

## POETRY

## Heritability

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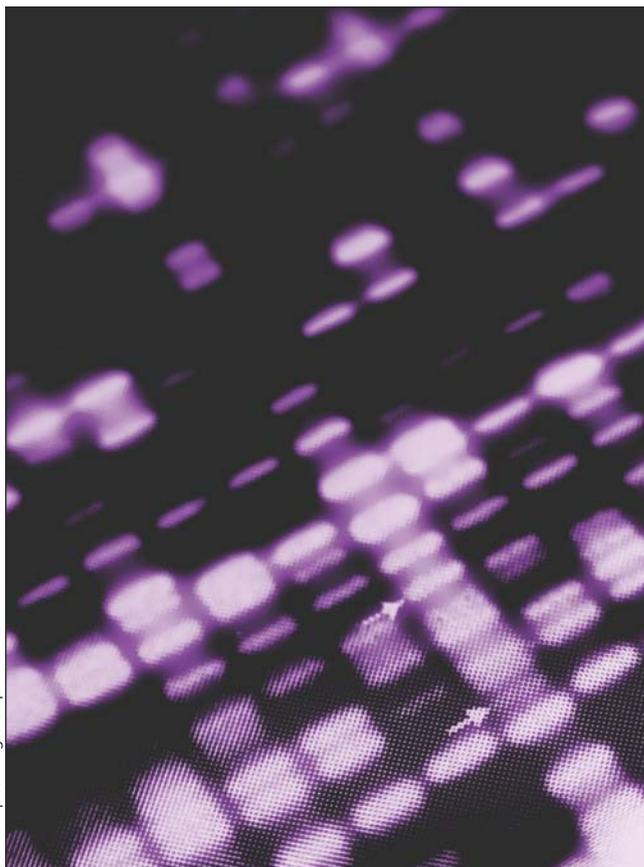
To hold. To swaddle as we are all swaddled, in black,  
and see that the glee you levy will last past pain,  
which whisper-shouts *I am chronic* to all of us listening.  
To perfect stasis, and hold back an ocean;  
to weave a cloud into a blanket, and watch you sleep,  
wet and new, but growing cold; to know the terrible  
coming true of fairy tales is a coming due; to recall  
the sun surfacing over the bassinet; to promise nothing  
except that you will get your chance.

I pull the covers up, the blinds down.

To feel the perpetual in your lungs, which pull at air  
that knows suffocation is for fathers, for long last looks  
and wanting wishes. To hang palliatives on the fridge  
like magnets marking your developmental stages;  
to the leptic levelling of soon, for it will be soon,  
altering the delicately sown seed which started as need  
but grew to withhold, and is here. A laugh!  
Just weighted chance, something that flits from fists  
that clench on the very air you breathe, the broken,  
random air.

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