

New Baby

I've never held a newly born child.
I was always too nervous to do anything but look.
That tiny lolling head
Just waiting to fall,
And that neck, as narrow as my wrist,
Made me fear that I might break that small body.

The nails, so small, fragile, and pink,
Like gaudy paper
Transparent almost.
The skin a rousing shade of rose.
It was wrinkled, as if slacken for growing.

I could look at all these things
And not remember the world around me.
I could support that bobbling head,
And concentrate on protecting that child
As if there was nothing I was more worthy of.

I could look into those half opened eyes,
And see the concentration in his brow,
And know that there was nothing greater,
Nothing meaning more
Than the way his eyes focused on mine.
Me never forgetting that beautiful, round face.