

There are still spots on the carpet where you dripped blood
My Dupont textured Saxony cut pile carpet,
Off-white, like clotted cream oxygenated for an hour.
Three spots left, of the seven
You scrubbed vigorously.
You see? you said. Abluted! You were shaking, cackling.
I can see three when I bend my neck,
And the rest when I bury my nose in the weft.

My bedroom carpet's pile is forty millimeters tall and fibrously gluttonous
For every stain from the baby, from the blood
The chemical abortion
The one you self-prescribed, smiling,
Like my Z-pack or the hydrocortisone ointment
For my running shorts chafing or for our skin, together, abraded by sex.
"It's good to be a doctor," you'd laugh.

Was that why you left?
The baby we didn't have?
The one you screamed for on Feltrinelli's absorbent Persian rug,
Murmured for on the rough wooden boards in Kilkenny.
A girl, you said, in Italy. In Ireland, a boy. You threw your head back.
When we are home, I said.

Did you want me to insist, to stop you, to grab the pills?
Or did you want me to chase you, to make sure that,
Like your mother your father,
I would never, ever leave you, no matter what
No matter whose baby?

The spots of blood are
all I have left of us.
Now, now, now, absolutely NOW,
he would be one year old.