

Still Counting

(1990's?)

I can't wait to have a baby
Can't wait till my belly is big
And bursting with love
I want to be a vast vessel
A resonant and radiant receptacle
For the arrival of a mini miracle

Can't wait to welcome my little one
Daughter or son
To the willing well
And harvest of my breast
Every molecule extends
Our breath and spirits blend

Can't wait to caress and rest
In warm wonder of mothering
Loving for the rest of our lives

Can't wait to kiss a soft cheek
And speak in sweet silence soothingly
Dwell in the melody
Of sleepy suckling sounds summoning
Lingering

Can't wait to comfort
Cuddle
Cradle
And crawl
Fall fluidly
And keep ascending
Tending towards tender understanding

Can't wait to laugh and cry
With delight and wonder
To nurture the future
By virtue of every single surprising split second
In uncharted tenuous steps
Along the wildly winding work and way
Day by day

Can't wait to explode with an essential song
Engaging dedication
Celebration
Unfolding with bold improvisational imperative
Seismic courageous commitment
And creativity
Awakening spontaneously
Through necessity
Fundamental maternal mission
Emitting major keys
And cares
Aspiring to a holy human high note
Mother
Child
Love
Elevated
Surely merely monumentally
The coloratura of creation

46 and still counting
Counting on manifesting
A mythical conceivable crop
Of truly tenacious enduring eggs
Still sound and sustaining
Vital and viable
For fertile full fruition
Is it a mere fantasy to torment me?
Or will I be most lucky?
A mama?
A miracle?
A baby?
Could it possibly be for me?
Unlikely
But maybe
We'll dream
We'll see