

A.M. Revelation

Somewhere between the hours of 1:30
And 5:30 A.M. my frustrated fatigue
Drifts away with the wonder of my child.
The cavity in my arms
That I never knew existed till
It was filled with his tiny, perfect body
Is now so full that I know
This, at last, is love.
All history begins with this moment,
And I wonder how did I manage
From one meaningless day to the next
Before him? There is nothing
I would not do for him,
And I covet for his happiness.
As I make the tender transfer
From my breast to the cradle,
As I position the flannel blanket
To ensure the most warmth,
As I leave the room with the door ajar
Just enough to hear the next cry—
I suddenly realize that
Once-upon-a-time my mother enacted
This very night with me. . . .
Near tears—this then must hold
The meaning of being mother and child.

—Laura Hamblin