

Birth Mother

It's hard
being born, birthing

Forgetting what is divine
as you say

How much harder
to lose birth connections
early
no one seeming to be in your life
who was there

Drifting, wondering at
what you see inside
the flame
of yourself
flickering

Looking for the miracle
of who you are

Wanting
to fall
like a raindrop
perfectly
into the deep pool of what you feel
inside
into the endless part
of yourself

Ah, this is me
now I'm safe
forever

Crawling, laughing, hurting
walking away, walking to
dreaming, dancing
wondering
finding you are loved and unloved

and waiting
as we all do

You become a woman

And
you catch on the essential truth
miraculously, tenaciously
hold on to your son
impossible odds
overcome
wickedness and stupidity
washed away
by angels

Preserving forever
what becomes yours
birth mother's connection
to son and life and self

And following what you now hold
what you can not lose
you reweave the strands
stretching
from your beginning
to this one, these endless moments
giving birth to yourself

Without thought
it happens
because knowing the first truth
draws in
all the others
flowing like sunlight
onto and into yourself
through you
composing actions
and revelations

Hard and right
all of it

forgetting, remembering
suffering
loving beyond imagination
and learning what you can never know
until moments of conception
take hold
move you and everything around you
to becoming

Now
this sphere
spinning essence
of remembrance
and holy resolution
across the universe

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