

Broken Waters

by Ray Nessly

Backseat. Too late. She's really hollering now.

The cabbie pulls over to the side of the highway. One by one, babies slide into the world. Triplets. Eyes closed. Mewling. Three brand new, pale, wrinkly things. Just like Bella, his dog, her puppies, that time: backseat of the taxi. Alongside Highway 105. The roar of eighteen-wheelers passing.

Bella's triplets lived almost a day.

