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## The Young Doctor and I

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## *The Young Doctor And I*

We sat with old coffee in the doctor's lounge  
after she'd delivered with me a baby born too soon

and had seen eyes dull and rolling as dolls,  
a head flopping like it floated in syrup,

had suctioned a throat and breathed  
her breath between the lips, dancing

the limp blue limbs on her fingers,  
her hand cramping within the glove,

feeling how one feels death  
with new parents. She'd learned

before by rote and, high  
on caffeine, babysat books enough. She'd wanted

real life. We sat. She asked those  
questions little children ask.