

LANCE LARSEN

## **AFTER THE MISCARRIAGE**

We grew more baby hungry than ever—  
and more deliberate. More like junior

scientists converting their ratty bed  
into a lab than like lovers trying to chase

stars across the sky. Call it coupling  
by calendar and clock. We still had room

for musk and mist and licking breezes  
lit by jazz, but we were makers now, gene

splicers, driven by the breath and braille  
of what if, the slippery abracadabra of we.