

Maxwell, Gestation: Mythos

She became filled earlier
As the late of destiny carved her creation
To the unsuspecting few
Holding in and hiding the pregnancy
She continued the dance, she moved
A year before now the dance would draw to an end
And the cleansing would need to begin
This next breed would be the bridge into the millenium
I was brought in then
I was then blessed to aid the midwives
Thirty nine weeks crawled
And it seemed as if this walk would never run
Until she pulled a plushe filled push
And out from her came them

Each a radiant distinctive
Familiar as I have never seen in gazes before
They were filled blessed like thrills
I wondered their names as she thought
To me a thought in confidence
That she would make the news known soon
Dispelling shame
She assured me of no crime
As I was lost in the beholding
When the world looked upon
The coven they wondered the father
They suspected the mother, they insulted
For some connection
When in fact they were the bond
It took a moment as they would find individual lovers
Out of each of the babies

I looked on, hoping they would understand the growth
Not quite sure if I'd ever begin to myself
I would soon learn that ones here before me
Would usher in the next trinity of beings
I would soon learn that this
Was the scratch on the surface yet to be formed
Was I prepared? This would begin the domino effect
Of a million questions unanswered