

Waiting For Jacob

Long before you come we prepare, speak your name,
marvel how in utero you suck your thumb,
blow bubbles - your long legs and feet restless,
kicking – a footballer like your dad. This time,
we say – after so many losses –
it'll be alright - and so we sing for you -

My daughter lets me watch, be with her.
I cool her beaded body with a cloth,
remind her to breathe, to will your safety,
and through the waves of pain she cries
and laughs delirious for gas and air.

When you finally push through
blood crowning, slimed wet and blue,
wrapped and weighed too early, too soon,
we hold our breath then drop with relief
that you have – against all odds - arrived.