

## NOTES

*E-baby* is a narrative poem and should be entered in Poetry Interpretation; however, because this poem is written in free-verse, a performer could choose to enter this selection in Dramatic Interpretation. This poem may be performed by either a female or male. It is important for the performer to not give away the tragic ending in the introduction. Also, do not give away the dramatic nature of the poem at the beginning of the selection. Prior to the baby's death, the performance should be played with hope, joy, and the anticipation of awaiting the arrival of a new brother or sister. There is a definitive emotional transition in this poem. Take time to play the emotional shift once the family returns from the hospital. Also, play the ending for the hope that is inspired by the lessons learned from the Biblical story of Noah and the Ark. The drama mask icons are simply visible to show the performer when to turn the pages in the manuscript.

I make lists.  
It's what I do.  
It's who I am.  
It's how I roll.

Lists keep me organized.  
Lists keep me sane.  
Lists validate my OCD.

The minute Mom and Dad  
Announce they are going to have a baby—  
I am shocked.  
I'm surprised.  
I'm numb.

I thought they were getting too old to have any more kids.  
I thought they barely tolerate each other most of the time anyway.  
I thought they were through with all that stuff.

I was wrong.



With me graduating someday,  
I guess it dawned on them they'd be alone.  
With me going to college in the near future,  
I guess they realized they'd be living in an empty nest.  
With me leaving the house,  
I guess they decided they didn't want that *someday*.

My parents have been planning this for months.  
My parents didn't know if they could even *have* another child.  
My parents said they would pray about it.

Their prayers were answered.



I can't believe it.  
I am going to be a sibling.  
I am no longer going to be an only child.  
I am going to have a baby brother to teach how to throw a ball, or—  
I am going to have a baby *sister*—to teach how to throw a ball.  
I am going to be throwing balls to a baby.

How old does a baby have to be in order to *catch* the balls I throw?



We live out in the country.  
We live on a farm.  
We live too far away to shop at department stores.  
So, we order lots of things online, or—  
Rather, *I* order things online.

My parents have a fear of computers.  
My parents have a fear of technology.  
My parents suffer from technophobia.  
They aren't opposed to me having a computer.  
They just don't want anything to do with it,  
Which is fine by me.

A baby will require a lot of things.  
A baby will *need* certain things.  
Our baby will have everything it requires and needs or wants.  
Our baby is going to be the most spoiled baby in the universe.