The Middle Sin

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At daycare pickup, the young and gorgeous rabbi’s wife
walks her hand-holding daughters down the sidewalk
to their car. Though I know her real hair’s hidden
under a remarkably good wig,
the three of them, all redheads, are a clearly matching set
and watching one sister pull the other’s curls,

I feel again the lurch
when the sonogram again said *son*
and quickly cancelled out a girlhood: no
little girl bangs and barrettes, no thick cotton tights over freckled legs,

no daughter.

The dizzy whirling sick of love and want. I snap my older son
into his carseat, kiss the soft globe
of his cheek. What wicked
luck. What foolishness and greed. Like begging someone’s God
to see you in this blessed and lucky life and strike you down.