The Embolus

Time’s ear
is infected. It itches
and hatches
a pocket.
She turned herself out.

I was sixteen
when she miscarried.
I met her

four doctors. She harrowed herself
a hole from a scratch. They scraped and they sucked
and I coughed it all up. My mouth
is a basket of examples.

Time’s ear
is inflected. It pitches
and catches
a ladder.
She pulled herself out.

She looks like I look—
but I’m getting older. She harrowed herself
whole from a patch. God Himself
must have glanced away

when she was digging around in her purse for a match.