

Nameless

Melanie Flores

The cramps were unmistakable
eight weeks in—not a good sign.
Behind closed doors I delivered you.
So flawlessly sculpted, lying
at the bottom of the toilet bowl.

How could there be something wrong
with such perfection?
I knew you were a girl, and I knew
that you weren't meant to be.

I swept you out of the wetness—
held your tiny, lifeless body
for the first and only time—
then buried you among the roses
where flowers grow and thorns persist.