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## Delivery

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## Delivery

Her left leg cripples her progress,  
a limp as slow and sure  
as pain across generations.  
Her eyes are the muddy suffocation  
of glimmer, too many wrinkles  
from too few years.

This is not her first pain.  
Years before I ever carved  
my own life from hers,  
drinking in her experience,  
pushing her blood through my veins,  
stretching her body to wrap

her skin around two lifetimes,  
that white man with hands as pure  
as antiseptic  
smacked air into her lungs,  
leaving comfort and serenity  
in her mother's womb.

*Amy B. Judge*