

Third Trimester

Before me, at last, is the last turn
of all that is before you, clasping,
maternally, the image of your hand
in my hands, your fingers unfurling
just beyond the border of my ready
touch, imprinting upon me a whorl
of foreshadowing deep in my shallow
palm, each pulsation an early tiding,
already nurturing the nature of your
birth, your first breath drawing me
nearer to the white crest of your cry,
at once and always delivered,
at once and always borne.

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