

i

*The mother and fetus, Leonardo believed, exchanged their blood. When my daughter is sick, I feel heat rise in my own skin. I lie beside her, her fever leaking into me.*

ii.

*The first love of the human infant is for his mother. The tender intimacy of this attachment is such that it is sometimes regarded as a sacred or mystical force, an instinct incapable of analysis. No doubt such compunctions, along with the obvious obstacles in the way of objective study, have hampered experimental observation of the bonds between child and mother.*

iii

*Which is a rope—*

*Which is a rope, snapping?*

*Which mother will lie awake all night, wishing for solitude, yet wishing for her daughters' small bodies wound into hers, while the radiator hisses, the dull gray color of a knife?*