Suburban Life

Steven Graves

Western Michigan University, steven.w.graves@wmich.edu

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He was conceived at 2:36 A.M. in the back of a beat up Suburban. Two kids fooling around, playing adult in a playground parking lot. They tried to keep knowledge of his impending arrival quiet, but his mother’s belly was far too loud. Five hundred dollars, two doctors’ visits, six boxes of tissues, a tub of ice cream, a cup of water and a gulp of two pills were supposed to be the end of him, but he came anyway. Plopped right out in the cab of the Suburban while going 75 on eight mile to get to the hospital. That’s where these sort of things are supposed to happen, right? His mother picked him up off the cab floor, they both shivered and cried. The pain and fear that had consumed her and her lover’s eyes for the past eight months and 16 days evaporated. His mother looked at his ugly, wrinkled and gooey face; her eyes dilated as if the entire world was dark and this naked face was light and she smiled. They didn’t even hear the other cars honking as they sat mystified.