

Birth Primal

William Whitesell 6/29/22

Supportive souls are near
And I let my depths awake.
I plunge within to primal fear;
I tremble, writhe and shake.

Body and feelings take the lead;
I witness what they seek.
Rediscovering unmet need
I squirm and squeal and shriek.

My arching back and chest erupt in sound.
I spit out tastes so foul.
No longer can I be bound.
I thrash and scream and howl.

I pound and kick at all around,
I roar and rage and shout.
Never should I have found
Such pain when I came out.

I break the grips that hold me tight,
I stretch free from the hurtful slap,
I redo now to win the fight
With strength back then I could not tap.

Gradually the anger discharge clears.
Underneath another feeling's waiting to be known.
I begin to sob and drip hot tears
Sensing how much I am alone.

I cry and cry and cry
In helpless lonely hurt
Till so drained that I could die
I lie exhausted and inert.

The endless emptiness in time dissolves
And a healing image can unfold:
Another's troubled birth resolves —
My new born son is in my arms to hold.

He's scared and tense with tears.
I whisper gently just above.
He opens eyes now free from fears
Bathing in my tides of love.

Feelings move beyond my little boy:
I hear the whole world call —
I'm touched with new-found joy
Stretching arms and legs, embracing all.

Unguarded now, so open and so free,
I spread myself to offer happiness
For every soul is also me
And all is precious in this mystic bliss.