

ESTA SEATON

Poem for an Infant Son

The little fish of life
Came unready to the land
His lungs unequal to the task
Of elemental air.
My flash of pain
A blinding slash of light
The one swift moment when our bodies split . . .
And that was it.
He never had a name.
I never saw his face.
Though for a year
I hated every mother in the park,
I did not mourn my phantom child.
For that, I beg his pardon now
For that, I finally allow . . .
This poem.

Esta Seaton, a widely published poet, teaches English at Georgia Tech in Atlanta.