

Friends and I Venture That Now Might Actually Be the Perfect Time to Have a Baby, Because It's Not Like You Can Really Go Anywhere Anyway

Inside the third zucchini
is a worm of sorts, reddish,
ribbed as a gearstick, nodding
its head abruptly as if jolted from a long
sleep. I bowed a bit, one mortal
to another. Had it ever known
a world but this world?
What would it eat, what
would it do now?

Second Draft:

Friends and I Venture That Now Might Actually Be the Perfect Time to Have a Baby, Because You'll Be Holed Up Inside Most of the Time Anyway

Inside the third zucchini
is a worm of sorts, reddish,
ribbed as a gearstick, lolling
as if prodded from a long
sleep. I bow a bit, one mortal
to another. Has it known any
world but this world? What
will it eat here, what will
it do now?