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.