Child neurology: A trilogy  

I. Newborn

You of bone and sinew  
To whom I gave my evening  
One fine day  
Tell me secrets men of human dialect alone  
Will not cannot fathom.  
You of flower butterfly of  
Dragon sugar fairytale of  
Magic  
Spin your web and may I not  
Escape.  
Tell your tale of love and may you  
Evermore.

II. Stillborn

You have nerve, young poppet  
Giving up before the rest of us had time enough to try.  
Flexing muscles undeveloped while the enemy, your lifeblood, called forth reason.  
Bravery would see their anguish hear their cries your arms would  
Stretch  
Against the blackness empty open  
Deep  
And cause your form to rise again.  
You do not even try,  
But sleep.

III. Preemie

Nighttime is a long, long time in coming.  
You must close your eyes in waiting  
Lest the sunlight singe your dreams.  
The curtain is best left closed so as not to make  
You long for daybreak  
I will try to think only darkness along with you  
You will make it easier  
If you do not grasp my finger quite so tightly when I cry.
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