

the sac  
itself was clear  
and I cleaned it like a window  
and in the window saw my baby  
our baby [birdlike  
mouth open nasal area still  
oversized like a beak] eye's aperture blue-black  
head thrown back and twisted beginning  
to separate neck brok  
en in the contractions' violence two arms  
two legs tailbone translucent ... [what color is  
the baby?] silent heart [sac contains "chorionic cavity"]  
with utmost tenderness I [verbed] it into a clear plastic  
container held a flashlight under it  
[I saw ... it was like ... I felt ...]  
I photographed it [stored it in the fridge until ...  
looked at it from time  
to time ... I felt ... by that Friday when  
the mobile phlebotomist came I transferred it  
into the barcoded specimen cup in the kit  
it had broken further I knew as I swirled it in  
phosphate buffered saline as directed my baby—our  
baby—was falling apart frondosum lifted, swayed  
in the whirling solution obscurant  
I handed this singular life over  
never saw my child  
again