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In Late Marriage We Have A Baby

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In Late Marriage We Have A Baby
Bruce Sweet

Six fifteen. I've zoned out
To where you stand on air
Reflecting the marigolds
By the baby's burble.

You take him up and paint
Yourself against the Empire Chaise, like a Maja giving
Suck to a translucent star Child. Your toes talk as he
Nuzzles, feeds.

He looks up, dead serious,
Studies my cup as if it grew
In a banana tree.

I'm falling all over again.
This can't keep happening.
A sparrow flies away
With my bathrobe.

As I drink banana coffee
In my sweetheart shorts,
The baby giggles like your father.
You point to where a blue jay
Lights on my head. My brain
Turns to sapphires.