



1993

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Recommended Citation

Calhoun, Scott (1993) "My Daughter's Sonogram," *Inscape*: Vol. 13 : No. 1 , Article 16.
Available at: <https://scholarsarchive.byu.edu/inscape/vol13/iss1/16>

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My Daughter's Sonogram

by Scott Calhoun

Your fingers, frail as drinking straws,
move toward the holes of your eyes:

already steady enough to grasp
your mouth, nose, and toes.

Although birdlike, your elbows
move like matchsticks in the womb.

The whiteness of your skull
floats across the screen—
a pale balloon.

And again, we see your fingers:
the narrow bones, white as moons.

And I think of the baby ring
my father purchased out of pawn for you,
its drop of turquoise, a bright pupil—
the band of silver, sliver of nail.