



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?

