

# 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

