**Abortion**

After the first, Kate dreamed quite frequently
That a gutted kitten, eyeless and gray,
Revolved on a cracked lazy-susan’s tray
And mewed from hunger. It had no belly.

The dream dispersed with the shifting weather.
She met Mark at a Green Party rally.
On her laptop, she’d playfully tally
Their double comings. He favored leather.

She missed one period, then two. Then Mark
Missed Pam and his boys. Kate had another
(At his expense), moved back with her mother
In Lowell, and took to jogging after dark.

Every now and then, in the office, gym, or mall,
She strains to hear a blinded kitten’s empty call.

—William Bedford Clark

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