**After birth, the body**

Amy Katherine Cannon

rearranges itself.

Light filtering

through the avocado leaves

opens and closes your eyes

against the shine of sky.

There is no mind to be mindful of

no separate self to parse—

only mutual mammalian comfort

clotted and close

only undifferentiated skin on skin

sigh on sighs, the dribble and pangs

of a body

marked, remade.