

First Childing

by [Angela Alaimo O'Donnell](#) in the [May 2024](#) issue

Mother's Day

Child, you are the root of my hunger,
you are the bone of my being. I was
someone without you. I was everything
until you came and made me more
than I had ever been alone. I was
myself. I was lovely and full filled
with empty possibility.

I was whole and then you broke me
with the news of my mortality.

I was frightened. I was thrilled
by the thought of my becoming
so necessary, so easily killed.

You are the body I made and adore.
I could not love or fear you more.