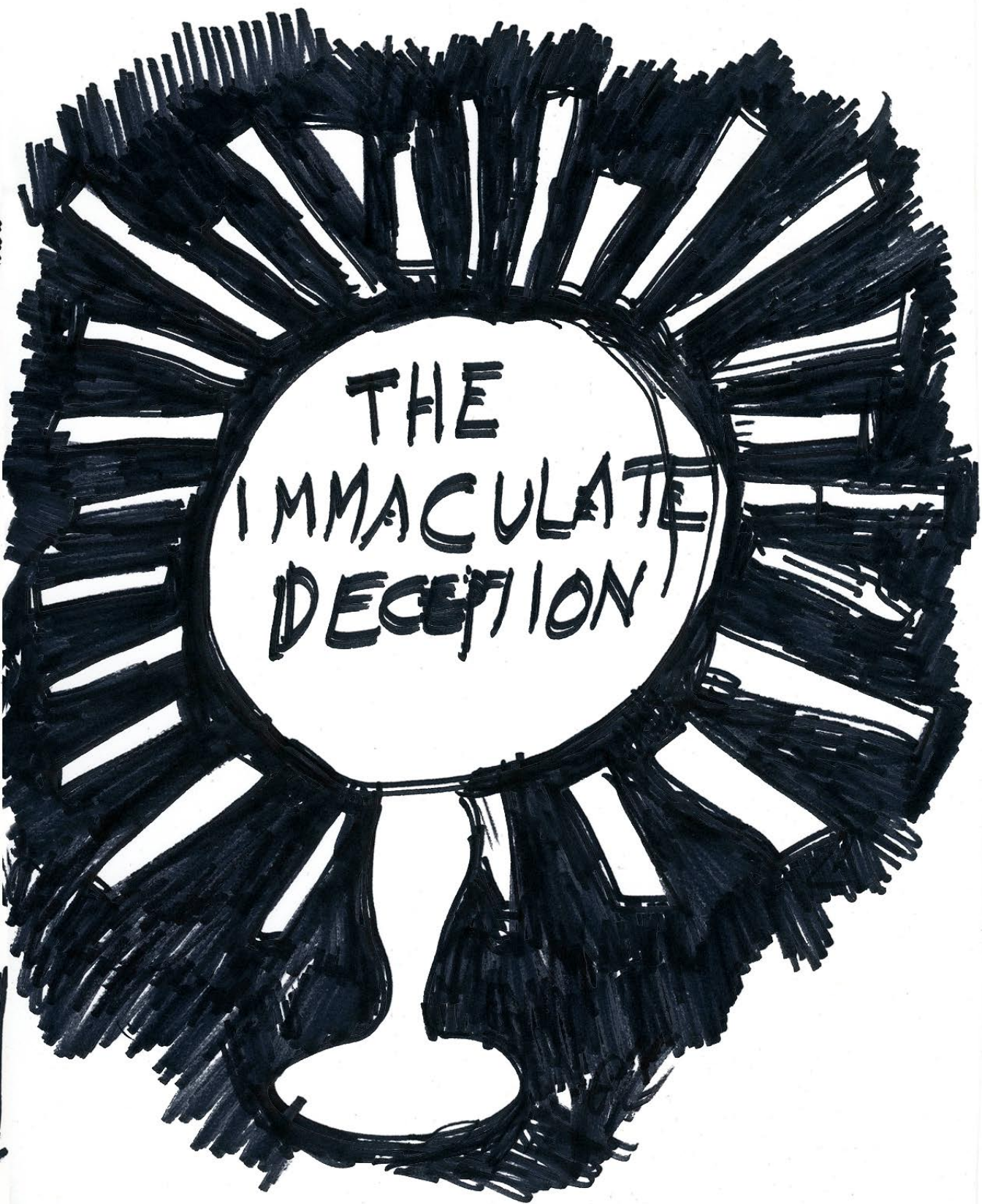




Dore Michaels

The Immaculate Deception

It was during the summer solstice of 1931 that Jack got lucky and Margaret got unlucky.

I was not an immaculate conception. My parents were ships in the night that collided and sank.

Mom and dad shared the
same lifeboat. I was their
sin.

Mother never forgave him
and he never forgave her.
She did not like him
and he did not like her.

We were a faux family.
I played the part of the son.

At first there was a thud
and crash.

A monsoon of moisture.
As I was thrust out in a
fountain, a squiggling
squirt, upside down,
sideways.

A turbulent roar of a
cacophony of sighs and
awkward pain spasm.



NO NO STOP!

Too late.

I flew free thrust from him
A projectile absorbed in
a vibration.

Too late, off upsticky stuff
My, their, our fate was
sealed. A spiral tornado.

Irrevocable!

Then the tears.

A gurgling of light.

Back then when mother
was eighteen, going on
fifteen.

Jack was twenty-four.

Help!

Too late.