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## Barren 2.0

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In the hallowed hall  
of maternal fetal medicine  
expectant with the antenatal waiting  
I anticipate a future here.  
Molding my time, the frequent visits  
I will make this work  
already envisioning myself  
timing my appointments  
to accommodate my patient schedule  
in pursuit of having the mythical all.

I know the import of the test results  
before I endure them  
and despite my doctor's reassurance.  
How many ova left?  
Any small follicles?  
Six? Two? One?

And what a strange name  
"Anti-Müllerian hormone"—  
a Trumpian weapon  
of endocrinologic terror

And I pity my blighted ovaries  
and the empty womb  
that would never be occupied,  
could only be rented  
and who would seek out  
such cold soulless shelter?

Woman or androgynous anomaly?

At the pediatric well visits  
as I delight in the milestones achieved  
and the inches accrued,  
the proud parents  
make innocuous inquiries  
that sting like venom:  
“Do you have children?”

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