

Birth of a Boy

Birth opens wide our usual half-closed eyes
And tells what we'd always feared to grasp,
That life's a mystery which we'd fain disguise,
A wonder which must always make us gasp.

Oh tiny crying slimy little boy,
You know not yet what waits you down the years,
But we predict you'll taste both woe and joy,
And share with us the human race's fears.

So snuggle up against your mother's breast,
Drink deep the bliss which only it supplies,
Eternity's not long enough to rest
In this sweet place, so ultimately wise.

But time, your enemy, will cast you out,
First childish games, then youthful lessons hard.
At adult hopes fulfilled you'll happ'ly shout,
But threats of pain will put you on your guard.

And so amidst confusion you will seek
Serenity, contentment and a trust
Which harkens back to your existence meek
When in your mother's arms you first knew lust.

From this extinction of the self we learn,
Again, that in submission can be found
The peace for which we all so keenly yearn,
And break the bonds by which we're usually bound.