

First is breath (remember a doctor saying, “wait, don’t push” & you floundered, almost pulled under by waves roiling through your body & you puffing in & out until “now” & you pushed & out slid a baby — purple tiny feet grey-white cord around a baby neck — a cry told you he took a breath — life running through a body’s maze to a desert or a sea forever salt as waters that filled your womb) — now think of George’s mother or Eric’s or all the other mothers who waited for her child’s breath & that sweet sweet smooth smell of skin until he grew & then his breath was lost & you wonder how or what became of all the tiny milk-teeth lost under pillows — rolled beneath a bed-frame — tossed upon the floor.