

Baby Picture

just look at her sleeping face
collapsed mouth like an old woman
who's removed her teeth for an afternoon nap
tiny wrinkled hands
balled into fists the way she hugs herself
as she did in the womb as if she hasn't unwound
to embrace the world yet

living is like licking honey off a
 thorn
drench of summer light a sweetness
each lick answers a deep need
then deeper hunger
until we sense the smooth arc of the thorn
its tip sharp like a slap
 spiked like a hook
a prick then dribble of blood poisonous sleep
all those transformations and
 disappointments

but not yet in this fresh life
she's got it all
before her
with only a shadow of her elder self
flitting across her timeless face