

The Birth Canal Was Easy

by Carl Santoro

I could feel
my nails
growing.

It was time.

Just aim for
the light.

Kick.

Applause.
Embraces.
Kisses.
Cell phones.
"Look at this one.
Her eyes are
looking right
at me!"

I had to hurry.
My objectives
must be met.

Thirty-two years
of preparation
have gone by now.

I could feel
my nails growing.

It is time.

Just aim for
the light.

Kick
out of
bed.

Pull
the lamp
cord.

No applause.
No embraces.
No kisses.
Media wristband.
"Look at this one.
My eyes are looking
right at me!"

"Madam President,
you have one hour
until your
press conference."

Today I reveal
my objectives.

The birth canal
was easy.

But this
would be
hard.

I could feel,
I could hear

my

teeth

grinding.

