

*Born*

*By Tyler P. Fick*

I am pregnant with the feeling of falling.  
I am swollen from the aches and bruises of the fall.  
I have not bled in a month- you do not wish to make me run red.  
The boy- he kicks, he kicks... feel inside this belly of lust.  
This is an illegal infant, born unto the unknowing eyes of my lustful heart.  
You broke through the protection and came inside me anyway...  
I push...

...it must be removed.

The head of love peeking out of everything woman inside of me.  
The room shrieks, let this be born.  
I crumble to become a ball, something unborn traveling down a tunnel.  
It has no map, but it seems to know the way.  
It's arms come through to rip apart my youthful fantasies.  
The reality of you cut inside me long ago.  
Hands squeeze onto my own life.  
You grab onto my shoulders with the power of need.  
There is something antique about it.

...I am not the first woman to deliver onto this love.

...there have been others who have cut this solitary cord.

Push- Push harder he screams.  
We engage in battle... and I push.  
It is suddenly a desert inside this room.  
The light reflected upon me is the afternoon sun.  
The sweat feels like water,  
...This sweat tastes like freedom on my unreceptive tongue.  
I feel the legs being pulled apart from me.  
Now I can run, now I can run.  
It ends and I sleep cradled by the desert sun.  
I do not wonder if I should smile or sing,  
This feeling of life lived right falls upon me.  
You boy, bring me wrapped in a blanket, the birth of love.