

Tokophobia

*I'm afraid of birth—
the clumsiness
of a swollen belly,
the fumbling
sweat, the clanging
gurney;
I write the name G-d
to leave room for the divine,
but I'm afraid
my baby will slip
through the gap
my elbow makes
and I'm afraid
I'll mumble "I'm sorry"
for each of my failures—
oh G-d, G-d,
G-d
will you leave room
for me?*

by Hannah Butcher

