

## Colic

On the day you were born  
I took a class at the hospital  
in which the complexity of your arrival  
was condensed into a chalk drawing  
of a happy baby floating upside down.  
I wasn't sure what to think  
when you were finally home  
right side up and fire engine red,  
screaming like a siren.

As Mom held you, tear stricken  
and helpless, I watched in disbelief  
as your limbs flailed like  
branches overcome by a storm.  
When you finally thrashed yourself  
to sleep, I watched the color rush  
from your face; hoping for the day  
you might resemble that baby  
drawn in pastel.