

# Being World

*Joann Farías*

I am invidious of mothers' rubber air  
Connecting them to baby. How they walk  
With young on hip, the way the baby turns and  
Looks at world, then turns to Mother, asking what to  
Feel about the spot of world that Mother  
Has provided with a point. When baby leans  
On Mother, sighs, and gives herself  
To Mother, who is being world, and I am not.