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On Meeting Emma

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On Meeting Emma

The night you came screaming into the world
None of us had prepared for you.
You hastened your arrival
As if you'd grown tired of the wait,
or even knew how much strength
Your small body would have
When at last your lungs filled
With the sweet new air.
Somehow the reality —
Your matted black hair,
The purple-pinkness of your skin,
The unfamiliar voice
With which you greeted us —
Somehow we had passed over it
In our anticipation.
But the world around me became clear
When I held you for the first time.

I could not fathom God until I met you.
It was raining when you came.

— Allison Lemieux '95