i wanted to name him

we wait,
a mother & a father
who soon
will be nothing more
than acquaintances.

the room
spins a little
as i reach
for your hand
the hand of a stranger.
like a beggar
i needed only for you to look
at me
and not be disgusted.

they say,
it will be an indolent
insertion.
in fact,
it will be nothing more, they say,
than a vacuum
sucking sin from my bloodstream,
plundering my womb.

i want to tell you:
i've changed
my mind
but the clock above your head
says it's too late
for lamentations.
it says, it's time.
& you say,
sorry about this

& nothing more.