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## Baby Monitor

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# Baby Monitor

by Scott Thomas

Last night, I heard her signal  
Carried on the digital brook  
That flows in the nursery.  
The baby monitor amplified its range.  
Otherwise, it would not have been heard  
By any soul who understood—  
A repeated tapping  
Embedded in the gurgling water,  
Three quick beats followed by two of two—  
*Come in Fred...come in...come in...*  
*Come in Fred...come in...come in...*  
But Fred never responded,  
And, like an automated distress beacon,  
Olive's message kept repeating—  
*Come in Fred...come in...come in...*  
Fred and Olive are nowhere.  
Their cabin sits deserted,  
Their birdhouses condemned,  
But, thanks to them, I can tell you now  
What death is like.  
Confused and lonely,  
They try to contact spouses  
With patterns in a sound machine.  
They are not even close.  
The baby sound asleep...  
*Come in Fred...come in...come in...*