

Blue Baby

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MOTHER still round, in love with child anew
Easy to overlook the subtle hints
Of the fracture within, trained eye sees clue
Eighty-two shines your number, bluish tint.

Tearful farewell, fated day has arrived.
Pained mother's face as we pass through the door
Invisible cord stretch, tense and alive
Umbilical phantom limb evermore.

With tubes, scalpel, we enter sacred space.
The threshold crossed, commitment becomes real
To hold numbers, sounds, instead of your face.
The care within transmutes into sharp steel

Foreshortened, stolen, your time may well be
Yet you touch the hearts of all who touch thee.

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Accepted for publication March 22, 2011.

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