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## Making Way

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We naked men with liver spots and parchment skin  
attached to what is underneath with fraying cords  
stare from beyond the pond  
as a naked mother  
leads her procession of naked newborns  
up Commonwealth, across Arlington,  
and into the Garden.

From a cumulus directly overhead  
a bass voice loudly commands,  
“Make way for Neonates!”—  
astonished crowds part  
as babies commandeer the paddleboats  
and splash in the affirming sun. Their mother’s  
breasts swell and point upward as she smiles

strangely at us—our spots darken, skins  
crackle as the late afternoon breeze  
lifts them from their subcutaneous moorings  
like spinnakers billowing on a downwind tack.

We nod to one another—time to do our duty.  
The wind picks up. Billowing,  
our parchments pull us upward, beyond sight,  
while far below, with treble glee,  
the newborns splash about,  
mindless of the water’s rippled warnings.

-Victor Altshul  
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