

Birthday Dreaming

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Sixty-four years ago
my grandmother was shifting in her sleep,
admiring her growing belly with gentle hands,
welcoming the October nightfall
that enclosed her like prayer.

That's how pregnancy is,
ordinary things move on without you
whispers move inside
that teach from another world
where birthday *candles last on*
and grandmothers' hugs fold you inward
so close you are the same

even in the oddest shapes
we're not alone in our turning,
incubating: the perfect wish
that might grow into grandmother's deep set eyes.