

Primitive Reflex

Weeks in, I'm still
arrested by the thought
Why seeing a baby enter the world
makes me cry every time
And the smell of birth
sticks to me, taunting me
Like the smell of blood, but more
unpleasant, more divine
Pure life force, bursting out angry
A minerality that dislodges
the edge of things
Will it always feel like this?
Like the beginning of everything
in the breadth of a gasp, of a little hello.