

Honu*

Little honu,
swimming her way to shore
on the full moon's tide.
We have scooped her up
and held her next
to our hearts,
each one of us.

Blessed is the mother
who labors to bear the child.
Blessed is the one
who protects so fiercely.
Blessed is the father
who attends to the mother
and who welcomes his child.
Blessed are the grandparents
who dream the baby
into the world and
add pairs of helping hands.
Blessed are the uncles and aunts
who fall in love
at first sight.
Blessed is the baby
who give us hope.

For a week we
lived in a bubble
outside of time.
Only birth and death
drop us into that place.
The outside world
disappears in
irrelevance.

A long waiting week
it was.
The two, never
losing faith, never
wavering,
surrounded by light,

held in many hearts.
So many hours, so
many long nights.

Then, suddenly,
she is here; the
word came,
she is here.

The world has
waited eons
for her.
Her gifts, yet
to be revealed,
unique on the earth,
may be exactly
what is needed
to save us all -
little honu,
so recently surfacing
from the seas of
the other world.

Maya Spector
2010

* honu = the hawaiian word for sea turtle