

Birth Rite

You were born blushing pale pink with
eyes and hair that spoke of igloos,
sleighs and horizons stretched to infinity,
a promising beginning.

Two full moons passed before
Divine Artist awoke and
painted you a tropical flower
of mango and mahogany hues,
adorned you with wilderness curls
and called you mine
Oh my pretty, oh my glory
beautiful brown baby.

Elation turned to silence.
The seer's crystal brought counsel.

You will need to grow wings
to transcend the sun-burned-brown-only
requirements for happy U.S. dreams.

Wings to fly over spiked stares
that wilt flowers
and crushed lenses
that distort light.

Wings to find the rainbow prism,
a magnet of the One Life,
a polestar to guide your way
in a land which did not see
you blushing pale pink on your birthday.