Baby to be born

Like a flower are you or maybe like a bird sailing on the clouds. I feel sensations of fluttering wings of a butterfly. Your time is due, honey-child, me and you are going to reach each other - eye to eye and see and feel and touch and smell and be. The world begins anew; my heart and yours are close together: thump...thump....thump.... Our souls and bodies will become stronger and better. Move inside me, you, unknown Light. I'm waiting to meet you, my true delight!

First Prize in the 1993 BAPC Poetry Competition, Berkeley,