

Infertile

by Jennifer Blake

She sat quietly on the hard chair
Feet together on the floor, large eyes trained hopefully
On me.

In my hands, her results.
Fallopian tubes scarred, blocking the path for her eggs
In their blind quest for life.

Doctor, he broke in,
you must understand. Can she get pregnant?
If not, I need
another wife.

But it was she who did not understand.
His English words washing over her, uncomprehending
and unscathed

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