

CHLORINE GARDENS

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WARNING

If you are uncomfortable because of seeing someone going into pools without washing with soap please tell the person. Our employees will tell our customers as soon as possible.

Help me memorize that sign.



Xia was born six years ago, a week late.
This is what I remember.



And your whole
body was covered
in hair.

I started having contractions the night
before I was scheduled to be induced.

I'd been sleeping on the couch for the
last month because it was softer.



I slept through some of the night.

By 5 am the contractions were very
strong and I considered going to the
hospital,



but something the nurse said kept
playing in my mind.

Once you come in,
you won't be
allowed to eat
until the baby
is delivered.



The contractions kept getting closer
together, then farther apart.

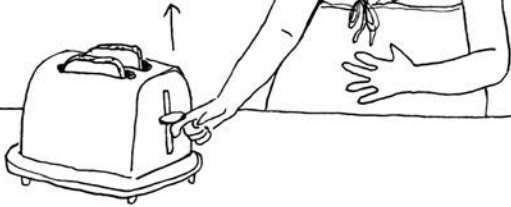


10am



Ten seconds later:

We're going
RIGHT NOW!



The hospital was nearby, but by the time I got a bed, I was in constant pain.



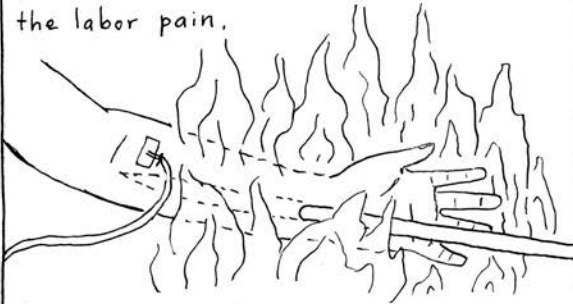
The nurse had misled me.

Between contractions you'll rest. You can meditate through them. The pain increases, decreases, then pauses. It helps if you can visualize it.



There was never a pause.

It got worse. The IV of antibiotics they gave me (because I tested positive for strep B) hurt as much as the labor pain.



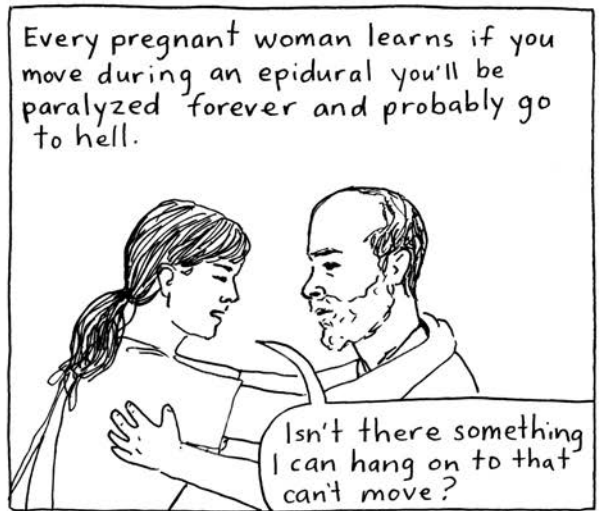
Someone ignited my arm while they skewered it with a metal stake.

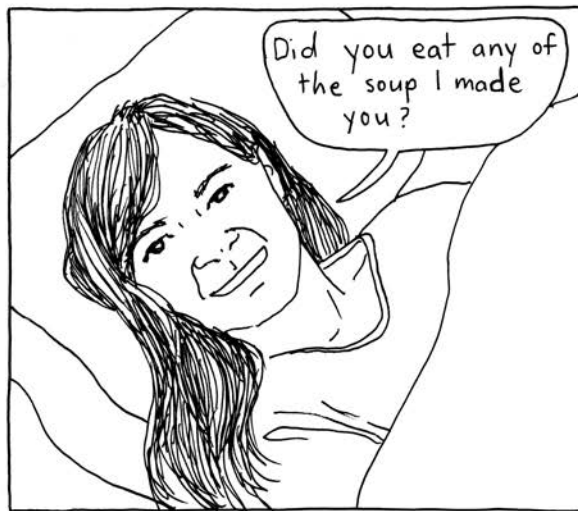
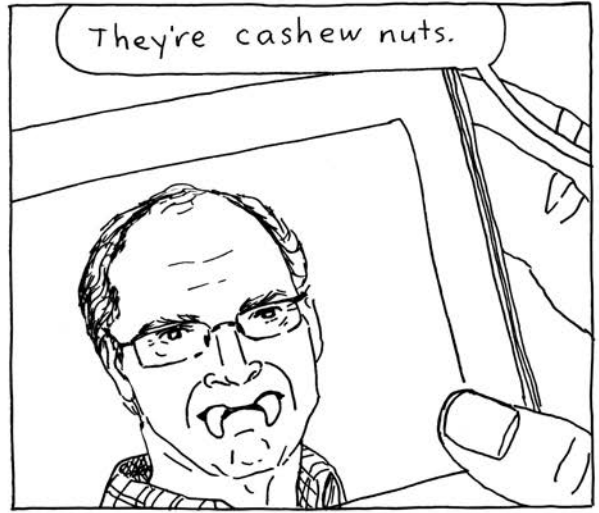
I couldn't handle it. I wasn't going to get a gold star.

Can I have an epidural?



Can she have an epidural?





At 4:37pm Xia was successfully born. We would go home with a real, live baby.



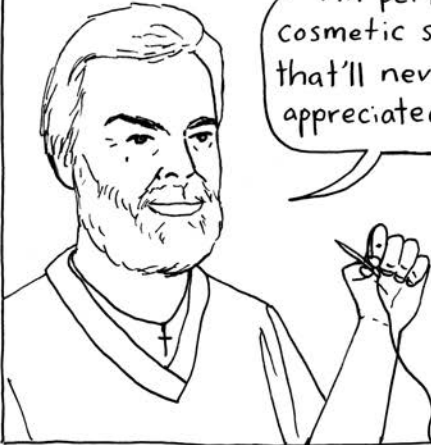
GASP!

How bad is it?

Some doctors stitch 'em up like they're tying up a boat.



I'm performing cosmetic surgery that'll never be appreciated enough.



My hospital dinner that night was full of meat, so I sent it back.

Oh, yuck. I just ate beef.



By the time they went to get the replacement meal, the kitchen was closed.



A nurse found some crackers for me.

Two days later we went home.

This is going to blow Crooky's mind.



When I became pregnant, my doctor recommended an obgyn who wasn't available, so I booked an appointment with her partner in practice.



old, white man

I never imagined I'd see a male gynecologist, but pregnancy made me lazy. I never sought out other options.



Ha, my wife borrows my socks too!

They were my own socks.

The Hispanic ladies shout, "Ay ay ay!" when they give birth.



And the Jewish ones yell "Oy oy oy!"

White women just scream, "Oh, FUCK!"



Oh.

heh
heh

I stayed. Even after my miscarriage, I went back to him.

This 350 lb. woman gave birth while crossing the street. The baby just fell out. The guy at the pizza place saw it and rushed out to wrap the baby in tinfoil.

Why wasn't she wearing underwear?! Ha!

He told me a story every time I saw him.



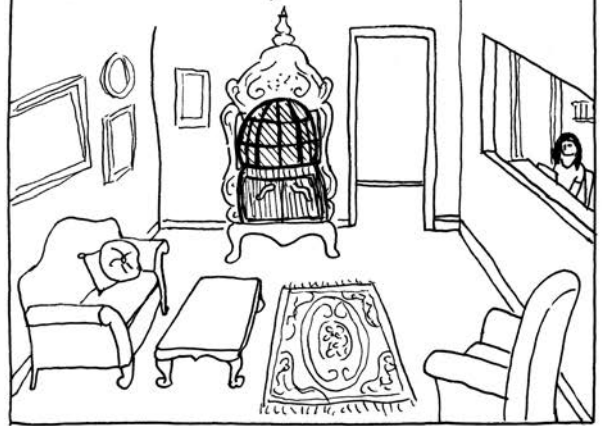
His wife was the receptionist. They had four kids.



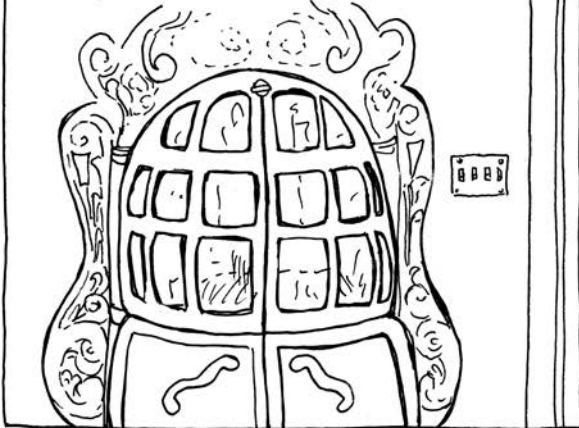
It was pink and Victorian.



A nonfunctioning, wood-burning stove dominated the space.



All I could think was that it seemed to be right for cremating babies.



I stayed because bland waiting rooms are worse.



My short-term memory is weak.

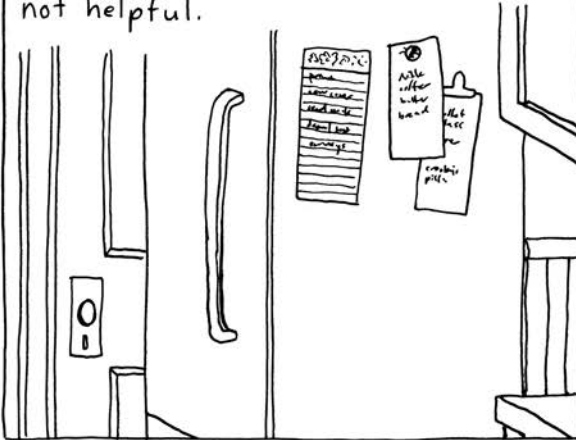
What was I saying?



What was I doing?



I keep lists everywhere. They're not helpful.



Now what the hell is this?

Did you write "training camels" on my list?

No. Why would I?



It never came to me, not even a feeling of vague recollection.



Since Xia was born, summer has been the most stressful season.



I'm constantly confused by scheduling.

I've always loved unstructured time, but it used to mean studio time.



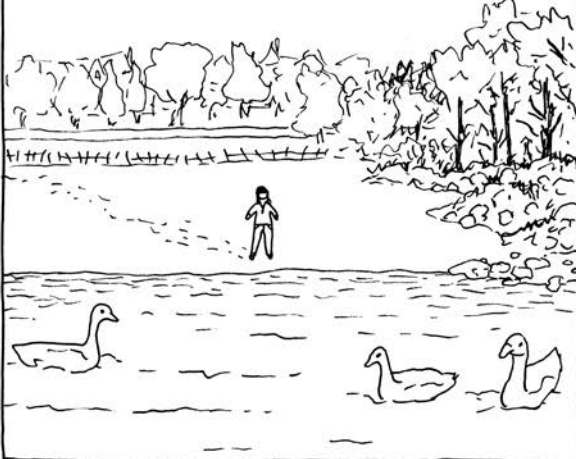
All my fears are amplified. The absence of a schedule makes me feel like any bad thing could happen.



After three years of not drinking, I have to do things like listen to a song on repeat all alone for an hour to self-soothe.



I feel like a child.



I feel like there's something very bad that I've just forgotten about and I have to strain to remember what it was before it's totally gone.

hang on...



What was the thought that left me feeling this way?



Want more info?!
Get in touch why dontcha?!
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