

**Blood Orange**

Unborn, you demanded I feed on blood orange  
salads and Spockish mother-wisdom lingo.  
You hung in for ten full months, then bingo:  
out you popped, long, lean, a trifle mangy  
from so much womb-time. Proverbial “little stranger”  
in a family of big-nosed dark-haired Ringo  
Starr lookalikes, you were our blond gringo.  
You seemed perpetually in danger.

I watch as you nuzzle your son’s head, whisper  
into its whitegold feathers. Like me, you spy  
on your children’s sleep, those hours of winter  
when Death seems a Grimm creeper who lies  
on baby faces to crush the wispy thistle  
of their breath. As you listen to him whistle  
for his life, remember, Andy, you didn’t die.