

THE MEDICINE IS BORN

By Hannah Vedova

The agony of labor ends! A golden hour to begin
Little can she comprehend the situation she is in
Fleeting thoughts of joy and peace melt into doubt, anxiety
Her babe is snuggled up at least, sleeping in satiety

"Will she be safe, and well, and good?" The worries gather sharp as spears
To attack the mother's womanhood, an unrelenting stream of fears
Most of all? That she will fail, her nipples bleeding by the session
Still betrayed by that damn scale, the lightest weight of her depression

When will the joy and peace return? She wonders in the morning hour
Will weeks of anger and concern destroy a deep maternal power?
The smiling doctors in reply offer meds and miss the issue's core
"They won't affect your milk supply," as if she were livestock, nothing more

At least her husband patiently endures the waxing of each wave
At least her baby gratefully still takes the bottle and behaves
Perhaps an end to days forlorn as beauty overcomes the night?
Perhaps the medicine is born, not taken. Perhaps that is the light!