

Miscarriage

I loved you my tumor,
shattering cells inside the womb,
thrashing and mutilating my interior.

I loved you my tumor,
growing like perception,
mutating me into part of you.

I loved you my tumor,
your infantile deception,
ultrasonic damnation,
clinical, sterile denouement
into a tiny, statistical anomaly.

I loved you my tumor,
before your ceremonious cessation
before the blood and the drugs
before the curdling encouragement.

I loved you my tumor
after the initial shock
after the archaic death
after they removed my malignant tumor.

-Darren Ivany