The first seven pregnant women I knew

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were teenagers. Some kept the baby. Entered the desert of marriage, their childhoods mirages waveri on whispered streets.

Others returned to school in old clothes that didn't quite fit, and took to the hard stare like needles to the vei. They stopped going to dances. If they had any freckles, they disappeared. They skipped gym. They started or stopped smoking. Teachers looked them up and down.

Me, I turned away, I made bad jokes, my little heart thumping like a suicidal bunny. All I did was hop hop hop down the echoing hallway.