

The Birth of Sally McGee by Mason Arsenault

Dawn has broken all the same
Yet here I lay in painful shame
A battered and bruised one of two
In a dried up pile of my own spew
The spew, on me, a shade of green
Like the walls of my room, marked unclean
The walls are cracked with stains of brown
And the room is dark from shades pulled down
My cheeks are raw from a lack of cheers
And a night spent wiping my fallen tears
In this room of green so far from home,
I lay a mess that cannot roam
For I carry in me life anew
And the pain assures me they are due
This thing in me, of skin and hair,
A child of sex from an affair
The fetus came as I turned sixteen
Months of being his teenage queen
My parents of faith, disgusted with me
“How dare you rent out your vagina for free?”
The months since I’ve seen them has now turned to eight
My sin was not welcomed and hell dubbed my fate
The father had promised his help would still come
But five months in and he grew rather numb
“Help me”, I pleaded to the father of it
But to it, he declared, I will not commit
With no one to help and nowhere to go,
A motel I arrived as a woman of woe
Why did this parasite have to be mine?
Without it, my life might’ve been all more fine
As the pain in my stomach from there only grew,
So meant the arrival of well, you-know-who
Unable to run, unable to hide
I’m all out of time I’m able to bide
In comes a breath and out a great push
Impossible now at all to be shush
This pain that I’m feeling is far from alright
The head pushing through something so tight

I push and I push, I try with my might
Why must this birth be such a hard fight?
With one final push and the loudest of cries,
So laid the child in my blood-ridden thighs
And the last thing I knew, passing out, feeling faint,
Were the cries of the child and the walls with green paint.

I awoke some time later, expecting the green
But what I saw, it would seem, was something more clean
The walls were all white, like fresh winter snow
And without a stain, the light off them did glow
The room did not reek of urine gone sour
Instead light and airy like a freshly plucked flower
And without a sound to be heard of the loud screaming child
The noise in the room was actually quite mild
In through the door walked a woman in white
“Hello” she said, “You must have had quite the night”
“Where am I?” I asked her, still sore and confused
“A hospital” she assured. “You were found pretty bruised”
She took a seat next to me and started to speak
Of everything that happened since I fell weak
The baby’s cries, it would seem, alerted the maid
So she called us an ambulance to get us some aid
I was then told to rest, as the doctor then smiled
But something was missing, “Where went the small child?”
She paused for a moment with thoughts in her head
And pointed to a window across from my bed
“We put her to sleep in the room next to you”
“So you would be close to the child that you grew”
The doctor pulled paper from out of her coat
With two different addresses she herself wrote
“The first” she explained, “a shelter for ladies”
“Food and support for mom and her babies”
“They’ll take you in and make sure you’re both fed”
“And that you and your baby will have a clean bed”
“The second” she said, with a tone now more blue,
“An adoption agency that has hardly a queue”
“They’ll take your daughter and find her somewhere,”
“That will love her, support her, and give her great care”

She placed her hand on me in poignant sincerity,
And explained the two choices to give some clarity
“We don’t know your story or why life brought you here”
“But the struggles you’ve had seem abundantly clear”
“To raise a new child is work far from fake”
“At your young age, I fear that one day you will break”
“She is your child, that will always be true”
“Think it over tonight, the choice falls on you”
She stood right back up and walked out the door
To help someone else who was feeling quite sore
As I laid in that bed, my body needing to heal,
I simply didn’t know what emotion to feel
Was I happy a teen had her life back on track?
Or sad to say bye to the child I’d then lack?
The emotion, it seemed, I was unable to stop
The tears in my eyes, downward they did drop
Unsure and confused as to what I should be,
I knew that this child was something to see
I climbed out of bed, a struggle to stand,
Not enough strength to even tighten my hand
To the window I went, a walk slow and steady,
And there layed the child, asleep with a teddy
The first time I’ve seen her, she layed there so still,
And not a sound of her cry, so high and so shrill
As I stood there and watched her, completely asleep,
It came back again that I needed to weep
This girl who had caused me months of great pain
Was as sweet and as perfect as sugar from cane
I stood there not knowing what was her ahead
But for once in some time, I felt no more dread
Because whatever would happen, she’d be alright
Her future layed ahead, so big and so bright
Whoever will raise her, whoever may be
She is my daughter, my Sally McGee