

Born Again

Christopher Bissett

Because I did not fit a second time
in the womb of my mother,
I was born of my father instead.

He held my arm to haul me from the water
and with the other, squared it to the air
as if to slaughter the old creature
and push out another me.

In the beginning, my head was born first.
The second time it was my heart.
But after I toweled away the afterbirth,
they decorated my head with their hands.

Now I know that heaven is a corridor
of mirrors, where I see myself reflected
in every father and mother—

every rock from whence I was hewn,
every pit from whence I was digged.