

Fifteen Babies in My Garden

each at a different stage in their development,
including a fully grown adult baby, all of them
sitting around, or lying, or trying to turn
over onto their fronts, or back onto their backs,
the sunshine apple-scented, the still trees
monastic, as I carry a large tray of drinks
out to them: different milks in different
bottles I've sterilized, and for the adult baby,
an Old Fashioned in a tumbler, orange peel
suspended in amber, a black cherry blot.
"Here you go, babies!" I say, and they coo,
and squirm, and gripe, and sleep regress.
"What are you guys talking about?" I ask,
and the adult baby, being the best speaker
among them, and therefore, I suppose,
their designated spokesperson, replies,
"we were just talking about the ruinous
and beautiful ways we're going to break
your dumb old heart, and totally fuck
your life up" and they all start laughing.