

Honu*

Little honu,
swimming her way to shore
on the full moon's wave.
We have scooped her up
and held her next
to our hearts,
each one of us.

Blessed is the mother
who labors to bear the child.

Blessed is the one
who protects so fiercely.

Blessed is the father
who attends to the mother
and who welcomes his child.

Blessed are the grandparents
who dream the baby
into the world and

add pairs of helping hands.

Blessed are the uncles and aunts

who fall in love

at first sight.

Blessed is the baby

who give us hope.

For a week we

lived in a bubble

outside of time.

Only birth and death

drop us into that place.

The outside world

disappears in

irrelevance.

A long waiting week

it was.

The two, never

losing faith, never
wavering,
surrounded by light,
held in many hearts.

So many hours, so
many long nights.

Then, suddenly,
she is here; the
word came,
she is here.

The world has
waited eons
for her.

Her gifts, yet
to be revealed,
unique on the earth,
may be exactly

what is needed
to save us all -
little honu,
so recently surfacing
from the seas of
the other world.

Maya Spector

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* honu = the hawaiian word for sea turtle