

Birth

Anna Preston

It is hard to wrap in numbers
the thing they call a miracle,
as it bleeds through the belly
of a name
that could be anyone's.

We trust our witness sufficient to make us experts
in something we have never felt.
They trust it too;
What choice do they have?

Alone or surrounded,
eyes bright or heavy,
they come,
their past effaced,
all is now.

A snip, a scream,
an exhale.
A body broken and new.

It is a miracle. It is a Tuesday.
It is every hour. It is once in a lifetime.
It is sometimes not at all.

The moment all of our light began.