Silence, Favourite Routine

She's my baby
Abortive child
My miscarriage
The kind that draws a smile
She's my womb
A sperm with style
A foetus unborn to be wild

Pale and divine
Innocent and weak
Endlessly frail
Useless so to speak
Your lips are blue
Eyes rimmed in black
I'm drawn to you
You're such a wreck

She's growing stronger
It's obscene
Licking her wounds was
my favourite routine
Watching her heartbeat
on the screen
Wondering if she'll turn nineteen
or not