

## Question of Birth

Tim Hardin

As the moment makes its approach  
I wonder quickly  
What is it I'm part of?  
How much caution must we use?  
A new person, helpless, and I as helpless almost  
As one my age can be  
I'm here to show this person  
Who'll be here soon the way of worldly survival  
Butterly, they will live  
Butterly too, they will learn  
And with the flesh to exist  
I'll tell the failing of the flesh to live on  
I don't know of death  
And still fear what that circumstance will bring  
So to live and to be with the child as one man to another  
Is all the man can do  
At least this man  
Helpless as I am in worldly terms  
And still, as we turn older through the circle  
In the wheel  
In the movement falling inside in every larger curve  
It's still outside the plane that makes the wall  
Of what we know  
And still, we wait growing old someone comes  
Helpless and can not choose to come or not to come  
Helplessly someone falls into these small lives  
And must depend down those lives into  
Which he falls to be larger than life  
As he will always know it  
And yet he must understand this to be helpless as he is  
Weaker than the strength that must be applied to life  
As he lives  
He is weaker than the leverage needed to grow against the odds  
In his fear of atmosphere  
Worlds unfold to smiling faces of peaceful cooperation  
And now, a world of self-passes in the birth  
And arm to the back, the Earth has left exposed  
To those who were born to ride  
From the female interside the child is born  
And must not hide  
Helpless to he is to hide  
From the burning eyes of fakeful being  
And helpless as I am  
The father and the man am I  
Here as well as I can  
The father from the son  
Now father, man, I am