

Sharon Snow

Suzanne's Birthday Poem

After all that, you entered quietly.
And well you should,
having squirmed and kicked
for nine months and one week more.

All that time, all that quiet, dark time
when you couldn't see me and
I couldn't see you, we whispered
back and forth. I'm here. I'm here.

How I longed to see you then;
take comfort in the color of your eyes,
the roundness of your head,
the count of your fingers and toes.

After all that time of waiting for you,
stroking your little bottom as it poked against
my belly, telling you to hurry up,
you left me willingly.

After all that coaxing, encouraging, pushing,
there you were; five fingers on each hand,
five toes on each foot, belly button tied in a knot,
little blue eyes fixed on mine.

Ahh ... it's you.