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Your Baby

Louis Jenkins

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YOUR BABY

Cry and curse, stamp your foot down hard, because the surface of the earth is no more than a crust, a bunch of loose tectonic plates, something like the bones of a baby's skull, floating on a core of molten magma: chaos and anarchy, the fires of hell. And as you've been told repeatedly, it's all in your hands. It's like the egg you were given in Marriage and Family class. "This is your baby, take care of it." So dutifully you drew a smile face on, then as an afterthought added a pair of eyebrows shaped like rooftops. It gave the egg baby a slightly sinister appearance. Then a friend added Dracula fangs and said, "See, it looks just like its daddy." "Let me see," someone said and someone else gave your elbow a shove.

Late at night. Where is your demon child now, as you sit dozing over the periodic tables, half expecting the police to call?