Baby

Evan Allee

after the "What Were You Wearing?" installation

That's where you went wrong, baby,
wearing a skintight dress
in a bar darker than a serpent's cavity—
lighten up. We're just joking.
More uptight than integument, you are.
Molt for us. Smile, without the hissing.
We are charmers; charismatic, slipping magic
into bubbling flutes—and God,
look at you,
asking for it.

That formless dress conceals
your pubescent shape—perfect
for force-fed hips to grow childbearing
under. You are such a young
woman floating in the fountain of youth;
we are bottomfeeders sniffing out blood
in the water. Your lover, a connoisseur
of acquired tastes;
your firsts,
and childrearing
not you, but our baby.

Your round belly filled out
that floral onesie so quickly.
Precarious snaps popping
with toddling steps. Tread lightly.
Fall into me—good. Girls,
with their silent languages
and goo-goo eyes, always
have ways of asking
without speaking.

Don't you,
baby?