

My Son
Michael E. Stone

He was here yesterday,
big and strong,
taller than me,
he could carry me in his arms,
would, if needs be.

In the incubator he was tiny,
blue, almost no oxygen,
breathing through a tube
to make his lungs work.

he battled for air,
tiny chest sucking,
it formed a deep pit
almost to his back.

They let us put on green gowns,
pass our hands through the holes,
caress him with fingers, each
larger than his whole hand.

A man now,
with a woman his love,
living the life
that was gained
by a golden thread.

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