

Born Still

Born still
but still born.

Scooped up from the deep sea of love
that surges from a mother's belly.
Your silent, slippery entry into this world -
the gentle contractions
that eased you
out of the darkness
of your comfort womb
into the darkness
of your parents' grief.

These precious moments
embedded in my mind
like the smooth touch
of a perfect stone
buried in the wet sand.

I dig gently with my fingers
to uncover
the tender and peaceful memory
of your beautiful birth.

Your image floats in my mind
like the monarch butterfly
who carries the ancient knowledge
of a journey home in the path of his ancestors –

You know me.
And I understand the message
you are leaving me.

Let the violent gusts
Topple me over in my sorrow.
Let me drop out of the sky
So long as I remember you
So long as you remind me -
I will find my way again.

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