

MISCARRIAGE

Dawn Hall*

M.A.T. Program in English, Rivier College

On my thirtieth, your gift to me:
a sleek, fecund-forest-colored kayak.
(I was the only one who had one)
You could not see beneath my surface smile.

Doggedly I dragged it to the shore
as dusk descended, then I set adrift...
seeking balance on the black lake,
in the green and hollow vessel that mocked me.

As my weight shifted, the kayak tilted right
then left, that tenuous threat of surrender continuous,
and the water below, patiently waiting to swallow
into restful oblivion that abysmal void within me.

The only voice that understood, a loon's
lone, echoing back in feathered proficiency
a prophecy of sorts, telling of different ways
to be prolific; a deep diver to remind me
of my swimmer's swift strength.

* **DAWN HALL** received her B.A. in English Teaching at the University of New Hampshire in 1997. She is currently enrolled in the M.A.T. program for secondary English at Rivier College, and she wrote the poem "Miscarriage" for a Poetry Workshop course that she is taking as part of her graduate studies. She lives in Mont Vernon, NH with her husband and their twin daughters.