For A Newborn Child Who Cries Too Much

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FOR A NEWBORN CHILD WHO CRIES TOO MUCH

for Devin Charles Gallagher

For weeks you have delivered
your anger up to us, nonstop as an express,
until your mother cannot believe she brought
such an unwelcome guest into her house:
frightened, half-mad, wondering why,
of all babes on this earth, you chose
to be special in such a harrowing way.

Will there be no end? No one can imagine
your lungs holding out for another minute.
The doctor and his cronies have read and re-read
shelves of medical texts, and there is not one left
less dog-eared than the last book in the world.
They have X-rayed you more carefully than airport luggage,
and poured enough Milltown down you to calm the sea.

Psychologists have come, trooping by your crib
with pads and notebooks flipping
back and forth like uncertain tongues, and still
they cannot say what devils haunt you.

More desperate than cornered criminals,
your parents call in a minister. You greet him
with a voice worn so thin it cracks
and rasps like old trees in mild winds.
But the man of God has no more luck than science,
and baffled, angry, disposed to cry all night himself,
he leaves. Your mother and father
fall into silence, like the drowned.
Eventually your fame spreads: letters flow in like your tears. The world sends charms and spells, powerful potions and remedies for the damned: one a voodoo doll from Haiti, with instructions in a hand untranslatable for all the scrawl and symbols of it—yet clear the meaning of the chubby child, eyes closed, perfect in each detail, with real red hair and mouth sewn tightly shut.

But these fail too, and as you scream, I ask myself why entering this world has been so bad. Or was it the shock of leaving your last one? I read somewhere that babies who cry too much are trying to say the names they had in their former lives, and when someone says them, they will stop crying.

So I stand here, in a nursery lit only by the priest's thin candles, all other ears in this house well-cottoned three rooms from you, while I, a grown man, your uncle, am reading aloud from a book of all the names of men this past millennium, and as the century is closing its last unmystical pages, I am caught up in the rhythms of my whispered bass tones and of your screams: your mouth moving with mine, your breathing the same as mine, continually afraid that in your last life you never spoke this language—

until my voice trembles and rises, breaks into a chant like a Shaman, beginning to sing now, louder, higher, while the candles turn suddenly into torches that flicker and dance among the blue shadows:
and a procession of mourners appears, moving by my strained, inhuman eyes now fixed trancelike on your crib that has become a grave, with the pale gray eyes of an old man staring up at me, staring through me into his own death, beyond death, the mouth open as one who sees all his acts in this world relived:

and like a projector run in reverse, his life runs backwards through age after age, his form continually changing, shifting, becoming old, then young, over and over, face after face looking through me, now living, now dead,

and even the mourners changing with the man, their clothes becoming unstyled, out-of-style, stranger and stranger, ancient as the earth, until all of them turn into wraiths, into sad, hooded faces, become transformed to savages, hopping about old stones, receding farther into the past, and deeper, as you, child, are deepening, as you are changing with them, appearing girded with cloth, then skins, and finally nothing at all—

the mourners dressed in nothing, the cave-lights smouldering, sputtering, the chants of the elders shifting farther back in their throats, falling away like the cave walls, the lights strange—nothing ever seen by man—all receding until there is no face, no crib, no troop of mourners—only an ape or toad or lizard and then a shadow that slithers back down some beach, a fish-god, with three moons watching it, slipping into the surf, back to its beginning and beyond...
I wake to my latest self,  
shaken out of a heavy trance by the hands  
of my brother, half-robed and frightened  
of his mad relative perched like a raven  
on the end of the crib and screeching at his babe,  
calling all the names of man down from the heavens—  
later said by the neighbors to be speaking  
unknown and unutterable tongues—

and his wife rushing in  
to snatch her boy up from the pit of the crib,  
who would have struck me dead there  
if she were not amazed  
at her child glancing curiously up at the shadow  
of the book crumbling to dust in my numb hands:  
the baby now finished crying for all the lives of man,  
wide awake, and as quiet as a smile.