

## The Child We Will Not Have

The Child We Will Not Have  
Will be a boy. Dean Michael  
will go to law school and play  
football. I'll listen to September  
get loud and then quieter,  
sneak into the smallest room  
to write s.o.s. notes in returnable soda  
bottles, my belly crinkled as the toe nail  
that falls off after a torturous summer  
of pointe. This child you always wanted  
swims in my arms like that gone nail,  
I talk to it with my mouth shut. It teaches  
you to sign, lip reads my nipples. In the movie  
of September, some of the stills are missing.  
I clutch the baby like someone at a crash site,  
hear glass fall. The child we will not have  
is all we wanted, all that holds us together.

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