

MISCARRIAGES: FOR SARAH

Eric d'Evegnée—Department of English

I stand on the other side of curtains
and bathroom doors
pleading, hoping, waiting
but not bleeding,
not in pain.

While you surrender,
helplessly,
to the portent
of agonizing undulations of muscle.
You stand
behind curtains and doors
with your crimson cupped hand
catching what falls
with nothing to hold.

*Can we be bereft of something
never completely ours?*
I wonder from the threshold
envisioning
bloody hands clutching gnarled olive branches
for those which are yet to come
and some that never will.

GUESTROOM

Eric d'Evegne—Department of English

The small cave of plaster sits
to the left of the stairs
added on to Grandpa's house.
Once a closet, now a room where the five of us
find our place among the gypsum crags
in the miniature grotto.

The beams in the ceiling branch
finger-like from the door frame
like one of the fans I used to make from church programs.
A half wooden circus tent
attached to the side of the roof.
The ceiling so low
I have to bow my head
crawling on all fours to my spot on the bed.

In the middle of the night,
when the moon's soft glow encroaches,
I stand up in the center of the room
watching little boys safely sleeping
such tiny atoms frozen in animation—
suspended in time for a moment
safe from the recklessness of their play,
from the knowledge we raise them to live without us.

Through the tiny window
I gaze at the stars which appear to leap from behind Provo Peak
out into the blackness of the universe.
Orion with his arms forward, dives out, head-first, past the peaks
bounding into the gloom of night before sunrise

It is the stillness of the moment
that consoles me early in the morning,
The grace of an uneven roof, a place to be together,
and a window through which I can see
the comfort that comes from such places.