The Women’s Liberation Movement
stamps its feet
and beats its corporate breast,
while listing, one by one,
each wound, each scar, each dark indignity
that we have known.

Do not misunderstand me.
I too have torn my hair
and shed my tears — hot, dry, uncleansing —
for what from buried time,
through woman’s folly, man’s assent,
has made him still the source
of our most screaming cry,
while all the while,
providing what we need and want and yearn for.

But.

No one has stopped to think, to say:
Look.
Man. Poor thing. Regard his plight.

He cannot bear a child.

While I,
not beautiful, not great in any single way,
not saintly humble, nor with brilliance marked,
not wild inspired, nor sober filled with truth,
nor sung, nor heralded, nor carried high,
I,
with my own grown huge most miracle body,
sailing so splendid through nine visionary months,
have joined with God and yes indeed with man
to bear a child.

My God. To bear a child.

And you are she.

Impossible to catch, define or tell
exactly what it means or even feels
to have and know this child through years and years
of knowing, learning, watching
what a child can be.
So special you.
None other half the same.
At one, so laughing;
and at two, already tender and awake to pain.

Open. And moving toward a score of years of naked-hearted
living.