

Baby

by Rachel Aldrich

Oh god.
I have no idea how to do this.
He is so small.
I might drop him.
I will drop him.
I don't even like children.

They're always dirty.
And sticky.
And no matter how many times you wash their clothes,
There's always some sort of stain
That even the strongest of bleaches couldn't remove.
Why would I want to hold one?

He is sort of cute though, in a way.
He has the strangest, most intoxicating of scents.
And fingers like little teeny tiny sausages.
And a nose
Almost like a manatee's nose,
But on a baby's face.

I suppose this baby is okay.
He's warm in my arms
And he seems restless,
Thrashing about in his sleep.
Yes, I suppose he's okay.
I might even like him.
Maybe.