

miracle eyes blinking,
the entire veil lifted.

Small circling lips, hands clenched in tiny fists—
all perspectives burst away.

The ways I had to protect myself
from sour breath, incoherent words,

I, too, was once fresh like you—
a miracle, life simply expressing itself.

At first, I wanted the awakening to stop—
for the clear seeing to cloud,

to be just like the other moms,
clipping small bows and pressing tan pants.

But my wanting meant nothing to life,
shining brilliant from your eyes.

I cried with you on my chest,
telling you I probably wasn't the best choice.

You pulled the corner of your mouth up—
maybe a smile, a small hiccup—then threw up milk on my shirt.

I knew then I'd at least try to love my terror,
to find my own shining brilliance again.