

On the Creation of Babies



Maru Rojas

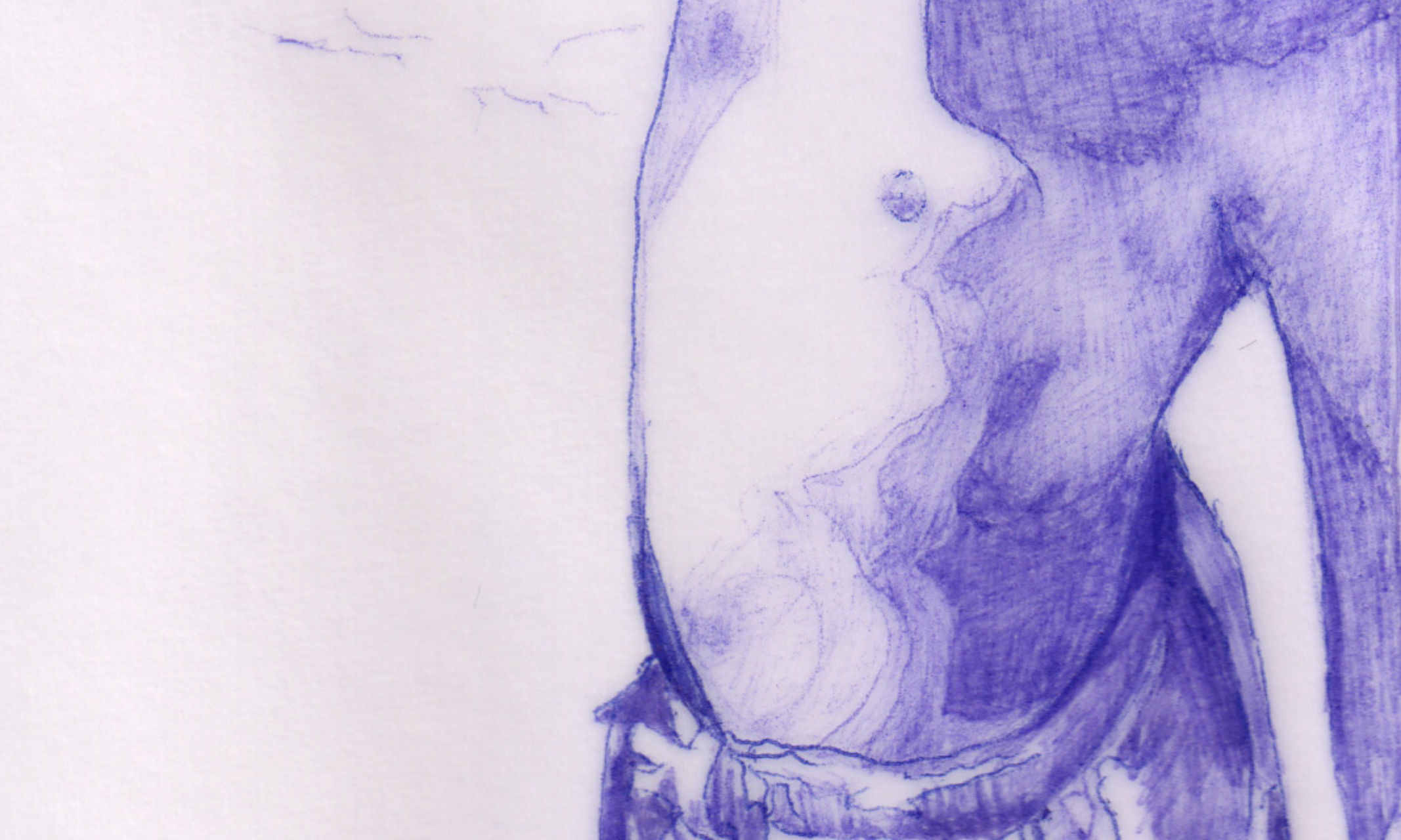
She's on the train, going to one of those places she's never sure of. She is but a parody of herself, an anxiety-ridden wreck. Lately she's been hanging out with the wrong crowd.

The result is she sees babies.

Babies everywhere. Thousands of baby-faces all blended into one unrecognisable mass, barely human, certainly not cute.

Strangely, or perhaps not at all, it reminds her of the time she learnt the word phallic. At least that was more fun

than



babies.

She forever hates the day she became aware of them, and embraced them as a possibility of her self.

Babies, ugly babies, images of babies.

They come around in strollers, in someone's arms, crawling towards her, on her Facebook page. Everyone has one or wants one. In terms of status symbols, they're worse than handbags.

At least handbags don't cry.



They've become monstrous.

Babies as handbags, babies as career choices,
babies as anti-boredom methods, babies as
the political wrapped in pink flesh, babies as
post-feminist actions, babies as weapons.

She tries to get rid of these sacrilegious thoughts.
The train is pretty empty.

She looks to the other side of the train and spots them. They can't be more than 19, 20 at the most. The blonde one is pretty, the other one is with her back towards her so she can't see, but she has a strange accent – or maybe it's a lisp.

Of course there is a baby. A toddler even, but for her the same thing. He/she looks a bit like a boy but has a ponytail, and at that age it's difficult to tell. The androgynous baby looks at her and waves.

*Hey dickhead, do you like the lady?
Yes, do you like her? You like her?*

Laughter.

She repeats the phrase in her mind,
to check if she's heard correctly.



He fancies 'er! Ha!

She wasn't paying attention, and the friend definitely has a lisp, so perhaps it's not what she said.

The train is pulling over.



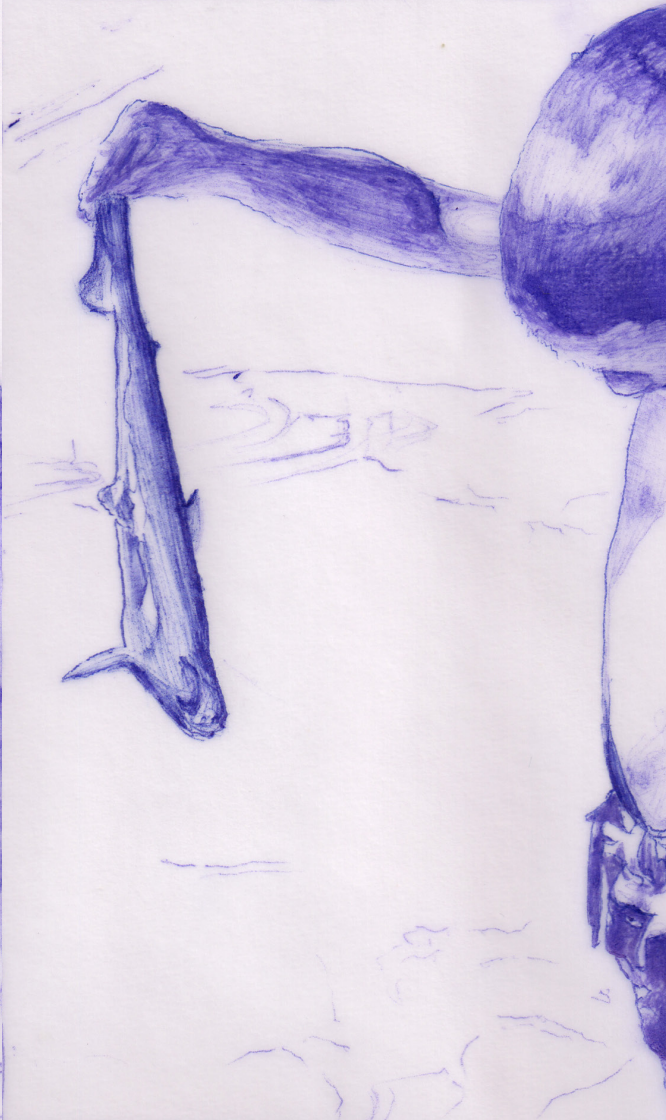
*Hey dickhead, let's go.
Say goodbye to the pretty lady.*

No mistake this time, she heard it. Unless that's his name. She once met one of them called Chardonnay, no kidding. What's so different from Dickhead then?

*Watch out you dickhead (this time
talking to the mum), the brake
is still on (the pram). Hurry up,
the doors are gonna close.*

Off they go, Friend, Mum and Dickhead. She can
see how she brought all of this upon herself.

Yet she blames the crowd.



There's gotta be more to life than babies.

END