

TIM J. MYERS*TO MY SIBLING, MISCARRIED 1957*

Catching a fragrance of nectarines
from the basket on the table,
I feel how strange it is
that you're not here,
find myself wondering who you might have been.

At my grade school, well-meaning nuns
gave us their strange perfunctory tale
of unborn babies drifting in Limbo.
But I was born, and have come to fruit,
my sons on the floor here
giggling and bucking like horses,
as if five short years ago
neither was compounded of infinite nothingness.

Now that the mystery of Me is a bit clearer
in the mystery of Them,
I think of you who never came from our mother,

you who are less now than
a fragrance of nectarines

in a breeze from the window so slight
only my new-shaven face can feel it.