

Bizarro Genius Baby

MC Frontalot

I had a dream that I fathered a bizarro genius baby.
She's out the womb like, "Dood, why'd I get expatriated?"
Debated at one month the finer points of a diaper,
devised a device composed of a hose and a windshield wiper.
Grew riper in intellect as the months passed, wore a dunce cap
ironically,
got fussy once and she summoned me not sonically
but through a series of editorials that she authored,
entitled: "Is MC Frontalot One Of The Worst Fathers?"
Oxford, Stanford, Harvard called, she didn't call them back.
"Tuition & Housing? I'm holding out for a tenure track."
Distracted by her first birthday party, I hardly noticed
she'd brought peace to the middle east or at least a cease-
fire with the POTUS.
And no dust had settled when she'd disproved Fermat
by finding $A^3 + B^3 = C^3$ and her sadness
at throwing the field into disarray got assuaged
by a brand new rattle and a mint parfait.

Bizarro genius baby: at first I was elated, but eventually I grew concerned.

Bizarro genius baby: you prove my genes are Grade A, but what of when tables turn?

She had to settle for the Fields Medal but didn't settle well,
all the while cursing the indiscretions of Madame Nobel,
and so well tuckered out was she at this point that she napped,
arose with a whole symphony composed in Bb.

"See dad?" Yes dear, it'll go with the other ones on the fridge

,
in between the two Puccinis you translated & abridged,
just above 'I love you dad' in macaroni/glitter
and the 37 villanelles to mom (but I ain't bitter).

And no quitter was she neither when the time it came to walk:
built an exoskeleton out of gelatin and chalk
which allowed her to run thirty miles an hour 'round the yard.
You think that parenting your normal little children is hard?
I got scarred, scared, scampered at by holographic artifacts
that she projected on the scene with a machine that automatically

discerns your worst concerns & makes them visible.

She deemed it risible. Her glee was indivisible
from all emanations that the baby would make.

I had to become less hilarious for all of our sakes.

I made mistakes, I'll admit it. Dropped the kid on her head,
destroyed the part of her that thought of evil. Or so she said!

Now I bred this thing out myself in part —

she quoted "reap what you sow