

Nicole Cooley

A sliver of dread. A slash and then the baby is small enough to fit underneath the surface of my skin where I can keep her safe forever.

The dye they injected was pale purple. The dye was green and I was not allowed to hold her.

The baby was lost then found under a cabbage leaf, silky as a gown on a wedding night, white as spilled milk

Notes

Text in the italicized untitled poems is borrowed from Harry F. Harlow, "Love in Infant Monkeys," *Scientific American* 200 (June 1959).