

## Be Born at Last!

*By David Reese*

Full time—Ripe time—Complete term time.

Weary, welcome end of this planned-for newness.

No smooth, easy, free dropping passage for this awkward birth.

Spasm stretched muscles, pain jerked limbs pushing,  
wrenching its bloodied way toward our mixed dreaded and  
deferred hope; moment for knowing.

Elemental bits forming out of chaos heat

Coalescing energies forms within forms surging, swirling,  
penetrating, uniting in creation's freed energy ecstasy.

Enticed, evoked, beckoned, called into useful form and name.

Led stumbling on. Driven out from familiar frameworks  
for knowing.

Restless, discontent energized seeking toward deeper

patterned clues that offer  
meaning relief to this quenchless thirst, this unfeedable hunger.

Impatient prayer! Faithless, untrusting appeal!

NOW! Let it be done with! Finished! Over! Be Born at Last!

Forgetful of that larger time. Amnesied loss of paced rhythms set into  
evolution's spiraling ascent toward some conscious

shared newness  
of creature with Creator.