

# Fancy That

by Elizabeth J. Colen

For this she thanks God, your sister, little wonder. Little mercy, ten fingers, ten toes. In sin we learn to count again. How many messes made at another's expense. "How much does an abortion cost?" you asked back then. But she's new now. And how many? Like, *a girl never tells her age*. She might have said Fuck You, but you told her it's something you'd never know. Not without a phone call. Baby's on hold; it's called sleeping. "And what did you name him?" "Her." Then the baby cries. "What did you name her?" *Fancy*. All the love you'll ever need.

