

Rebecca O’Bern

Little Lamb

“Dost thou know who made thee”
—William Blake

My pig-tailed girl outside my window
doesn’t see me as I watch her play,
stretch plastic wrap around a boy
and the tree next to my garden
in the backyard. I wouldn’t think much of it,
but this isn’t the first time I’ve seen her
test the fragility of life—last spring
I found a bucket in our basement
with water and, motionless, one of the cats
I got her for Christmas.

I don’t believe the way
life uncoils. I fell into a deep
sleep, extracted a part of myself,
air from my body, and there she was:
my creation, unclothed, unknowing.