

Sonnet Scroll

Lactogenesis: On the first day

By Nancy Heiss

The genesis—our meeting, mouth to breast—
is protolingual bliss. Your rooting tongue
instructs my alveoli coalesce
from nutrients it draws from stores sanguine
a milky murmured welcome and I swell
with satisfaction. Preening in the dawn's
colostral-gold, I hold no secrets, tell
you everything you need to know. You yawn.
You're tired, tuckered out. Eyes closed, you give
a puckered pout. This tryptophan-laced cream
you find addictive is indicative
of neonatal innocence. Your dreams
imply a thirst in perpetuity,
lips fain seeking for liquid poetry.