

Another Birth

Linda Sillitoe

“... were we led all that way for
Birth or Death?”

T. S. Eliot, “Journey of the Magi”

They dream of going back.

The bars on their beds
are fingers before a face.

Their knees rise up toward chins
and their bones memorize
the angles that bring heels
to hips and knees to collarbone.

Gently their muscle shrinks
simple enough to rock
on the tide they lost
with striding spines and shins.

Oh, remember the round hills
like a young mother’s breasts,
and hidden sky, a lake of fresh milk.