



**Sara Baker**

***Chimeras***

At the pool, a young woman takes off  
her prosthesis to swim.  
Matter-of-factly, she takes it off.  
It leans against a lounge chair,  
its small foot still clad in a silver sandal.  
She turns towards me and I see her face is  
badly scarred. But she is not  
hiding, she is here, with everyone else  
and her three small blond children.

In the car coming home,  
I hear a news report--  
a man says in ten years,  
computer implants will  
be standard gear.  
“Those without them  
will be left behind,”  
he opines. I decide  
I want to be left behind.

I read in the doctor’s office  
about *chimera* cells, how a woman can  
harbor both her mother’s and her child’s  
cells in her body. I try not to think  
of my mother. I look at my face,  
which looks like her face and  
I am surprised that my face  
is not scarred,

like the woman's  
in the pool. Sometimes  
I am going along fine, when  
a tsunami of grief overtakes me,  
causes me to limp, to stutter.  
Now I know: my cells in her  
call out to me, her cells in me,  
call out to her. I am not I

but we. In  
a few years, the man said, we'll  
all be connected, interfaced.  
How to tell him,  
  
we already are?

