

Eve, Learning of Pregnancy

A ewe taught me. She grew in girth,
spreading her legs as she walked.
One morning she stayed in the fold,

shuddering. What is this? I thought.
Will we lose her? I stayed there
all day and at last saw a miracle

come through her body, a tiny copy
of its mother, staggering then bleating.
Was this why my own stomach

has stirred and now blooms as if
I have swallowed the August sun?
This is my future, I suddenly see,

to give my body bringing new life.

—Susan Elizabeth Howe