

# Our Fecundity

*David Paxman*

What have we done?  
This wrinkled child  
did not ask for entry;  
it answered our call  
for each other.  
Did we not know  
what our suit  
of slow sighs  
would entail?  
Another, who will undergo  
sighing for our sake,  
and for its own sake.

Who are we to choose  
life for a child  
when we engage  
in this infinitely  
undemocratic act  
of love?  
The only due process,  
our disappearing  
into each other  
in slow turnings,  
moans,  
and whispers  
not even angels  
could overhear.

What is this life force?  
Unfair force, maybe:  
having ached to meet  
infinity  
in our particular  
embrace,  
we made a spring  
wherein our blood  
mingled with something  
not of our making  
and leaped into being,  
wrinkled and crying.

And who shall teach this child  
the mystery?