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We're Listening to the Features Editor

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We're Listening to the Features Editor

1

The bad baby was my secretary's
And she believed that it was mine as well,
For all the reasons of our time together,
But did not admit to other company,
Then laughed her laugh and said she knows it's mine,
And all my misery agreed with her.

And no, she didn't want to see the thing,
Because the nurse said it was incomplete
And dead, anencephalic.

I figured out the word,
A six-month rough draft nature rejected,
And Margie said she'd known I'd want a look.
She'd told the nurse my curiosity,
And that would have to be this afternoon.

2

The nurse, perfection in her every part,
Tall, blue and beautiful

Was down the hall and to the left and right,
Please follow me,
As if I needed all the help I'd get,
And what I got was more than I deserved.

The nurse and I were come into a lab
That was a great deal like a kitchenette.—
She paused at the refrigerator door
To say she'd never seen one born that way,
Eyes wide and the mouth open,
Agape, staring from the perineum,
Face first and dead.
She said remember that it has no brain.

3
She took it from a pinkish baby blanket
With little figures there,
Though I can't remember what the animal,
And placed it nicely on the shining table.

Well, here we are, I thought, and there it is,
With a frightened gargoyle's face (no skull behind)
As terrible as all we fear of error.

Some delicate intestines were spilled out
And I saw the nurse was lightly touching them,

Then so was I
And then I asked her could I hold the baby.

I was amazed to feel its heft and cold,—
As the nurse relaxed while I was studying
No brains, some bowels out, and his pitiful clubbed feet.