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## Thumbelina

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# *Thumbelina*

Holding her baby girl, she whispers,

I'll call you Thumbelina  
for I hope that you'll be as small as my thumb.

Then

secretly pulling out her magic scissors begins  
snipping away at Thumbelina.

An ear here,  
an arm there,

till all she has left is a tiny beating  
heart in the palm of her  
bloodied hand.

Smiling gleefully the young woman doesn't notice the old  
nurse who has screamed and run  
helter skelter

from the hospital room.

She doesn't know about the nurse who is now phoning  
the police,

the mental institute,  
and the morgue,

who are on their way to pick up the crazy young woman  
sitting in a pool of blood

on her hospital bed  
with her baby's body  
all around her

while smiling at the heart  
in the palm of her  
hand.

*by David Miles*