

Witness of the conception

Through the conception
of my three-headed child,
You lingered like flutist,
singing soulful mating song.
Through prickly painful period
of labour beyond the moons,
You gathered wholesome joy,
like ecstasy that is robust.

You garnered with elation,
listening to heart beats,
The kicks and the punches,
even the consoling laughter
of the three-hearted infant,
that often sent me sprawling
in the seductive labour ward.

Recall the mask you wore
like a careful midwife,
In anxious labour ward,
receiving poetic file,
of prose, poetry, and play.

You will be there likewise,
at baptism of my chary wit,
To confirm the triple names
foretold before the birth
Of the three-headed babe.