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The Clinic

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The Clinic

Keisha Orr

Watching the nurse, secure my IV.
High School, Junior year, the clinic.
Gelled for ultrasound, IV in, spectrum, tenaculum, cannula,

soaking in an autoclave.
My gown-covered body resting on the cold chair,
Bright lights blinding, the clinic
Sucking the life out of me.

In bloody pieces, thin tissue-I can't tell
Where life began and ended, I remember
the day

the counseling sessions, (all the girls in the waiting
room to be seen- afraid, ashamed, disgusted, nervous,
shocked,
saying "we can't do this" but here.
We were held there, where we sat-what were we doing?)

The receptionist called our names,
for us to go back. It was like being given
the death penalty, my forty-minute wait, here.
I don't know why I stayed, the choice
was never mine, Closing my eyes.

Opening them, laying in a brown recliner,
Cover pulled over me drinking ice water,
Now, watching Kamran and Kanaan play.
What could have been four now only two,
slowly, taking it into my body:

This anguish. How sloth-like my body processes
You are not one of my living babies.