

Psalm of the Expectant Mother

I begged my Lord for any desert acre,
and behold what I am become!
No barren fig, this: a tree of life,
a sporocarp, pod, Aquarius's vessel endlessly pouring.

I am swept to sea with nature's tide,
yet tumbling in the foam, retain the caul
of certainty that covereth mine head.
So powerless never, nor never so content.

And within, my magnum opus,
a spark, a tiny soul, homunculus;
like begetting like, begetting life.

My form yields to the blinding glory of my function—
what gardener, I, who grieves the blossoms?
But turn thy face from spring, O woman,
and wait for harvest.

—Maria Davis