

The Oracle

When my belly was stretched and
rounded with you at nearly full-term,
a tanned and bearded Greek man
with sparkling white teeth
would approach, kneel down and
press in. Tilting his head towards
you, he would sing,
sing to you opera as though
he could see through my
skin, your skin, clear to
you, to your pure and fearless spirit.

Perhaps he saw your penchant for theater,
for gowns, for dramatic make up,
your quiet introversion
punctuated by moments of
fierce emotion, loyalty, love;
your ideals held close to your chest and your
stubborn resistance to anything less.
He saw you anticipating your

transition to this grand stage of the
miserable and the miraculous and
he wanted you to know
that before the world knew you,
he saw you,
he celebrated you.