

# Untitled

*By Rituparna Das*

I have not seen anything like it before. It could probably fit inside my open palm. A red head, a protruding belly, stick-thin limbs - but with perfectly formed fingers and toes. A tiny mouth that opens and closes, eyes that would if they were not still fused. Skin so thin I can outline the tracks of blue blood vessels leading to a beating heart I do not need a stethoscope to appreciate. We came in with the agreement that if it was too small, we would do nothing. We talked about physiology and the predictors of viability - what we should measure, what we should ascertain. But the moment we see it, there are no more questions. We watch in fascination as it sighs and stirs but then quietly passes out of a world it was never meant for.