

## Appendix B Poem: “The End” by Sharon Olds<sup>1</sup>

We decided to have the abortion, became  
killers together. The period that came  
changed nothing. They were dead, that young couple  
who had been for life.

As we talked of it in bed, the crash  
was not a surprise. We went to the window,  
looked at the crushed cars and the gleaming  
curved shears of glass as if we had  
done it. Cops pulled the bodies out  
Bloody as births from the small, smoking  
aperture of the door, laid them  
on the hill, covered them with blankets that soaked  
through. Blood  
began to pour  
down my legs into my slippers. I stood  
where I was until they shot the bound  
form into the black hole  
of the ambulance and stood the other one  
up, a bandage covering its head,  
stained where the eyes had been.  
The next morning I had to kneel  
an hour on that floor, to clean up my blood,  
rubbing with wet cloths at those glittering  
translucent spots, as one has to soak  
a long time to deglaze the pan  
when the feast is over.

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<sup>1</sup> Olds, Sharon. “The End.” *The Dead and the Living*. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1984. 26.