**Born Again**

Michael Hardin

Just one cell, then two, then four

until a something, a blastocyst,

living tissue, little more.

I remember though, thinking

adoption would be our only choice,

nothing after eighteen months.

Then, as if trying too hard

hindered conception—the fear

of eggs too old, or sperm too slow—

matter erupted from tired flesh,

a new life both us and not,

someone to mirror and to mold.

Holding you the first time, naked

atop my naked chest, perfect skin

reflecting some aspect of me,

dead long to myself, now born again.

In you, I learn to breathe new air,

nose against your crown we sleep.