

# 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.

