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Birth Ritual

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Birth Ritual

Michael Schultz

Light at the end of the tunnel,
Pushed through a fleshy funnel.
Into the warm arms,
Waiting charms,
Of an alien world.

Light fills this place unknown
End product of a seed once sown,
Helpless outside,
And he cried
In this alien world.

Many warm and caring hands,
Attend to all of his demands
Helpless and blind,
But it's kind
This new alien world.

The residue of passing stays
In this new child for days.
Given in birth,
To this Earth,
To this alien world.

Eyes start unfolding to the sun,
A brand-new life has just begun.
Begins through his cries,
To realize,
It's his alien world.