

## Newborn Mother

In the wee hours of the night, up again.  
The baby cries, the mother answers, "Not again."  
And offers her full breast to this infant mouth  
Suckling in the silence of the night,  
Settling in together  
to this symbiosis of breast and belly  
Filling and emptying, filling and emptying.

Relax deeper into this mystery of life.  
This baby, once housed in you,  
made of your own cells,  
growing in your body,  
One.

Now released out of that warm womb.  
This baby held in your arms,  
Still dependent on your body  
To stay alive, to come to life.  
This mother, tired, spent, empty,  
Still offering herself to sustain this new life.

Relax more deeply, as if you too are held  
in the arms of a divine mother.  
Some warm nourishing presence here,  
Helping to sustain you,  
to sustain both mother and child.  
Reaching back in time, always present,  
this original mother, here for all human life.

As if you can melt into her arms,  
nurse at her breast yourself.  
Relax and allow this miracle,  
this mystery to unfold.

Imagine angels singing to you in gratitude, dear mother,  
For this offering of your body, your heart, your life  
to this one who suckles now and who will venture off one day.  
Trust yourself. You are not alone  
As you join in this miracle, this mystery of life.

Copyright 2018 Wendy von Oech  
[Wendy.von.oech@gmail.com](mailto:Wendy.von.oech@gmail.com)