To Andrew: at Four Weeks

The barn doors yawn into the night and the two tall pines hang their hats on the moon and you sleep your milky sleep while the pond swirls the clouds like a new spoon. Even the inch-long peepers have finally piped down and your cradle glides with the sea’s long pull as if your heart never whirred like a bird’s and your body never heaved into the bloody light and your mouth never let out that filmy cry when you sank into my arms. Where does a birth like that go? Will your arm bristle when you put your hand on the door? Will our skin sting when the air falls?