

Marisa de los Santos, *From the Bones Out*, (c)
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For a Stillborn

You haven't left me empty but too full
of children, every possible of you.
To love each one could make my heart go dull,

but still I try and sing each night to lull
shut eyes of green and black and gray and blue.
You haven't left me empty but too full

of singing (my throat burns). I feel the pull
of tiny nursing mouths. I'm hungry, too,
to love each one. What makes a heart go dull

as sunstruck eyes? (I've learned the sun can fool:
it rises and we think the day is new).
You haven't left me empty but too full

of mornings, all my infants' wakings, all
their cries. My arms can only lift a few.
To love each one will make my heart go dull.

In not becoming one, you now are all.
I wish (a thing I know I shouldn't do)
you hadn't left me. Empty and too full,
my love, my heart refuses to go dull.