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The Poet's Bastard Children

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The Poet's Bastard Children

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He told her not to believe the rumors about his sperm. They were not as wayward as everyone was saying. And everyone knew those little devils had a way of sneaking up on people without the donor's knowledge. They have a life of their own. His wife did not believe him though she said it was all one big cosmic joke. She thought he was sterile. But he tried to get her pregnant every night all the same. He did not tell her how close he'd come to spilling some of his bastard children down the thigh of his biggest fan. She was a pert research assistant with close-set eyes and a perfectly undimpled ass. She changed from workout clothes to jeans in his tenured bathroom twice a week. The door was crooked and the building was ancient and the gap between the hinges never closed completely. He told his wife his love was never ending. She came to his readings anyway. When her husband began his first published poem she'd swooned so many years ago. Now she mused over the unwrinkled faces looking up at the stage. She'd watch their soft mouths get softer and open without their knowledge. Her husband never let her see his pondering, but she saw them chew his frothy odes and swallow up all his children.