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**Ode to an Everyman**

I hold you in my hands,  
an embryo  
no bigger than a dust mote  
within a droplet—  
one of many  
nurtured in the dark  
of an incubator this day.  
Conjured from a sperm and egg,  
each a life to be fulfilled—  
ascendance, then decay.  
What might you become  
once I place you there—  
a cutpurse or a Liszt,  
or die a little death  
within the womb?

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