

# Our Caesarean

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Jamie Buehner, Douglas

In the shower, my fingers quickly pass over the cut,  
rope of proof and remembrance of being bed-  
wheeled in my special hat to the theater  
in summer

at what was normally happy hour time,  
thinking Wow, they are good, as though  
not running me into walls was a sign  
things would go smoothly.

It all took the tone of a comic strip:  
the anesthesiologist's babbling about Florida  
and how I'd still be able to wear a bikini  
in a screamly font,

my husband telling me what he knew about caesareans  
written out in dandelion fuzz,  
ready to be blown away.

The pregnant woman on the tram rubbing  
the belly now to be sliced  
had been me

on my way to acupuncture,  
not looking at the stops because mine  
was the very last,  
what bliss.

They pulled her out wiggling and offered me  
a glimpse quick as a cane  
dragging someone off stage,  
but I saw her face

and felt the warm weight  
of my beautiful, horizontal,  
clay-colored daughter  
wrapped in a yellow towel  
that had dried in the sun.