

# Somebody Else's Babies

**Charles W. Brice**

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*"We can't restore our civilization with somebody else's babies."*

—Iowa Representative Steve King

*"I am the man, I suffer'd, I was there."*

—Walt Whitman

The nuns said that we were all  
a part of Christ's Mystical Body—  
One, in that translucent corpus.

And so it was that:

Before he shot me in the face,  
before he said, "Go back to your own country,"  
before I took that last sip of single malt,  
I'd told my friend, also an American of Indian  
descent,  
that Sidney Crosby was the best hockey player  
in the world.

Before someone spray painted, "Make America White Again,"  
along with a huge swastika on one of the dugouts,  
before they called me the N-word after the election,  
before all my white friends wanted me on their team,  
I hit a homer in that field where we ten-year-olds snuck  
under the fence and played baseball.

Before the men grabbed my purse and stole my car,  
before they ridiculed me for wearing my hijab,  
before I said my prayers, afraid to go out in public after the election,  
before I kissed my boyfriend and told my sister I loved her,  
I felt that I was in the home of the brave, the land of the free.

Before the hateful horde upended my wife's gravestone,  
before they desecrated our cemetery,  
it was there, in that sacred place,  
on her yahrzeit, where I felt her breath,  
where I felt most at peace.

If you harm another person, the nuns said,  
not quite knowing what they were saying,  
You harm Jesus. You are part of his body,  
his mystical body.

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