SUNDAY'S BABY SHOWER
by Estée Arts

Balloons bouncing back and forth
Taped under the ceiling fan.
Baggy blue couches stained,
Brown spots, white patches.

“I shouldn’t be smoking with the baby”
She says,
Standing outside
“but I am.”
A large blue poster,
Big black writing:
It’s a boy!

A fly explores the cake,
Climbing solid white frosting
To reach the blue cursive rivers
That say
‘Congrats!’

Guests in brightly colored tank tops
Gone a sour yellow under the arms,
Tight around big bellies and overgrown breasts.
Hiding not much skin, but every secret.
Round young cheeks,
Heavy makeup- tired eyes,
Children
Wander. Sometimes falling on the carpet.
Dirty feet, dirty hands, screaming.
A pacifier rubbed off and stuck back in place
By fingers that fumble
Hairpins and yesterday's curls.
She comes back
Inside
“Sorry,
“I was just talking to my husband.”
We wait.
“We heard he’s doing good,”
Someone says.
“Taking some classes in there to stay busy.”
“You.”
She smiles.
We’re all proud.