

From the Cradle

by gerard varni

Loss and awakening are irrevocable. Love and grief are one.
A mother, a father, their newborn — there is a primal knowing
That all three share, even though they are dreamy and oblivious.
It is buried perception, low, yet vivid and profound. Sonorous
even.

The mother and the father realize what the child must go through,
Even though he may be a poet and learn the bird's secret,
There will be the pain and doubt of the unknown.
Though the meaning of life is love, and he will be an artist,
Author, iconoclast — incandescent and capable of revolution,
He will eventually learn of downfall and dissolution.
The human condition is mortality. And that will plague him.

