In Tokyo After the Miscarriage

Katie Wade-Neser
IN TOKYO AFTER A MISCARRIAGE

by Katie Wade-Neser

When I hear you are not coming
I lay on your deep carpet.
There are elephants on your wall
and they say Get up!
There is work to do! Babies
are rocket ships stumbling their way
back to the world!

I look for you here in Japan.
I have cut my hair
and I cannot cry about it.
I try and make myself into sushi.
I run cool water over my head.
My toes jump like a long-tailed shrimp
twitching for the plate.
If I were your ghost I would roll
yen in the street.

I look for you in Space.
My hair has not
grown since yesterday
and the elephants are less
sympathetic.
I try and teach you supernovas
and carbon fusion

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but you have seen Space
and you do not like it.

These are my questions:
Are you an elephant.
Are you a rocket ship.
Are you in Asia.
Are you as scared as I am.
Are you the ghost of a white dwarf.
Billow outward then fall into darkness.