Poem for the Fourth Child

There are many things to consider:
wondrous billow of kitchen curtains,
the blackbirds as they school the sky
against a cloud, the waxwing’s bittersweet
tips, or the cells we carry—our medical
imaging. What to do when chromosomes,
spindled apart, nettle instead of pair?
Our mother and father: perspiration pinned.
Their chest cavities all blood quake and grasp
for care. Such perfume went into you—
four legs, four arms, lungs, sinew—prayer.
For cynosure you are a God and what it is
of God: resin and stardust, covered mirror,
a pressed shirt. You are cleaned, then clothed as just
the other day: after the caul and secundines,
after the baptismal, you! Alive
with responsiveness for and before
our eyes, your hands upraised
white flags to the glory, bane in the air.

Dorinda Wegener