To My Newborn Daughter

Gentle evening light
amid the drawn white curtains
bends to kiss your cheek
and lingers
softly on closed eyelids.
You squeak
a muffled sigh
and stretch your sleepy fingers
They curl over one of mine.
In the stillness of the night
beneath the drawn white curtains
I bend to kiss your cheek
and linger.
Outside

White fingers in the green cut lawn,
your small face squinting up against the light.
Your wrist swivels, you squeeze a handful of the shoots experimentally, and release
a method of your exploration.

Squeeze, and release.
Squeeze, and release.

You peer around through squinted eyes,
you do not know this place.
Expressionless, save for a slight wrinkle of doubt on your forehead.
You see a shadow, and your eyes focus on it, searchingly.
Bare feet kick against the grass in excitement.
You squeal
and know this place is safe.

Squeeze, and release.
Squeeze, and release.

You coo up at the face and grin.
You do not know this place,
don't know what the bright orb is above you
that hurts your eyes,
don't know what the green blades are
that tickle your cheeks as you kick -
you don't know this place, but

You know this place is safe.
You know your father's face.
You grin and kick and clutch at the blades
and know this place is safe.
Stargazing

I’ve often admired their burning gaze.
With my head tipped back on the darkest nights:
Their beauty never ceases to amaze –

And yet, I’m much more taken by the sight
of those from which thy pure love shines -
Much fairer, dear, and far more bright

Than any fleeting fancy of mine.
More beautiful than all the heavenly lights.
A mirror of the world divine;

The embodiment of peace and right
And more accessibly set to admire
Than those lofty points in their great height –

Besides, my love, yours carry me higher.
They’re easily seen both day and night
And, truly they’re much brighter

Than any light in any sky.
And all heavens to me are within sight
when I stargaze into your eyes.