

To be born

by [Samara Golabuk](#) in the [February 28, 2018](#) issue

On Saturday,  
you learned to laugh, startled me  
with the sudden leap to this voicing,  
how the joy was in your whole body,  
kicking and kicking on your blue elephant linen,  
the way you did before you were born

and for a moment I was there with you  
in the womb, that pocket of the infinite, and  
it was not quiet but adrenaline-pumped,  
a hissing rush and thrum of blood all around  
speedways and the kick-drum rhumba  
of new limbs rushing tumbling swim  
kick and pull, kick and pull, full  
of currents and reaching  
and urgent promise.

Saturday is when I learned  
a womb is not a round warm well at all,  
it is a high, high mountain, and birth  
is the urge to leap into its mysteries,  
life, the seduction of gravity,  
how Earth plies us with her puckish horizons,  
like standing at the edge of the Grand  
Canyon, compelled to jump, to fill it  
with our being, feeling the pull in  
the back of our brain, how the push  
is in our whole body, the will to jump,  
to be born into the bright brilliant air.