

Man, dust

At the birth of my daughter

Joshua Stewart Weed

My holes remained whole
at your arrival.
I stood there, watching, impotent—
cut the purple Nike rope,
heard your voice cry out like an E string, taut.
I saw your victorious robes in a metal cup.
There was nothing I could do
but watch.

My nipples do not bleed at your munching mouth,
I do not feed you with milk and blood.
The quell of your cries comes,
But not at my cold chest.
I watch.

But you—
you will one day flush in the glow
of heat: the furnace of life.
You will be that furnace.
And I—
I will envy that you,
like God with dust,
make man
whilst man looks on and on.