

narrating

LANGUAGE

&

ART

a


QUEENSLAND

POETRY

FESTIVAL

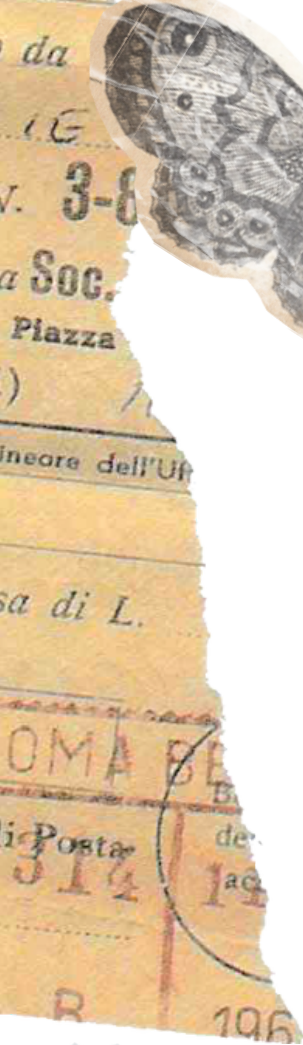
ZINE

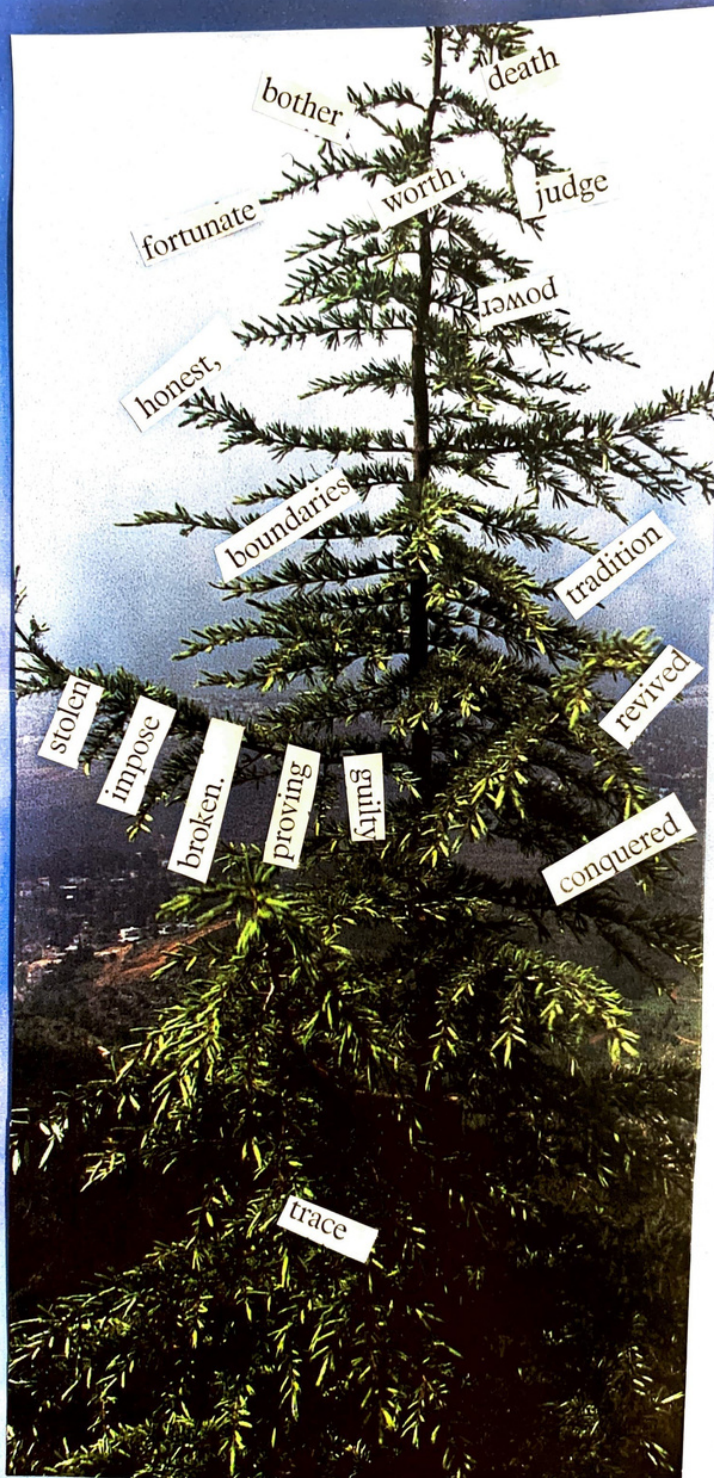




**Created during the
Collaborative Zine Drop-In
Workshop, facilitated
by Bianca Martin.**

**Queensland Poetry
Festival 2023.**





bother

death

fortunate

worth

judge

honest

power

boundaries

tradition

stolen

impose

broken

proving

guilty

revived

conquered

trace

You see the point?

a bullet wound on himself,

cunning

quite close, or actually touching his skin.

very cunning

reconstruct the crime and determine

doctor and detectives

It isn't quite as easy as all that.

This at first seemed a waste of time, for he had no crime on his conscience.

Does that please you

the sort of woman

on the sidewalk, smoking

in the chaos

Come one come all

Swell my womb

endless circles

wet with sweat

for one another

the deep carpet of

femme intimacy, of

picture of

its watery morning

cream sandpaper and scuff marks

brown skin and messy hair,

so I could carry the memory of you

to hold

Then I'll dream some more

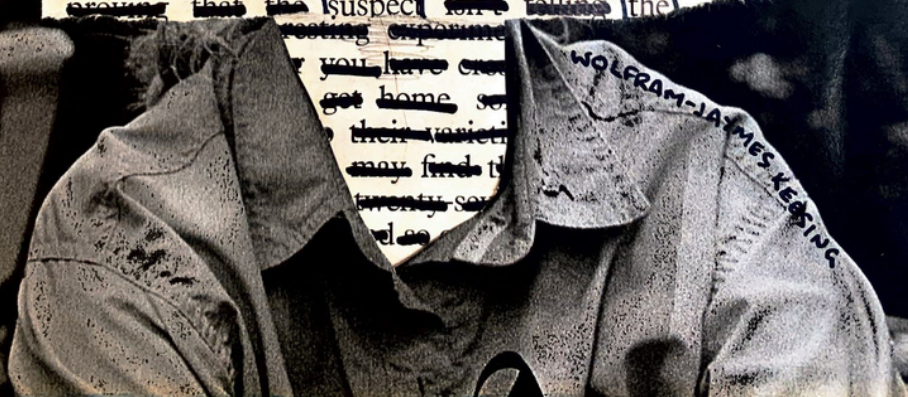


∴ Jessie Mae

UNTITLED (MUD)

CLUES FROM THE COUNTRYSIDE

Shorlock Holmes could tell what part of London a man had visited by taking a sample of mud from his shoes. The police detective doesn't try to do that, but he may well send a specimen of mud from shoes or clothing to the laboratory for analysis. He may be able to tell a story. The mud near a cement works, for example, will contain traces of cement. Soil varies in different parts of the country. If a suspect's shoes are muddy, the detectives will certainly send the shoes to the laboratory, and the men there will certainly take a sample of the soil near the scene of the crime. Both samples of mud will be carefully analysed, and if the two analyses yield almost exactly the same results, then it is reasonably certain that the suspect has been walking in that neighbourhood. If he denies that, he will be asked to explain how the mud got on his shoes. If he says that the mud came from quite a different district, the chemists at the laboratory will go to that district and analyse that soil. If it's quite different, it will go a long way towards proving that the suspect isn't telling the



[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]  [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] 'My dear boy, [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] [REDACTED] the edge, [REDACTED]

'I tried to jump [REDACTED]
[REDACTED] was [REDACTED] thick, soft [REDACTED]

→ 'I [REDACTED] came up close to me, [REDACTED] deeper and deeper! I couldn't get [REDACTED] free [REDACTED]

'You're all ~~partly~~ correct', ~~he~~ said. '~~It's~~ a jackal. It's ~~from~~ the same ~~family~~ as ~~the~~ ~~dog~~ ~~and~~ the fox.'

When the baby monkey saw the jackal, it hid ~~itself~~ a heap of moss inside ~~the~~ Jack, ~~scolded~~ and ~~comforted~~ the little ~~animal~~.

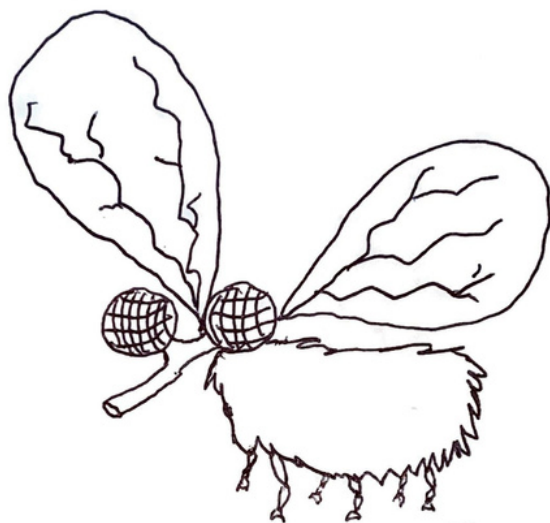
Then we sat down to a good breakfast of ~~meats~~, ~~but~~ and cheese. As we ate, ~~the~~ ~~dogs~~ ~~sounded~~ ~~like~~ ~~the~~ ~~dogs~~. The night before, they'd ~~been~~ hurt in the ~~fight~~ ~~with~~ the jackals. They had several deep and painful ~~wounds~~ ~~cut~~ ~~into~~ their necks. The dogs began to lick ~~at~~ ~~the~~ places they couldn't reach ~~with~~ ~~their~~ ~~mouths~~.

Suddenly Ernest had ~~an~~ ~~idea~~ ~~to~~ ~~use~~ ~~spiked~~ ~~collars~~ ~~to~~ ~~protect~~ ~~the~~ ~~dogs~~ ~~from~~ ~~the~~ ~~jackals~~. ~~He~~ ~~could~~ ~~make~~ ~~the~~ ~~dogs~~ ~~wear~~ ~~spiked~~ ~~collars~~, he explained, ~~and~~ ~~by~~ ~~not~~ ~~getting~~ ~~the~~ ~~same~~ ~~kinds~~ ~~of~~ ~~wounds~~ ~~as~~ ~~the~~ ~~other~~ ~~dogs~~. I told Ernest this sounded like a good idea and that he should try it. I suggested that he ~~could~~ ~~make~~ ~~the~~ ~~collars~~ ~~from~~ ~~teeth~~ ~~and~~ ~~use~~ ~~nails~~

Sniffing



MOSS

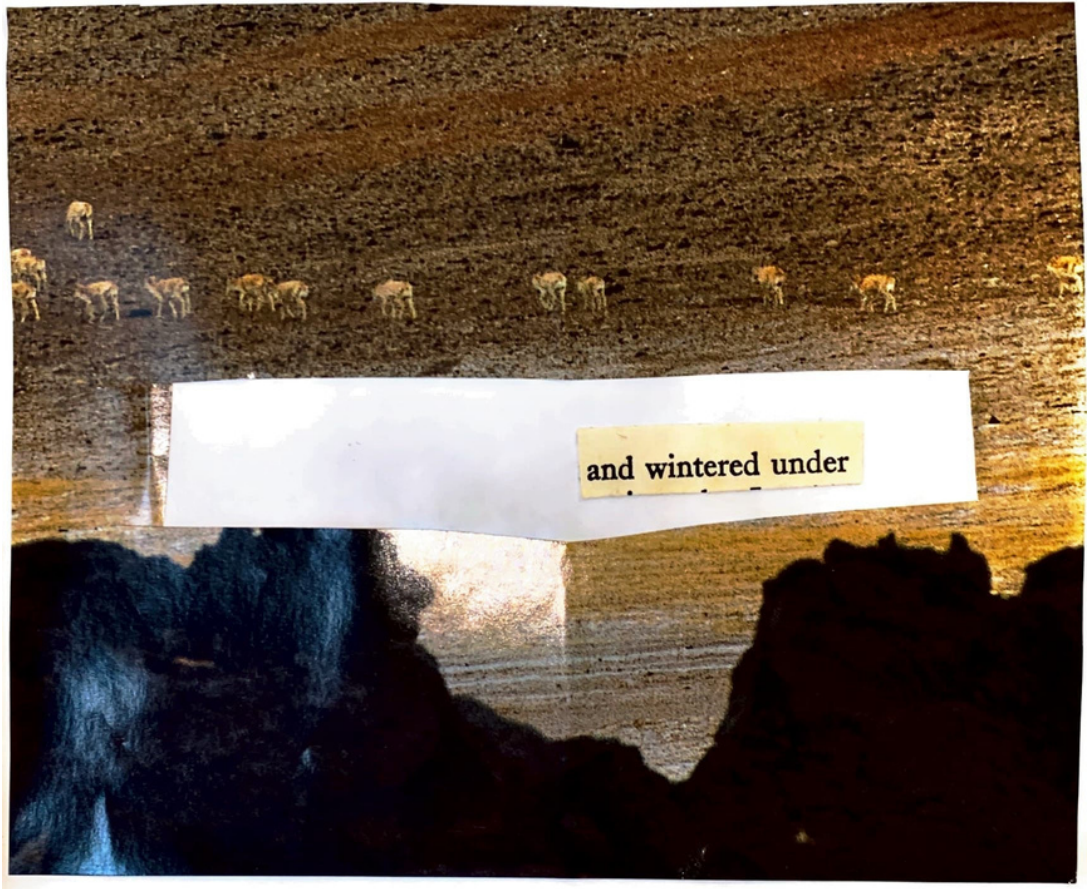


22-4-23

A fly is not a bug
Don't sit there and shrug
A fly is an insect
I sit here incensed
In my "buggy" refrain

Time

formed a cake



and wintered under

WE endured

the journey

our

feet arms

a kind of slow fox-trot

We

stopped to fill our flasks

Serenaded by a
choir of sparrows,

It was good

that we did

We were glad to rest



Keeping **NAKED SKEPTIC** out of Court **Peter**



My dear boy—it is not easy to write like this. But you see,

We're all guilty

dishonesty and drunkenness.

they can instead attack skeptics by arguing

'I'm a sheep in wolves'

clothing."

number of our pigs,

men of a better class,

increased greatly since our last visit. We decided

to bring some chickens back with us.

more and more and more.

Nothing he could do

First... what is actually happening?

you may find it mentioned

a man with degrees in history,

a short, muscular man

most endangered and elusive

contradiction in every sense.

very poor material

Here, it's against the rules.

No one knows what the law will allow."



THRIVING

Fleur's heart began to beat.

"Like what, dear?"

Again Soames gave her a look which, but for the affection in it, might have been called furtive.

"You know what I told you," he said, "I don't ~~choose to~~ have anything to do with that branch of our family."

"Yes, ducky, but I don't know why I shouldn't."

Soames turned on his heel.

"I'm not going into the reasons," he said; "you ought to trust me, Fleur!"

The way he spoke those words affected Fleur, but she thought of Jon, and was silent, tapping her foot against the wainscot. Unconsciously she had assumed a modern attitude, with one leg twisted in and out of the other, with her chin on one bent wrist, her other arm across her chest, and its hand hugging her elbow; there was not a line of her that was not involuted, and yet in spite of all she retained a certain grace.

"You know my wishes," Soames went on, "and yet you stayed on there four days. And I suppose that boy came with you to-day."

Fleur kept her eyes on him.

"I don't ask you anything," said Soames. "I make no inquisition where you're concerned."

Fleur suddenly stood up, leaning out at the window with her chin on her hands. The sun had sunk behind trees, the pigeons were perched, quite still, on the edge of the dove-cot; the click of the billiard-balls mounted, and a faint radiance shone out below where Jack Cardigan had turned the light up.

"Will it make you any happier," she said suddenly, "if I promise you not to see him for say the next six weeks?" She was not prepared for a sort of tremble in the blankness of his voice.

"Six weeks? Six years—sixty years more like. Don't delude yourself, Fleur; don't delude yourself!"

Fleur turned in alarm.

"Father, what is it?"

Soames came close enough to see her face.

"Don't tell me," he said, "that you're foolish enough to have any feeling beyond caprice. That would be too much!" And he laughed.

Fleur, who had never heard him laugh like that, thought: "Then it is deep! Oh! what is it?" And putting her hand through his arm she said lightly:

"No, of course; caprice. Only, I like my caprices and I don't like yours, dear."

"Mine!" said Soames bitterly, and turned away.

The light outside had chilled, and threw a chalky whiteness on the river. The trees had lost all gaiety of colour. She felt a sudden

supplies. Finally, nothing else could be squeezed into our little boat.

Soon it was time to sleep. Fritz fell asleep easily, but I had trouble. For hours I tossed and turned. I was worried about my wife and children, alone and unprotected, except by the dogs.

At last morning came. I looked toward shore and was happy to see my little flag still waving. To get the animals to shore, we had to figure out a way to keep them afloat. So we made life jackets for them. Each life jacket was made of two empty barrels, one on either side of the animal. These were tied together by leather thongs. We tied a large cork underneath for buoyancy. One by one, the animals were fitted into their jackets and pushed into the sea. As each animal bobbed back to the surface, it slowly began swimming toward the shore.



THE FIGHT FOR THE POLES

Scurvy rapidly weakened the party, and Captain Oates, of the Inniskilling Dragoons, was dying on his feet. At last, seeing that he was delaying the others and so destroying their chances of getting back, he made the greatest sacrifice man can make. This very gallant gentleman quietly said, "I am just going outside. I may be some time," and walked out to death in the blizzard to save his comrades.

Even this sacrifice was in vain, for when only 11 miles from One Ton Depot and 120 miles from Ross Island, the wind increased to a terrible blizzard that this time lasted for nine days, during which it was impossible to leave the tent. Here, game to the last, died from starvation Lieutenant Bowers, R.I.M., Dr. Wilson, and Captain Robert Falcon Scott, R.N.

A search party found their bodies in the tent. They had died calmly. The tent was walled round, by the search party, with slabs of snow.

There they are still lying, unchanged but slowly sinking into the Barrier-ice. The ice around them is moving out to the Ross Sea, where it will arrive in about two hundred years, and break off into bergs. Then it will drift away for thousands of four thousand miles, melting as it goes, and all their bodies, perfectly preserved on the day they died, will be released to lie in the Southern Ocean.

Sir Ernest Shackleton completed his arrangements for another expedition, and his ship, the *Endurance*, sailed from London August 1, 1914.

War was about to break out. Wood volunteered, and took a day's leave from his command.

Next day the King sent for Sir Ernest and presented him with a letter to carry across the world.

The *Endurance* was 280 tons, barquentine-rigged and built of Norway or oak and fir. Her sides were tapered in from the main deck down to the bilge, so that, like the *Fram*, she could escape her way from the crushing nips of the great ice-floes. Her engines drove her at nine knots, but for coal she carried only 120 tons. Her sides were two feet, and her hull eight feet thick of solid oak, which stood shield on her stern for cutting the ice. Outside she was sheathed with green canvas kept tight to her to keep her warm from the wind, and thus preventing her planking.

Shackleton's intention was to land at the southern end of the

LIFE

patterns on the surface

vortices

flow

inward

outward

The bedrock of it all

Defining reality

After the fall

Personal time warps

no

theory can explain

SELF

In your dreams

cultural and biological mosaic

I

generate currents on the surface

Don't fear the

quest

The clock in your head

is

your brain on consciousness

SO

SLEEP



@wylatters

THE BIG **New** QUESTIONS

- 96 What are you?
- 99 When are you?
- 100 Where are you?
- 103 Why are you?

GOD

L X Z

Stick things where they don't belong

(or absence of them!)

a rather scrawny city -

fallen signposts

Over time,

daydreaming

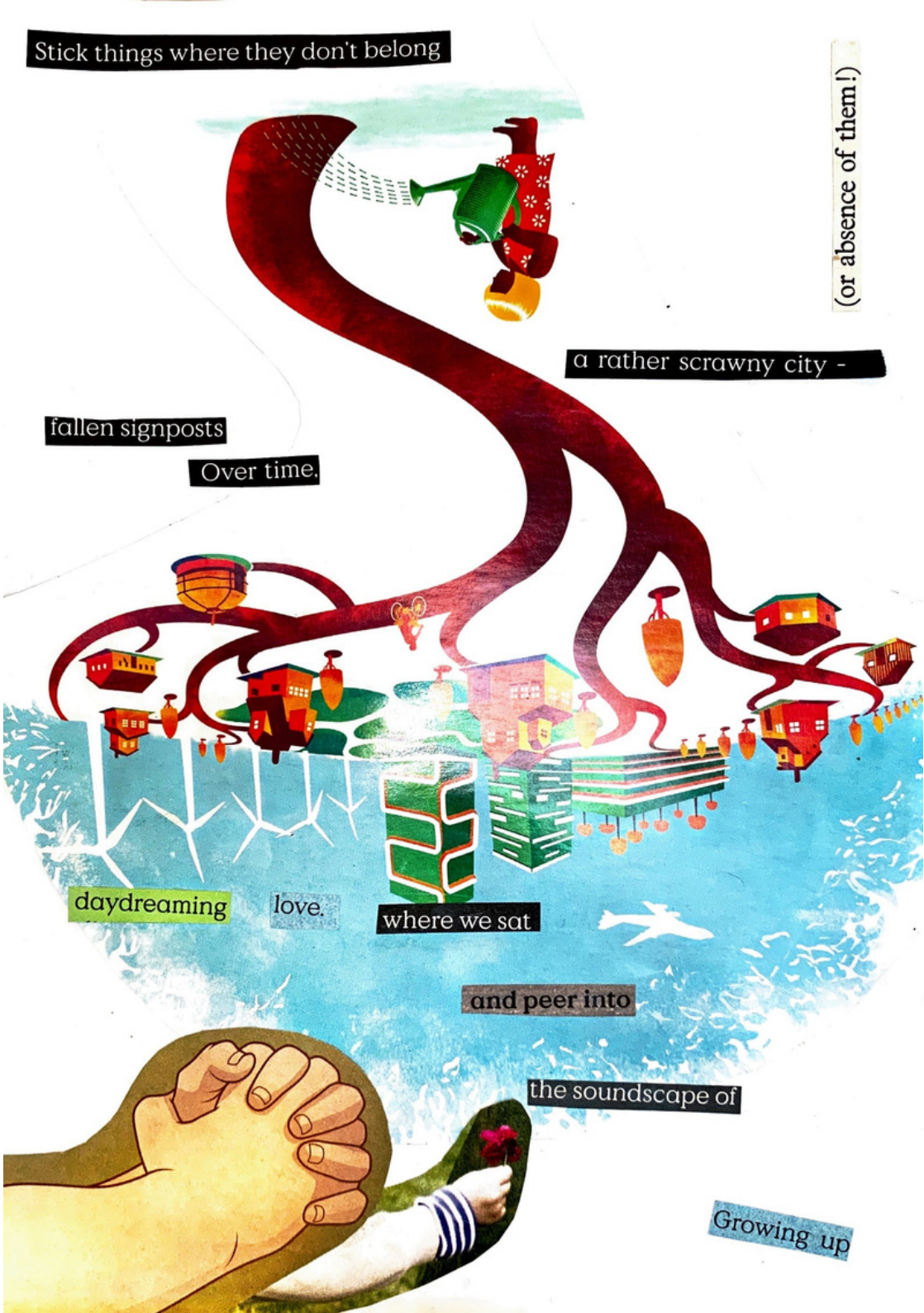
love.

where we sat

and peer into

the soundscape of

Growing up





A deep voice questioned

This added to his fear.

You are not the person you thought you were

with a dull feeling—imagination only half at work.

love's young dream is out of date

They were silent, disturbed by this first glimpse of each other

To make matters worse.

He paused a minute with his hand on her lips

The night, black and treacherous

Below, far below, was the sea

she looked back regretfully

Sweat broke out on his forehead

Never was anything so intoxicating

Abruptly a twig cracked

Suddenly she wished that she had not come





of cr
th
hol

Course
of we do

no climbing experience
had done a virtually well
self, carrying out the desc
brother. She had been unable
to fulfill Cowbo's don't cry, o
course in the
to us as reach-



the
re
Ac

I'm looking for

trees

often overshadowed

they
most one-th
on, and unsw
Conquered scurry
oke all records south
Pole and blazed the tr
covered the immense plate
the Pole, and the large
found coal near the
great Antarc
le f



we have plants too

I can't identify

The tree is

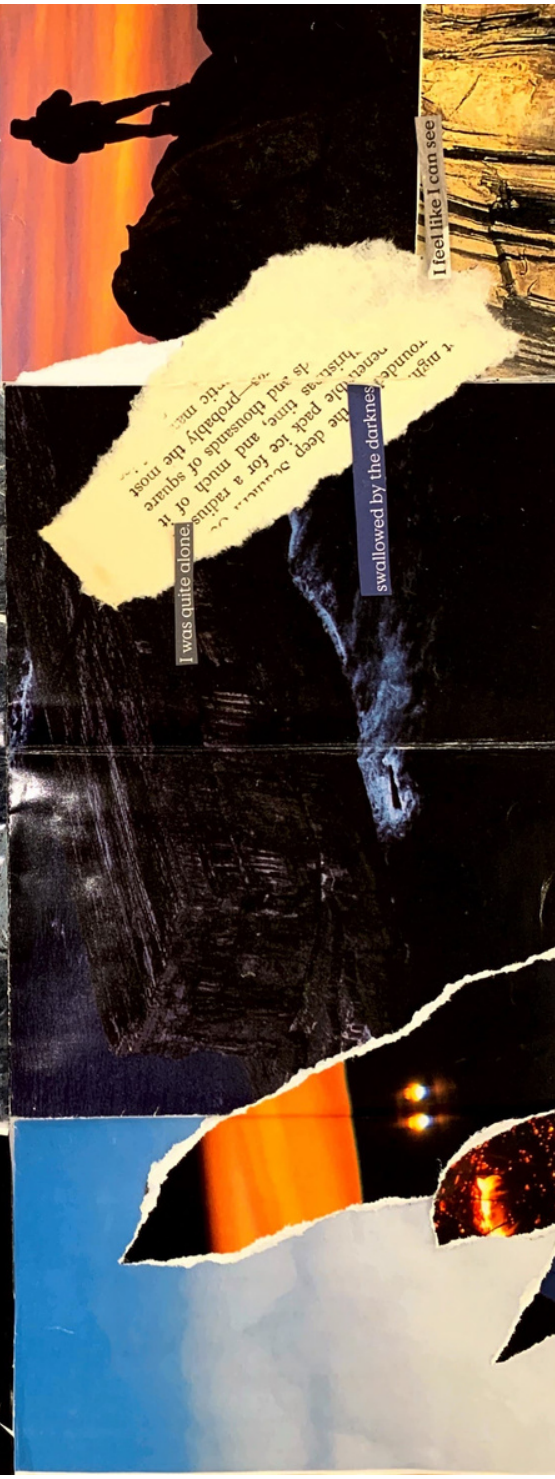
in

drag, old and

BOOM!

NG

with me forever



I feel like I can see

I might
round
triple
as and
the ma
the deep
the pack
ice for
a radius
of it
swallowed by the darkness

I was quite alone.

swallowed by the darkness

Such clues

He

knew this explanation

could not be true.

The suspect declared

standing on a

standing on a

He had a cut finger, and blood must have dropped on to the wall as he worked.

you can see the results

from a distance,
site sh

the story a suspect tells

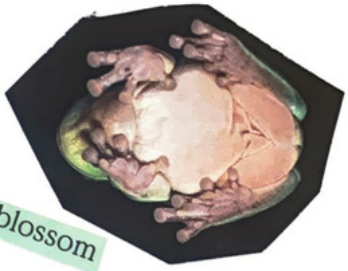
is true.
once

'blood' was no more r



To gouge out their eyes
with a stick.

to damage

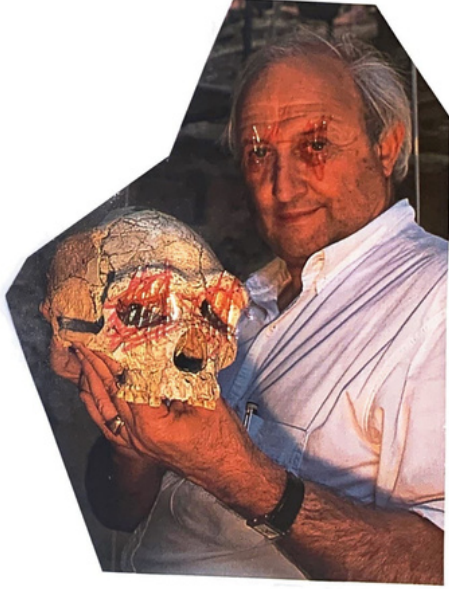


as you blossom



in my sister's small room

"Every woman adores a fascist
The boot in the face
The brute, brute heart of a brute like you."



THE FIXED IDEA

"THE fixed idea", which has outrun more constables than any other form of human disorder, has never more speed and stamina than when it takes the avid guise of love. To hedges and ditches, and doors, to humans without ideas fixed or otherwise, to perambulators and the contents sucking their fixed ideas, even to the other sufferers from this fast malady—the fixed idea of love pays no attention.

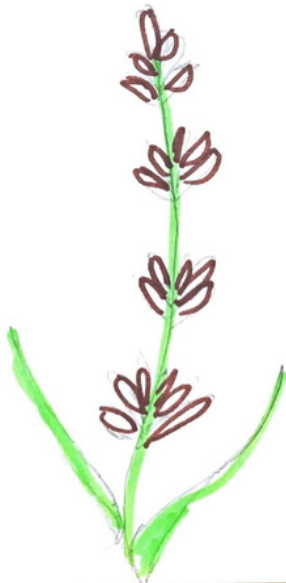
With my legs clenched together

But the second they're open

it feels like a certainty.

They and her

I delight to be alone With my dear one



Nadia

Karin's "Beauty" Hack

Let's celebrate

Show your true colours

From the inside out

Know that
there will be
ups and downs.
Be prepared
and be kind
to yourself

putting on
comfy clothes
and making
myself feel good

Karin

His friend

is a

lantern

shaking with

gold

eyes

the best

servant

It

kill him

violence

empty

TALES OF ~~ERCOLE~~ KNOWN

at his table trying to fit the bogus document to a stained and ragged piece of skin.

When he saw the intruder he swept both pieces to the floor, seized a pistol lying before him and fired point-blank at the intruder.

Fumagalli felt the wind of the bullet pass his head, and his pistol spat in return with deadly aim.

For a second the count glared at his enemy: then he coughed chokingly and fell forward on the table, clawed at the bloodstained papers, and sprawled sideways dead.

At the same moment Ercole and his three men appeared, wiping their knives.

"The two dogs outside are accounted for," the fisherman said. "they had no time to cry out. We have dragged them into some bushes."

"Good, then watch while I try to read this document. Give me the half you have, Paolo, and then go to the servants' quarters and see if the shots have roused them."

Feverishly he set to work on the new complete skin, whilst Paolo stood at the door. On the floor lay the body of the already forgotten descendant of Count Antonio, whose evil influence was still a cause so many deaths.

Hours after he passed, and still Fumagalli laboured with dictionary, encyclopaedia, and other works of reference, which he found ready to hand on the well-stocked shelves of the study.

Ercole returned and reported that the four men in the house had been bound and gagged for safety. He looked curiously at the drawn and twitching face of his friend: beads of perspiration were glistening on his temples, he had discarded his jacket and the gaudy *fazzoletto* which he wore always around his head.

"Wine" he croaked, when he saw the fisher. "bring me a bottle of wine. And you, Paolo, get some food and then try to sleep. I fear we shall be here all day—dawn is not far away. You will have to see the tradesmen and appear normal and care-free: Ercole and his men must dress, servants and appear to attend to their usual duties. No one must suspect that anything has happened here. Take the body of this *carogna* and hide it. Wash the blood from the carpet. Hide the two bodies of the *briccolari*, and use a rake on the path to efface bloodstains and footprints. Then make sure that the servants are securely tied and watched. If they get loose we should be lost—see to it. Any too insistent visitor I will deal with. You see how lucky for us that Paolo is already known here as one of the servants."

Ercole nodded. The plan was risky, but magnificent. The villa

The animal's huge jaw was nearly five metres long. The most interesting part of the great beast was the substance known as whalebone. This whalebone appeared all along both jaws. It was solid at the base, but toward the top it was split into a kind

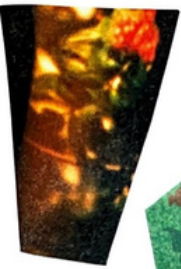
This is now.

A dream called

The death of a monster

CLOSER





In



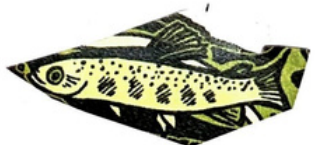
In the rose garden, which had taken the place of the old fernery, he could see Irene snipping and pruning, with a little basket on her arm. She was never idle, it seemed to him, and he envied her now that he himself was idle nearly all his time. He went down to her. She held up a stained glove and smiled. A piece of lace tied under her chin concealed her hair, and her oval face with its still dark brows looked very young.



your



dreams



RELIGION ~~is a central part of the~~ Supreme Court has ruled that forcing ~~family-owned businesses to provide~~ female ~~employees with free~~ contraception ~~is a violation~~ of ~~the~~ religious freedom.

Anti-abortion ~~campaigns~~ ~~and lawsuits~~ by the ~~Department of Health and Human Services~~ and ~~the Supreme Court~~ challenge ~~the~~ ~~Affordable Care Act~~ which has it that ~~there must be a birth control~~ ~~that offers free~~ birth control.

~~They believe that~~ human life ~~starts~~ ~~at~~ sperm ~~and~~ egg ~~and~~ ~~that~~ ~~anyone~~ ~~opposed~~ ~~to~~ birth-control ~~methods~~ ~~that~~ ~~prevent~~ fertilisation, ~~and~~ ~~condemn~~ ~~the~~ ~~process~~ ~~of~~ the implantation ~~of~~

~~a~~ fertilised egg, ~~believing~~ this to be ~~an~~ ~~abortion~~. ~~The~~ ~~firm~~ ~~is~~ ~~the~~ ~~morning~~ ~~after~~ ~~planning~~ ~~two~~ ~~intensive~~ ~~days~~ ~~of~~ ~~sex~~.
~~The~~ ~~Supreme~~ ~~Court~~ ~~has~~ ~~ruled~~ ~~that~~ ~~family-owned~~ ~~businesses~~ ~~are~~ ~~not~~ ~~out~~ ~~of~~ ~~providing~~ ~~their~~ ~~employees~~ ~~with~~ ~~birth~~ ~~control~~ ~~coverage~~ ~~if~~ ~~the~~ ~~methods~~ ~~conflict~~ ~~with~~ ~~their~~ ~~religious~~ ~~beliefs~~.

~~But~~ ~~others~~ ~~say~~ ~~that~~ ~~the~~ ~~method~~ ~~of~~ ~~contraception~~ ~~would~~ ~~not~~ ~~interfere~~ ~~with~~ ~~the~~ ~~religious~~ ~~beliefs~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~firm's~~ ~~owners~~ ~~because~~ ~~they~~ ~~are~~ ~~not~~ ~~preventing~~ ~~fertilisation~~.

"~~The~~ ~~method~~ ~~of~~ ~~contraception~~ ~~is~~ ~~an~~ ~~agreement~~ ~~between~~ ~~one~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~parties~~ ~~to~~ ~~abortion~~," ~~says~~ ~~Dr~~ ~~William~~ ~~Schwartz~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~San~~ ~~Francisco~~ ~~Medical~~ ~~Center~~, ~~who~~ ~~has~~ ~~been~~ ~~heard~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~pro-choice~~ ~~network~~ ~~Physicians~~ ~~for~~ ~~Reproductive~~ ~~Choice~~ ~~and~~ ~~Health~~.

her
right

her

CHOICE

~~Every~~ ~~year~~, ~~four~~ ~~million~~ ~~babies~~ ~~are~~ ~~born~~ ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~US~~. ~~The~~ ~~majority~~ ~~of~~ ~~his~~ ~~ec~~ ~~birth~~ ~~and~~ ~~half~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~babies~~ ~~die~~ ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~first~~ ~~days~~ ~~or~~ ~~weeks~~ ~~of~~ ~~life~~, ~~and~~ ~~many~~ ~~will~~ ~~likely~~ ~~be~~ ~~born~~ ~~with~~ ~~some~~ ~~form~~ ~~of~~ ~~disability~~.

~~One~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~most~~ ~~important~~ ~~things~~ ~~that~~ ~~happens~~ ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~last~~ ~~trimester~~ ~~of~~ ~~pregnancy~~ ~~is~~ ~~the~~ ~~baby's~~ ~~brain~~ ~~developing~~ ~~and~~ ~~growing~~ ~~in~~ ~~size~~ ~~and~~ ~~weight~~. ~~By~~ ~~the~~ ~~end~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~pregnancy~~, ~~the~~ ~~baby's~~ ~~brain~~ ~~is~~ ~~about~~ ~~the~~ ~~size~~ ~~of~~ ~~a~~ ~~football~~. ~~It~~ ~~is~~ ~~the~~ ~~most~~ ~~important~~ ~~part~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~body~~ ~~because~~ ~~it~~ ~~controls~~ ~~all~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~body's~~ ~~functions~~. ~~It~~ ~~is~~ ~~also~~ ~~the~~ ~~most~~ ~~vulnerable~~ ~~part~~ ~~because~~ ~~it~~ ~~is~~ ~~so~~ ~~close~~ ~~to~~ ~~the~~ ~~birth~~ ~~canal~~. ~~It~~ ~~is~~ ~~the~~ ~~most~~ ~~important~~ ~~part~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~body~~ ~~because~~ ~~it~~ ~~controls~~ ~~all~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~body's~~ ~~functions~~. ~~It~~ ~~is~~ ~~also~~ ~~the~~ ~~most~~ ~~vulnerable~~ ~~part~~ ~~because~~ ~~it~~ ~~is~~ ~~so~~ ~~close~~ ~~to~~ ~~the~~ ~~birth~~ ~~canal~~.

~~Once~~ ~~the~~ ~~baby~~ ~~is~~ ~~fully~~ ~~developed~~, ~~the~~ ~~mother's~~ ~~body~~ ~~prepares~~ ~~for~~ ~~childbirth~~. ~~The~~ ~~uterus~~ ~~contracts~~, ~~and~~ ~~the~~ ~~placenta~~ ~~is~~ ~~detached~~ ~~from~~ ~~the~~ ~~uterus~~. ~~The~~ ~~placenta~~ ~~is~~ ~~the~~ ~~organ~~ ~~that~~ ~~supplies~~ ~~the~~ ~~baby~~ ~~with~~ ~~oxygen~~ ~~and~~ ~~nutrients~~ ~~through~~ ~~the~~ ~~umbilical~~ ~~cord~~. ~~During~~ ~~the~~ ~~first~~ ~~moments~~ ~~of~~ ~~childbirth~~, ~~the~~ ~~placenta~~ ~~is~~ ~~still~~ ~~attached~~ ~~to~~ ~~the~~ ~~uterus~~ ~~and~~ ~~the~~ ~~baby~~ ~~is~~ ~~still~~ ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~uterus~~. ~~The~~ ~~placenta~~ ~~is~~ ~~the~~ ~~organ~~ ~~that~~ ~~supplies~~ ~~the~~ ~~baby~~ ~~with~~ ~~oxygen~~ ~~and~~ ~~nutrients~~ ~~through~~ ~~the~~ ~~umbilical~~ ~~cord~~.

~~Childbirth~~ ~~is~~ ~~the~~ ~~process~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~baby~~ ~~moving~~ ~~from~~ ~~the~~ ~~uterus~~ ~~to~~ ~~the~~ ~~birth~~ ~~canal~~ ~~and~~ ~~out~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~mother's~~ ~~body~~. ~~The~~ ~~placenta~~ ~~is~~ ~~still~~ ~~attached~~ ~~to~~ ~~the~~ ~~uterus~~ ~~and~~ ~~the~~ ~~baby~~ ~~is~~ ~~still~~ ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~uterus~~. ~~The~~ ~~placenta~~ ~~is~~ ~~the~~ ~~organ~~ ~~that~~ ~~supplies~~ ~~the~~ ~~baby~~ ~~with~~ ~~oxygen~~ ~~and~~ ~~nutrients~~ ~~through~~ ~~the~~ ~~umbilical~~ ~~cord~~. ~~During~~ ~~the~~ ~~first~~ ~~moments~~ ~~of~~ ~~childbirth~~, ~~the~~ ~~placenta~~ ~~is~~ ~~still~~ ~~attached~~ ~~to~~ ~~the~~ ~~uterus~~ ~~and~~ ~~the~~ ~~baby~~ ~~is~~ ~~still~~ ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~uterus~~. ~~The~~ ~~placenta~~ ~~is~~ ~~the~~ ~~organ~~ ~~that~~ ~~supplies~~ ~~the~~ ~~baby~~ ~~with~~ ~~oxygen~~ ~~and~~ ~~nutrients~~ ~~through~~ ~~the~~ ~~umbilical~~ ~~cord~~.

~~The~~ ~~placenta~~ ~~is~~ ~~the~~ ~~organ~~ ~~that~~ ~~supplies~~ ~~the~~ ~~baby~~ ~~with~~ ~~oxygen~~ ~~and~~ ~~nutrients~~ ~~through~~ ~~the~~ ~~umbilical~~ ~~cord~~. ~~During~~ ~~the~~ ~~first~~ ~~moments~~ ~~of~~ ~~childbirth~~, ~~the~~ ~~placenta~~ ~~is~~ ~~still~~ ~~attached~~ ~~to~~ ~~the~~ ~~uterus~~ ~~and~~ ~~the~~ ~~baby~~ ~~is~~ ~~still~~ ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~uterus~~. ~~The~~ ~~placenta~~ ~~is~~ ~~the~~ ~~organ~~ ~~that~~ ~~supplies~~ ~~the~~ ~~baby~~ ~~with~~ ~~oxygen~~ ~~and~~ ~~nutrients~~ ~~through~~ ~~the~~ ~~umbilical~~ ~~cord~~. ~~During~~ ~~the~~ ~~first~~ ~~moments~~ ~~of~~ ~~childbirth~~, ~~the~~ ~~placenta~~ ~~is~~ ~~still~~ ~~attached~~ ~~to~~ ~~the~~ ~~uterus~~ ~~and~~ ~~the~~ ~~baby~~ ~~is~~ ~~still~~ ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~uterus~~. ~~The~~ ~~placenta~~ ~~is~~ ~~the~~ ~~organ~~ ~~that~~ ~~supplies~~ ~~the~~ ~~baby~~ ~~with~~ ~~oxygen~~ ~~and~~ ~~nutrients~~ ~~through~~ ~~the~~ ~~umbilical~~ ~~cord~~.



T H A N K

Y O U



*more poetry
is needed*