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Child Birth

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SARAH D. BURSE

Child Birth

Light red blood drips onto the squeaky white floors.
I hear my mother banging on the wooden door.
I quench my skinny brown hands around my swollen stomach.
I look down at the dark realm between my fat legs.
The floor has turned from squeaky white to sinister red.

Blood flows out of my dark realm. Tears
roll down my hot cheeks. My piercing
scream cries out. I hear

a beeping noise. Every time I open
my eyes I see the ceiling moving.
People in white coats crowd around me.

The room stops and a dark shadow peeps
around the corner. I hear the sound of metal
hitting the cold table. He examines me.
His eyes are fiery red, burning
my innocent soul. The black

slimy ceiling is dripping on my head.
I feel the whoosh of crisp air hit my skin.
He is crawling towards me. He sinks
his nail into every rigi—my eyes
are getting sleepy. Screams fade
to whispers. My pain is turned
to a numbing sensation. I feel

a cold sharp object penetrate my stomach.
My dark realm is brought to light. Its walls
are tearing. Its walls are burning. Its walls
forcefully stretched. A sweet soft lullaby

plays nearby. The lullaby goes:

crying, laughter.