

## Hollow Womb

I waited and waited  
and waited...  
for an hour  
until my name was called

All I wanted to do  
was hide beneath the chair  
like I used to as a child  
when I needed eye drops

I remember how much they stung  
similar to the emotion  
I tried to suffocate as I waited to be seen

Beside me were two other females  
one of which was jubilant one minute  
about her engagement to a man in America  
then remorseful the next moment  
about the state of her womb

She voiced her sadness loudly  
enough for the entire waiting room to hear  
I could not help but empathise  
as I knew I shared the same reason for my tears

There is no grace in feeling violated  
and betrayed and the metal  
that greets your womb is always too cold

No...  
there is no grace

I left hospital today  
knowing what I already knew  
and I thought of her  
the woman who will marry her American man

I thought of her in my loneliness  
and empathised  
for she left feeling hollow too

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