In Late Marriage We Have A Baby

Bruce Sweet Ph.D
St. John Fisher College
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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.