Steven Heighton

Ultrasound

As in water face answers to face,
                so here—
full moon awash in the autumn
waters of the lake
in the last, late ferry's wake
answers to the moon's face: pale madonna. And you—
wavery shape in the still, unbroken
waters of the womb, how you blink
upward into the world—still blurred—
you gazing as if intent to see out, to find
that lone, beloving face
that peers down, suckles you with first and
perfect light, then draws you,
tidal, into the world.

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