fall of some road, stop, maybe find
some place to eat? And how once, near home,
we saw three swans behind the Shell?
It was a mother and two cygnets
floating past the drainage when something
pulled one of the birds down. It went
fast. The mother, she reared up, fanned
her wings, she made a sound I did not hear.
Love, when you came home I asked you
to clean the bathroom floor. Forgive me.
I wanted it to happen to you.