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## I'm Mistaken; He's Alive

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## **I'm Mistaken; He's Alive**

As I sat in the doctor's office  
wondering why people are still  
having babies in a world  
that's so dirty it depends on rain,  
a little boy waddled up to my lap.  
Giggling like a dawn about to break,  
he hid behind the horizon of my knees  
so that only his eyes were shining  
over the tan skirt desert.  
His tiny finger pointed to the floor.  
"You dropped your pen,"  
he said, turned-in feet shuffling.  
His hair flopped over as he folded  
himself in half, clumsily retrieving  
the fallen object.  
He pulled himself up  
and smiledd at my outstretched hand.  
His fingers brushed my palm,  
life shuddering through them.  
As I told him thanks, I wondered—did he know  
that he was once a mistake?  
I clenched the pen  
and checked my watch again.

—*Bekah Taylor*