

## A poem for my unborn son

You clambered up the tree with one thing on your mind  
- rejecting all the things in reach for the ones  
beyond them. Again, I told you not to love this kind  
of madness. I told you not to climb so near the sun.  
"These branches will not take your weight," I cried,  
Already stretching out to reach the top, you found  
mysteries no-one else had seen in years - you sighed  
frustrated. "If only you could see the view." You feared  
boredom more than death you'd said. "You're mad",  
I shouted back. "I believe I seen the edge of the world,  
beyond the Fen, " you cried. It wasn't so much a lie  
as wanting me to know what you were like. Your lip curled  
upon this smile. The faerie look came next - a song  
glinting in the place where love goes wrong.

Before you were born, you fell out of the tree;  
turning to a pool of blood. Sorry, lets go back.  
Another year. The other boy who dreamed to be free.  
invented what he liked to do - a lack  
of reason killed him, they said - he climbed too far.  
The fortunes of the stars were in his look.  
Swimming fish were in his look - the mad hare  
within his look - many times the boy took  
liberties they said - but let me share  
another side to this - no-one else was there you see  
His fingers stretched. Once the thought was there  
It multiplied inside him - it told him to be free  
It offered him a choice - taunted to him to say - no  
He wouldn't be the boy he was to do so

Sometimes when he was small  
He'd decide, because he wished to see what would  
happen next, to approach the edge and fall.  
Upset, my wife would grab him - "if only you could  
Listen, she cried. " I only live to help you, boy."  
I realised then - he enjoyed tears in his eyes  
To brighten up the world - pieces of joy  
and madness. The smallest bird of thought flies  
upward then. I also saw deep in his eye  
a faerie look. His iris bloomed a blue  
colour made out of tears. The sky  
noticed - it was rare to see such clear and true  
awareness. I lifted up my arms the day he fell.  
Heaven got there first to pull him out of hell.