Morning Song

Love set you going like a fat gold watch.  
The midwife slapped your footsoles, and your bald cry  
Took its place among the elements.  

Our voices echo, magnifying your arrival.  New statue.  
In a drafty museum, your nakedness  
Shadows our safety.  We stand round blankly as walls.  

I'm no more your mother  
Than the cloud that distills a mirror to reflect its own slow  
Effacement at the wind's hand.  

All night your moth-breath  
Flickers among the flat pink roses.  I wake to listen:  
A far sea moves in my ear.  

One cry, and I stumble from bed, cow-heavy and floral  
In my Victorian nightgown.  
Your mouth opens clean as a cat's.  The window square  
Whitens and swallows its dull stars.  And now you try  
Your handful of notes;  
The clear vowels rise like balloons.  

_Sylvia Plath_