

ONCE WAS



The baby has fallen behind
in laughing. She should
have learned how to do it by now.
She throws her wide
mouth open—

no teeth, no sound.
I tickle her all over,
behind the ears.
She only coughs.

The other day

while she was napping,
the sun beating in through the blinds,
she started to shimmer
like a hologram.

Once she learns how to be human
she'll never not be again

as long as she lives.