

Birthing

Your Mother is calling you
back to Her womb.

She wishes you to come
suckle,
stripped down to your
Naked Truth.

Crying
nameless
tears into
Her arms.

Being a mysterious
being at
Her breast -

Like a salamander
under a rock
in a humid southern
landscape.

Darkness and solitude
are the thick
shadows of your patience.

Does any child ever know
into what form it will be born
or at what age?

Humility,

It is the rhythm of your rattle.

Find your way back to Her
through your smallness,
helplessly
breathing that first ecstatic breath
into all that you are and do.

Your belly button
re-members the way,
anchors
the cords of Destiny.

I declare you beautiful,
wide-eyed and innocent
and new
in every moment.

You are a man.

This is
your
adulthood.

Welcome.

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