Sharon Olds, The Dead

and the Living (New York: Knopf, 2000)

Miscarriage

When I was a month pregnant, the great clots of blood appeared in the pale green swaying water of the toilet. Dark red like black in the salty translucent brine, like forms of life appearing, jelly-fish with the clear-cut shapes of fungi.

That was the only appearance made by that child, the dark, scalloped shapes falling slowly. A month later our son was conceived, and I never went back to mourn the one who came as far as the sill with its information: that we could both something, you and I. All wrapped in purple it floated away, like a messenger put to death for bearing bad news.