

# Miscarriage

(poem)

Ambrose Nurra

white blades of light sift through the  
stripes hugging the crumpled form  
of an empire of  
stars crowded together  
for warmth  
row upon row upon row  
sow the earth with shades of  
beaten red beaten blue  
stars  
the greedy glow of the pipe  
stars  
fireflies comb that brain straight  
stars  
taper out in twin coal kill pits  
stars  
gasp the whistles shot forth from  
sisters supple necks played like bricks  
spittle  
saluting  
dangling  
in stars  
though you perched in victory towers  
freon heavens far above the  
Tropics of Cancers  
left from your last vacation  
left from your last victual  
you smell like carrion

# fifth Estate

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<https://www.fifthestate.org/archive/380-spring-2009/miscarriage>  
Fifth Estate #380, Spring 2009

**[fifthestate.anarchistlibraries.net](https://www.fifthestate.org/archive/380-spring-2009/miscarriage)**