



Poetry  
DAILY

Today's Poem  About PD  PD News  Archives  Support PD  Contact Us



## Poem to My Unborn Son the Morning after the Election

Since November began, the painters have been here  
stirring their mixtures, preparing for the days ahead, laying down

the dark canvas around the grass perimeter outside.  
First they papered the windows, so that in here when I wake

I can't be sure my eyes are fully open. In the partial light  
I make my way through the familiar interior

now suddenly made strange. I count the steps  
to the kitchen, am careful in passing

through doorways, slip my body down the hall  
without touching anything. I think your life thus far must be like this,

all subtle movements in the semi-dark, my skin half-illuminated  
by day, then a shade pulled down at night. I read that this is the week

your body takes on pigment, the blood red burrowing beneath  
fat, beneath skin, becoming closer to the color you will learn to wear

in a world that will have to decide whether to love you  
or fear you for it. This is the truth about where we are,

as the men work outside, the ladders against our walls  
like sudden thunder. We ready ourselves to be altered completely.

[MICHELLE BRITTAN ROSADO](#)

[Alaska Quarterly Review](#)

Summer & Fall 2017

  
Previously  
on PD

  
Recommend  
this poem

  
Printer  
Friendly



Poetry Daily needs your help! Click to find out how you can support our website.  
[MORE](#)



Sign up for our weekly e-mail newsletter for the latest about upcoming events on PD.  
[MORE](#)



Cultural freedom, diversity and creativity.  
[MORE](#)

---

Copyright © 2017 by Michelle Brittan Rosado  
All rights reserved.  
Reproduced by *Poetry Daily* with permission

