

# Double Helix

I looked up, a little astonished,  
moments before reaching  
some adolescent idea of manhood,  
into your brown eyes from thin blonde strands  
matted over your pubis. For some reason,  
I thought you'd be bald there. After all,  
your breasts were peachy firm, smooth,  
and you never wore any makeup. Oh,  
I'd seen my own curling sprouts  
and now and then one would catch in my fly,  
but you weren't the one wanting to grow a beard.

Finally, you became mine and I yours,  
and we learned to love as children can.  
I wondered at your lips, your tiny hairs  
mingling with my dark ones—  
little proteins in a double helix.  
We didn't know a daughter was binding up  
inside you, and though I'm grateful  
that you married, sometimes I long, reaching back,  
to hold that man's child still not mine.

—*Thomas Miller*