

C-Section

I saw so many hands working today,
Like sculptors making dance.
Three women like graces held a mother aloft,
Not unlike the Iwo Jima flag,
While the one man at her back spiked her into numbness.
Each slice revealed layers, edging closer to the crop
Of wiry black hair that announced new life hiding beneath.
While nurses measured and assured and scored,
Listened for breath, and laughed with the new crying,
I saw a beet torn apart by human hands shaped back
Into a bag of power, coiled again for its next unleashing.

V-Birth

Horrific violence at one end,
As the doctor makes the necessary repairs.
At the antipode, pure serenity as Mom
And Babe lie deeply in first communion and
As deeply asleep.

Is it love at work, or biochemistry?
Oxytocin propels the child out.
Then it tells Mom to hold it close.