

# Vanished Heartbeat

While I sat with anxious anticipation  
The nurse performed her occupation  
She left the room with hesitation  
"I need to get the doctor."  
She'd never said that before.  
The tissue paper crinkled beneath me.  
*Something's wrong. What did she see?*  
The doctor came in, he said, "This isn't easy.  
You've lost a child."  
My thoughts began to soar.  
I stared at the wall, confused and numb.  
I had no reply, my voice fell dumb.  
The only sound was the fluorescent's hum.  
The nurse sat down  
to continue her chore.  
The picture on the screen, half happy, half sad.  
I remained calm, I must have seemed glad.  
I felt transparent. Does that make me bad?  
What would I have done with twins?  
I only wanted one more.  
"Your other baby's heartbeat is strong.  
Your pregnancy may not be as long.  
Did you sense that anything was wrong?"  
I didn't want to think about it.  
It was too hard to ignore.  
I was relieved, but I could not confess.  
Worries dissipated. Was I heartless?  
"*It wasn't meant to be,*" was the consensus.  
I'll never forget her, thanks  
to her sister, who I adore.



I was relieved, but I could not confess.  
I felt worries dissipate. Was I heartless?  
*"She wasn't meant to be,"* was my best guess.  
I'll never forget her,  
or that day, evermore.

—*Tammy Blair*

