

Immaculate

Walking under an audacious horoscope,
in March, I first met you.

On this day, I enjoyed womanish thoughts, living out a long girlhood,
unsuspecting what you would make out of me.

Perhaps the calling was my biological clock looming, each hand ticking
toward the inevitable urge to reproduce, and perhaps this makes women a little mad.

I knew you on that first day.

Before the requisite biological process,
you had already called me from the tree tops,
already an immaculate conception.

Maybe it is madness to hear the song
of your unborn child under the canopy of ponderosa pines.
Then surely, also, it is madness that inspires life to try again,
repeatedly, a cycle big bang impelled.

It is madness to love a child, because to love a child is to risk losing everything.

Armed against fate with only that breath-stealing reply: yes,
we became two heads and two hearts, four feet and four eyes:
my body, not merely so.

A mother of me you would make, a mother: inside the deepest fold of my body,
Spirit would become flesh.

There, idea would become matter and later, my joy would be
to sense your stillness become a shudder.
You, my deepest secret revealed.

That glorious day in March, pregnant with your embrace and soft edification
that you were coming: even if I was scared, even if I was not ready.
I found courage and nearly kissed the dirt off my shoes.

And in March, exactly one year later,
you and I parted form.
No longer were you my medium,
no longer was I your intermediary.

Today is one year since your birth, but really, it is our second anniversary, darling.
It is March again. This time, I will take you on my back under the ponderosas, hold your hand.
Maybe you will wonder who I was before you.

I will tell you: no spring without winter,
no me without you.

