

Chrysalis

A hide-and-seek hope – so winter-lost,
this on-it's-way baby; yet Mary
is still making Magnificat –
not of hope, but of that
which has already happened –

are you a stealthily creeping plot
about to hatch? A salvage operation
in prose? A plumb-line compromise,
rooted in the average
seven pounds, a few ounces?

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