

Your night cry awakes us
into the dark
you were born from.

I remember that early morning,
one year ago. Those dull rumblings
in your mother came faster as
the light of day came nearer.

Your mother and I were timid,
trying to remain in the security of sleep
rather than confront the mystery of your
life ripening.

Like forest animals nested for
mid-winter sleep, we were dumb
when the first stirrings of your
birth rippled in the night.

The rumblings became more demanding,
quakes not to be denied. Your mother
began breathing with the force needed
for flowers to break new ice.

The old waters broke. The new journey began.
The ancient ritual had overtaken us.
Your mother - at one with all mothers,
alone with you.

You pushed out the dark ahead of your birth,
making history with each contraction,
leaving a past that would mark and enrich you,
aging as you plied your way

through that carnival of shadows.

Like the hissing of a boat in thick weeds
you slid out,
your nakedness boomed upon us,
punctuating eternity with a coo.

You rested soft in hands that
I was not quite sure were mine,
hands that cradled you in a warm bath.

In that room of muted light, I felt
the rhythms of my childhood.
Paused between stars and stones,
I was breathing dreams, floating in shallow surf.

Joshua , my son , always remember you are more
than the secret of your ancestors that lies
in your bones
and more than our love can make or take from you.

Thank you for teaching me to watch , quietly.