

Ilse Pedler

Losing the Echo

It began slowly
like jam
red clots of jam
the suspense of that first drop
sliding down the outside of the jar

but this was inside

blood slubbing
in thick strands
taking with it
beginnings –

a moment
enough for the womb
to sound its cramped depths
to seize the lungs
forcing a pause
in their relentless inflating
to snatch at a sob
in the back of the throat
and the heart –
to send the heart
skittering to every corner
in search of its
recent echo.