

## Poem for the Fourth Child

There are many things to consider:  
wondrous billow of kitchen curtains,  
the blackbirds as they school the sky  
against a cloud, the waxwing's bittersweet  
tips, or the cells we carry—our medical  
*imaging*. What to do when chromosomes,  
spindled apart, nettle instead of pair?  
Our mother and father: perspiration pinned.  
Their chest cavities all blood quake and grasp  
for care. Such perfume went into you—  
four legs, four arms, lungs, sinew—prayer.  
For cynosure you are a God and what it is  
*of God*: resin and stardust, covered mirror,  
a pressed shirt. You are cleaned, then clothed as just  
the other day: after the caul and secudines,  
after the baptismal, you! Alive  
with responsiveness for and before  
our eyes, your hands upraised  
white flags to the glory, bane in the air.

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