Infertile
Katie Wade-Neser

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Infertile

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What I'm trying to say is, the woman never cuts a break. They seem to knock her like a door, up one side, down the other. They play Rook late at night, Betty and Roger from next door, her husband, laughing at the cards she plays, The silly woman she is. On good nights she plays a hand the way she was taught, “Better late than never” they all say.

She crinkles those words through the gaps in her teeth and swallows them whole, every Tuesday and Thursday, a day between to digest.

The real scene, the one we remember, is in her front yard, and they are laying sod. In this scene, the woman is the dirt. She is the worms just come up for a summer rain, the seed she has watered and watered and just won’t spring up. She is all of these things and she is kneeling there as if to pray, only she does not pray. Her face docile and spent she thinks of lying down so the squares of sod slowly cover her until there is just a woman shape in the grass they will mow over on Saturdays.