

**Bliss-Born –****a poem by © Brenton Cullen**

He enters howling,  
ribbon rags of crimson  
flesh coating scarfskin  
like ripples of  
scarlet slime

Scrunched fists and  
splotchy cream limbs  
thrash feral  
Gaping red-roof wails,  
lids aflutter like  
anaphylactic moths under  
cityscape shimmer

Quickening chaos  
then –  
all rests  
when suckled against  
glazed breast with  
gurgles of joy

He grasps his first glimpses,  
like pulsating flash bolts,  
of bright shades of  
glory tied to this  
world of  
technicolour  
and the mortal coil  
spins upon receipt  
of  
new bliss.