In the dream, she exclaimed, we’re having a baby! She waited for a reply, but there wasn’t one. The silence meant no.

I’m sitting in the office, alone, before class. Evening is coming down. I’m hungry and children’s voices break through the window from the school next door. Cars cruise by at speeds too fast for this small street. The dream was years ago, and still holds true. I turn the lights off, lock the door, and go to class.

A life without children is full of silence. Grief is like the old air conditioning unit that runs continuously in the back of the classroom. Is it blowing hot? Cold? I forget it’s even there.