

## Blue Baby

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MOTHER still round, in love with child anew  
Easy to overlook the subtle hints  
Of the fracture within, trained eye sees clue  
Eighty-two shines your number, bluish tint.

Tearful farewell, fated day has arrived.  
Pained mother's face as we pass through the door  
Invisible cord stretch, tense and alive  
Umbilical phantom limb evermore.

With tubes, scalpel, we enter sacred space.  
The threshold crossed, commitment becomes real  
To hold numbers, sounds, instead of your face.  
The care within transmutes into sharp steel

Foreshortened, stolen, your time may well be  
Yet you touch the hearts of all who touch thee.

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