

Raining on Babies

Terry Trowbridge¹

Some babies are sitting together
in those things that are Hybrids
between car seats and picnic baskets.

When the rain comes down they stop
whatever it is they are doing
and with complete silence they look at their hands.
Probably this is intense concentration.

If I was supposed to teach them to meditate
I would put them in the rain.
If I was supposed to teach them to be artists
I would put them in the rain
because that was an all-encompassing look
that they gave to their fingers and the sensation of sudden
polka dotted cold.

¹ Terry Trowbridge's essays have been published in *Rampike* (2010) and *Ariel* (2010). He has co-authored literary criticism about bpNichol and cryptography in conference proceedings of the IEEE (2009, 2011), the ACM (2012) and also in *Rampike* (2012). His poetry has appeared in various venues, most recently *dead (g)end(er) magazine* (2011), *Carousel* (2013) and two chapbooks from Grey Borders Press in Niagara Falls, *Slimy Bugs* (2007) and *That's Why They Shit So Much: Self-Help for Living with Passive-Aggressive Cats* (2011). Terry is a PhD candidate in Socio-Legal Studies at York University.