

Birth Poem

By Jason A. Maas

Yellow glow
long, and slow.
Hum from the tongue drum; blum, blum, blum.
Mommy's clenched hands hanging on Daddy's calm neck.
Laugh, cry, ice cubes, sweat.
Daddy, Susan, Claudia, Nuni, Pushkin—
Like planets around your mother in orbit of your sun.

The light changes
crawling, moaning, wail,
still, push, still, push, still, push, air—
the peony blushes open
light pours in,
and down, down, down you spin—
hands of the water
to the father, to the mother.
Gravity, cold, dry, (so many firsts)
Your first sigh.

Then we listen:
"World! World! World!" you cry.