

MY FIRST CHRISTMAS: Thoughts of a Premature Baby

See me?

I'm fighting for every breath
that you all take for granted!

Curse me?

I spoil your evening
with my constant need
for you
to watch,
monitor,
alter, and
soothe,
to keep me living.

I cannot say it now,

you do not want to feel it now, but
at a time you will not know,

I will be taking each breath for granted, and,
with neither of us knowing,

Thank you

for my Life.

Written on Christmas Eve, 1976