At every turn
   a babe

The supermarket overflows
   some carts boast two or three
   reaching for the artichokes
   wailing when ignored
The Fates are not fair

At home—
   The gifts received in joy
   now torment
   Nonetheless—the books, the bottles
   are put away (not returned)
   for Later
   (Hope triumphant over Fear)

But for Now
   Her body, primed to nurture,
   is strangely vacant
   strangely alone
   "All dressed up
   with no place to go," says she
   "Womb for rent;"
   says he
   they laugh
   till they cry

And the maddening
   forever-on confusion
   "Our first child. . ."
What is meant:
   The future one that lives
   or this one
   that did not?