
CÆSAREAN BOY / *Rita Rae Robinson*

When I woke up
you had been delivered to me.
I laid back your wrappings
and feigned Postal Inspector.
Still dizzy from the night before,
my voice raucous,
I croaked pleasure at your
size and strength.
I tried to make us comfortable
in that narrow bed
and bared one breast,
hoping you'd show an interest
hoping you would not—
so tired from all our predawn efforts
my belly on fire
my being swollen from you.
You so perfect, so smooth,
so peaceful at rest beside me on the pillow,
I traced your silhouette on the linen
and thought about how easily I had become enthralled.