

Fitzgerald Patrik, Down Mexico Way

She wanted to be a mother -
The final touch -
Towards their picture of domestic bliss
They failed, though, the audition
For adoption
"What can I do" he thought
"To keep the peace"
"What can I do" he thought
"To keep her in one piece?"
A baby, it seemed, could be a solution
She couldn't have a baby though
He reached into his briefcase
And prepared to write a cheque
To some unknown girl
Living a hundred miles away
He'd simply seen an advert
Saying "womb for sale...."
It didn't matter that much
About her background
As long as she could provide
The means
For birth:
The baby born, the cheque signed
The baby delivered....
Problem solved