



Inscape

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## Upon the First Birth

David Passey

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## Upon the First Birth

My woman is deep in the bush beans  
so newly unblossomed from the fish  
of our son that her bending is the measured  
bend of the old, but still, her hands


are quick, harvesting the square  
of garden we have carved from the straining  
August field flowers that throw  
their light and motion upon her shoulders.

This is not the girl who fished the crescent  
moon, casting toward the mystery of trout,  
speaking of the children in her blood, the bare  
springing wheat of them, the hunger,

the ache; neither is she the waking bride  
who spoke the slow stones of my name  
in the pale October dawn of our first night  
with autumn crackling at the window

like a fire; nor is she the woman learning  
the tides to violence, her guts gripping  
the boy—the girl come to give the great  
two-fisted cost of pain in letting life slip

down from between her legs. She has carved her  
square, a girl in the garden, netted in field flowers,  
and summer blonde in light, not of the heavy  
August sun, but of herself, in brilliance.

 *David Passey is an English major and presently lives in Highland. We know nothing about him except that his phone has been disconnected. We assume it's because he is a poet.*