

## **We've Been Discussing What It Would Mean to Have a Child in These of All Times**

Inside the third zucchini  
is a reddish worm, ribbed,  
ready as a joystick, flailing  
as if rattled from a long sleep.

Behemoth, mortal, I put down  
the paring knife for a better look.  
Does it take the open air for a roaring  
wind, what will it eat here, what

will it do now.