
FOR THE BORN CHILD

With steam, wedge, spokeshave
I bent and modelled the legs
for your chair, for your rocking
in an oak body. I made you
a cloth for meals. I hung
paper shapes in the wire air
until they bobbed and balanced
to delight you. And still
in our oak bed we fought
your coming. You appeared
in our daily calendar,
we cut you into our prints,
we brought you books and riddles,
we heard you in the attic
bedroom, babbling, and yet
we denied you. The cats remembered
to be careful of you. A woman
walked the stairs to calm you
who were both unnatural.
The house itself shook with you.
We knew the ghost. Each time
you passed, you passed
almost invisible, a fine pain,
a ball of blood,
so quiet.

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