

Ruth Panofsky

The Pregnant Women of Spring

I envy
the pregnant women of spring
on parade after
an interminable winter
they show themselves
and I notice
their cumbersome girth
and curious gait
slowed by burdens
they carry
into heavy traffic
and city streets

In the pregnant women of spring
I see my own body
round and ripe
with my son
then my daughter
and feel the sudden stirrings
of a glorious and riotous past
in my still
silent womb