

It's a Boy!

by Laurel Snyder

“Stop touching me or start
Touching me somewhere else.”
I *swear*. I *mean*. Everything
Gets old and meanwhile. Everything
Gets into bed and then—
Biology begins and sex ends.
Every bed gets somebody
Inside. Every inside gets
Tired of being inside.

Everything wants to come
Out and then it isn't what
It was and something

Is missing a piece
Of someone and someone
Is missing being. Alone.

They call it a baby
But it isn't yet an anything.
It's only a piece of the me.

It's inside and awful quiet.
Shhh. Don't wake the *me*.
Don't bother me— with *you*.

There will be yous forever
Now. There will be always
Another person in the world.

Sex when you're pregnant
Is like sex when you aren't

Pregnant, but with extra people.

Too many. Which is why the
Alone and the quiet and the OH
And the OHH. "Oh, Alone!"

I need a room— a small one,
Quiet, just me for as long
As I can be.

There's a dick inside me right now.
This very minute.
It's been there for weeks.

