

THE INCUBATOR BABY'S LAMENT

I was called here before I was ready to come
Out of my mothers warm sheltering home
Into a big house of glass, there to stay
For many, many, a long lonsome day;
Fed through a tube, or some little old toy
Which want a bit nice for a fine little boy,
Wrapped in some cotton, and warmed with a light,
No clothes to put on me. Oh! my! what a plight.
Not a Grandma, or Auntie, or Uncle, to see,
I wailed out my complaints, just a tiny "Pee Wee",
Only nurses, and doctors, combined in their might
To look after my needs, and keep me just right,
The only bright spot, and a sure saving grace,
No one came with water to wash off my face,
But I spose I must stay here, the whole time through,
Till out in the big world I can make my debut.

Nellie I. Thomas