

THREE MINUTES**By: Donna Ison**

I've piss on the stick,
Lay it on the sink,
Pray, please God,
Don't let it turn pink.
I am too old for this.

I have three minutes to wait,
Until I know my fate.
I hadn't even realized I was late,
Or, that with my scarred and marred uterus,
I could even get pregnant.

I know nothing about babies,
Nor have ever wanted to...
Guess I could put it in a basket,
And leave it at the zoo.
Or better yet, trade it for a monkey...
I've always wanted a monkey.
Just take an honest look at me,
I'm much better suited for a chimpanzee...
Than a human being.

Or am I?
That was then, this is now.
I've become equipped,
Though, I don't know how.
With health insurance and a house,
A stable job, a loving spouse.
I could do this.
I should do this.
I owe it to all those women, I think
Who are willing to go to any length,
Just to have a baby.
Especially, at my age.

Down to two minutes.
Imagination runs wild.

And, I actually consider,
Keeping the child.

After all, I do love this man...
This man...
Who has brought life to my tomb of a womb.
Perhaps, we three,
Could be a family.

I can imagine.
Birthday parties, Christmas morning,
Sun-screened noses on the beach.
Cookies, milk, and bedtime stories,
It's still all within reach.

No. Hell, no.
That is not reality.
It's a Hallmark-fucking-fantasy
Perpetuated by parents
Because misery loves company.

I've heard too many of my friends,
Say, "If I had to do it over again..."
They preface with,
"I love my child. Don't get me wrong,"
And then give a list ten pages long,
Of the things they can no longer do.
And all the ways their life is through.

Panic. Breathe.

Abortion is an excellent option.
Still, then again...so is adoption.
But, with our joint genetic propensity,
For addiction and insanity,
And possible sociopathology,
I have to say,
It seems irresponsible to give it away.

Especially considering the state of our states,

And the pervert we call our president.
Could I justify bringing a child, especially a girl,
Into that sociopath's sexist and unsafe world?

One minute ten.
Statistics set in.
When you're this old and still out on the town,
Syndromes like Fetal Alcohol and Down,
Are par for the course.

I've drank, smoked pot, taken pills for pain,
With that history, I'd be insane...
To think my future wouldn't feature,
Some innocent creature,
With fins where there should be hands.
And gills where there should be glands.

Or...I could have a perfectly healthy baby.

Or, I could open a home for transgender youth,
Fund news organizations that tell the truth.
Rescue injured dolphins and return them to the wild,
With the money it takes to raise a child.
Two hundred thirty-three thousand and six hundred and ten dollars...
Just to get a kid to the age of eighteen,
Imagine the good I could do with all that green.

Ten seconds left.
Keep. Give. Abort.
Is this a miracle or a cosmic ruse?
Keep. Give. Abort.
Thank God, I still have the right to choose.
At, least...for now.
Keep. Give. Abort.

Damn. Times up.