

Kate Houston

Reflections

Her hand rests on her now vacant stomach
Her blushed cheeks moistened with my tears.
Momentary flashes of white coats and pitying faces
And her, sobbing, while our future drains away.

She stands, hunched and weary, too tired
To have held on. Head lowered, but her eyes
Stare through me, past my skin, to the scream stuck
In my throat.

Her chest, like mine, heaves with caged spite
Threatening to escape. Getting nowhere, I stare
Harder, longer. Trying to be less alive,
To lose this odium before I lose myself entirely.

My nails dig red crescents in my skin as I strike
At her face, connecting with the glass and falling,
Kneeling on a cushion of broken shards,
All that remains is dripping blood
And an empty frame.