

AT THE BABY GYM

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In the Baby Gym
I try to appear like all the other mothers

I give my child apple juice and unsalted crackers to nibble on
I trail behind her padded steps
Watching the small feet I have wrapped in Stride Rite shoes

I help her use the slide
And I tell her she is a good girl

I pick her up
And smell her hair
And kiss her apple flavored cheeks

I watch the other mothers
of three and four children

They seem so natural
Their infants in fashionable slings
Wiping the mouths of the older children
While pulling breast milk from their diaper bags

I recognize the Medella bottles
And feel an urgent need to flee

The site of those bottles
Of that milk
Makes me want to weep

I am not like these other mothers
I am not at ease with the children

Inside
There aren't any brands
To hide behind

Sometimes I pretend
There aren't any
children

Sometimes I pretend
There aren't any
Mothers

At the baby gym

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