

Not Mine

My colleagues
tell me of the ones
that got to them:
a pre-schooler
too much like their own,
or a baby
reminiscent of a treasured niece.
Many leave.
Many avoid nursing kids entirely.

They tell me I'm lucky
I have none:
no little one to fear for,
no pre-tuned heart strings.
Each fragile form that comes
into my care -
not mine.

I don't feel
lucky.

Scott Chisholm Lamont, RN.
September 2001