

My Womb  
by Jenny Fox

When I lost you  
I fell to my knees  
and wailed  
on my wall to wall carpeted floor  
like I have seen other women do  
in dusty streets.  
I expected an answer.  
It did not come.  
It still has not come.  
And so my womb hangs hollow,  
echoing my screams back to me  
like the hawk's  
over the endless canyon.

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