

Maria

Married young
we decided children could wait
until full moon in the summer

Five years later
plumbing the soul of life
candle will not light

Physical exams
emotions like intimate strangers
doctor says all is well

Another year
hoping, waiting, nothing
adoption the oil of our lamp

South Texas agency
Maria two months old
black hair, Latina heritage

We held her,
fed her, kissed her satin cheeks
kept her for the night in our hotel

In the morning
a thunder clap- So sorry
We feel you have not bonded

The gate opened to silence

Four months later
Honey, it has been six weeks
Beth Anne is her name

I still wonder about Maria

by Arlin Buyert