

Dean Young

God Son

What could the baby know the couple
lateral back and forth, it's a thing
with a hundred wings, half snake, half
bag of smoke, clutching, kicking off,
swallowing the universe and about to

spit it up. They're sitting on chairs
chained together so no one can steal
one at a time. The baby's only about
22 by 10 by 9 inches thick but already
their present house isn't enough,

the bending porch, back room full
of torn cocoons. Head barely attached,
he's yet to crash his first kite, Fortinbra's
yet to mince through the corpses stacked
like blank verse on the stage but already

in his brow one detects a refined sense
of the tragic. Maybe one day he'll brew
a serum to help the sick hop out of bed,
maybe compose an opera that lets the jaded
forget their mortgage payments, their parents'

protracted and expensive deaths. Still,
he'll always have this other gift,
he'll look at the waves and know which
has suffered most, the one throwing itself
too soon upon the sand I can't go on,

one rushing up with the remnants of
butchered whale stuck to its dress.
A hundred plants, a thousand eyes,
fear and hope, fear and hope
spinning above the bassinet.