

CutBank

Volume 1
Issue 51 *CutBank* 51

Article 22

Spring 1999

Conception

Julianna Baggott

Follow this and additional works at: <https://scholarworks.umt.edu/cutbank>



Part of the [Creative Writing Commons](#)

Let us know how access to this document benefits you.

Recommended Citation

Baggott, Julianna (1999) "Conception," *CutBank*: Vol. 1 : Iss. 51 , Article 22.

Available at: <https://scholarworks.umt.edu/cutbank/vol1/iss51/22>

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by ScholarWorks at University of Montana. It has been accepted for inclusion in CutBank by an authorized editor of ScholarWorks at University of Montana. For more information, please contact scholarworks@mso.umt.edu.

CONCEPTION

I will collapse beneath this tender task,
keeping the record, the sun-stroked mantel clock,

the chipped soup bowl, the hum of the dome hair dryer
pouring heat from its dim sky of little holes.

My parents are making love in early spring,
late in the day in her grandmother's house.

The old woman raises the empty bowl
to her lips again and again, my sister

deaf under the blue helmet—her hair drying
to an electric rise. I am swelling

and waiting, a ticking egg, a twisting tail,
a fly smashing against bright glass.

I imagine her quiet breath in his ear,
his hands, blood-swollen from metal grooves

and sharp-toothed gears, and Jesus
hung above the bed, head lolled

as if to get a better angle on their lovemaking,
a witness to all he missed. His wooden cross

trembles against the flowered wall.
Outside the window, a bird bobs on a branch,

a dog barks, a kid on skates clatters
down the sidewalk like a tin train,

and the daffodils give the first yellow twists
within their thick green tongues.