Birth

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I.

Above my ears, he sings
"How does it feel, how does he feel,"
and I want to answer.
I patiently sit, waiting for her, for him --

The way her body contorts and contracts,
slipping out of her cocoon.
I know no one feels restful.
The moon is almost new --
the small sliver just hangs over
our heads ready to fall, waiting.

How curious!
we begin to notice small, vivid details
when our ears are in pain for her --
when the walls of her love relentlessly surrender.

We try to shape the world, the universe
but we sit.
We wait.
We listen for the clarity of her voice,
the singularity of two entwining oceans of sound:

the portrait of a new life.

II.

The same way the wind harmonizes with the thick, tall grasses &
the geese fly in perfect, unbreakable formation –
we breathe pulling tides together. Towing our love: a continual trust.
We sink and rise again, the caves of ours chest align like a heart: delicate, ripe.
I hear your whimper starting in your toes and traveling to your

butterfly trap,
your stringy, careful mouth.
Every day your eyes widen more; now, your perfect slits mimic
the moon you chased
for months, like little blooming miracles.

I am still your blur.