

Chloe Sell

*he was maxwell*



In my father's arms is a newborn boy  
beautiful as God—  
no: a softer, kinder beauty—  
    lamb's ears  
    milk chocolate  
    cabbage butterflies and nets  
    that catch then let go...

He is stunning in his inhumanness—  
    a flushed piglet with a  
    torso crumpled like a bag of flour, and  
    fatly folded thighs that nestle  
    themselves into Daddy's  
    spotted, wrinkled skin  
    as he squeals...

He must be *my* child, my breath  
was never more absent, or my eyes  
and heart  
so wet.