

WAITING TO BE BORN

(Neil Murray)

Child spirits are said to often wait near ponds.

By the edge of a pond, between a stone and a leaf
I contemplate the water, still and deep
I am so tiny, I have no form
as I wait to be born

My future father, is asleep
at impossible distance, from where I keep
he cannot know, where I dwell
(only a woman can tell)
as I wait to be born

I look for a woman with a kind face
my mother to be to find this place
Someday soon she must come
instead of just the lonely moon
as I wait to be born

She'll come for the water, she'll bend and kneel
and I'll go into her, and my father will dream
he'll dream of me
as I wait to be born

Where are the women of this land?
Where have they gone?
What's become of their hands?
I cleave to earth, I succour from foam
in a violet sky, insects swarm
as I wait to be born

Where is the woman, with the kind face?
My mother to be, in this sacred place?
In the glistening dew, I see a million dawns
(my spirit is strong)
as I wait to be born.