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## First Born

Thom Ward

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## Ward: First Born

FIRST BORN

Thom Ward

My aunts wrapped me in an unfortunate sweater and dropped me in a puddle for safekeeping. So they say. There is always too much testosterone, a plague of this and that to keep the visiting team off-balance. I did OK among the sticks and bloated leaves, learned to scribble my name into pebbles smart enough to put down security deposits. No pool yet better than a sink, a puddle may have gum wrappers but seldom nuclear subs. What a rush to backstroke and crawl in seventy-five percent cotton, even as I came to learn how each pagan god is an overpaid hedonist. Small and wet, our human existence. So what if it's fuchsia and chartreuse; it's nice to have a few threads that fit.