

# New under the Sun

## Awaiting a Birth

One could say in this night sky  
can be seen the birth of stars, but  
who can tell in the stellar dust  
what's coming to light  
or leaving?

The shape of that dim nebula  
is like pale shadows we celebrate  
in my daughter's womb: discernible  
fingers and hand, the faint umbilical reach  
toward connection.

I have thought these things during routine  
tasks—shaking a tablecloth in the night yard,  
washing dishes, sweeping.  
In the dailiness of the living, the mind leaps,  
say, at the glint of a glass,  
the sudsy water, or dust motes  
that join something past to this moment—  
like the blind stitch that holds the hem.

Our grown daughter's voice reaches me  
from across a room, and I feel salt  
behind the eyes. Out of tones  
of a family gathering: a sudden perception  
of what a memory weighs.  
How I've kept a face not seen for months  
safe from time and strain, eyes clear  
and intense. How my son's jump from a tree  
years ago with an open umbrella—  
of which I've just learned—occurs not then  
but now: I see his staunch curiosity poised  
on the branch, simultaneous with my smile  
at one more experiment survived beyond my knowing.

The sunmelt of days sears  
to these moments . . .  
but what rises in the heart is light.