

Maternity's Bathroom

I heard a cry through the tube
and the bathroom empty.

Long, rhythmmed moans
coming from a deep
tired
tense

breath.

I looked up at the register
sparkles of life
winking maliciously at me.

I dropped my eyes
and the bathroom hazy.

Lives began springing
my 4.500.000 children
moving angrily towards me.

One blank.

I gasped for breath
ran away
and rushed to the intermittent journey
of long cold halls
and double colored doors.

Brunilda Reichmann Lemos