

Changes

By Krystina Gloria

The changes are forever
and you'll love them.
Except, however,
the ones that hurt or when
your "little endeavor"
makes you spend
all night and day, bow'd,
cradling a commode.

The pain of your insides
shifting and stretching,
the muscles that divide
leaving their mark, etching
lines that forever reside.
The life within sketching,
writing a visual code,
creating a map with roads.

Roads that show the wonder
of creation that'll occur
in your body. The pressure under
which you live, they reassure
it's worth the thunder
of fear that you endure.
A loss would cause strain,
but you still play the game.

When the months of HG
have finally come to an end,
you can finally see
your new best friend.
The drastic change in reality,
the time it'll take to mend.
The result is worth the pain
and the fog in your brain.

Even though you feel so blessed,
the smile on your face belies
the ache in your chest
when you hear their little cries.
The pressure in your breasts
brings tears to your eyes.
Sans a bond, you feel vacant now,

deepening the crease within your brow.

The lack of connection to
your baby causes such guilt
to fester within you.
This is a life that you built,
so why is everything blue?
This occasion should tilt
your whole world, they vow.
You'll learn to forge one somehow.

You have just undergone
a major, life-altering trauma.
Settle some grace upon
yourself; add a comma.
Your resources are overdrawn,
your body is now that of a mama.
It hit a new ceiling
of overwhelming feeling.

Give yourself a reprieve
after everything you've survived.
Forget what you believed
would happen when they arrived.
Those are all preconceived
ideas. You are alive,
and should focus on healing.
All needs not immediate dealing.

Though your body is worn,
you feel you could fly.
Time with your newborn
is quickly passing by.
Go ahead, toot your horn
and, to the heavens, cry
out your joy and sorrow. Together,
with this tiny being, you are tethered.

For this child you made
will make your life bright,
even when they bade
loudly into the night
their mother's aid.
Like a bird in flight,
you keep close your little feather
through it all, no matter the weather.