

First Person

by T. M. Upchurch

You lie within me, cupped and curled. You're in me, I'm in you; we're each other's inside out.

They count your fingers, toes, chromosomes... twice.

My head spins. Are you upside-down?

They turn off the monitor. They speak in needles, numbers, and odds. I strum my fingers to your kicks.

They say, "If you... we have pills... the products of conception would..." They don't smile.

My belly tightens. Can you feel me? I'm your first person.

I say, "The products of conception, call them 'Emma'."

You lie still...

When you wake, you can call me 'Mum'.

