

# Center of the Universe

*by* Joe Sullivan

Raining this morning, and  
she's sick again, lying  
next to you, as a  
mini-you. I'm putting  
my clothes on in the  
dark again, about to  
leave, about to wonder  
how your day will evolve.  
You are mother to our child,  
you are mother to motherless  
man, you are the skin  
and the sheath that protects  
us all. From the rain  
on Monday morning, from  
the coughing fits in the  
night, from the stubbed  
toes and the tears. It's  
more than all this, mother  
of my world. You are a  
prayer incarnate, made whole  
in flesh from God's own  
mind. You are ours  
and His, everything.

