

-and I tumble
through the unexplored deep magic of my soul.
A ringing in my ears reminiscent of Tibetan bowls,
so loud it's almost silent.

Then I surface again
and the soft light of morning
creeps in through the cracks in the curtains,
falls gently on my love's face
a tear close by
I smile
so he can smile.

I dive back in
and link arms
with the grandmothers of time.
Their worn faces deep lined with
primal knowledge
soft and strong.

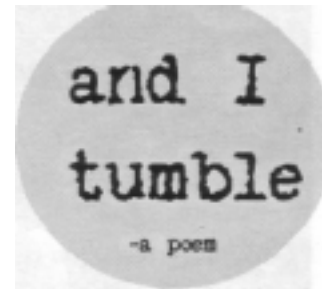
I am a baby again, cradled and
screaming...
I am an old woman slipping easily,
quietly,
out of this world into the next.
I am a young woman
howling my wolf's cry into the
never,
an old new song in the deep of
myself.

I have taken off my skin, my bare
spirit exposed
Through the wall of contraction, I can feel his hand ...her
hand
they are my watchers, protectors,
allowing me to be vulnerable, keeping me safe

I surface again
I can feel her presence with my eyes closed I turn to look behind me,
Smile

A deep breath and I am swallowed up again
turning over and over, I can't find up or down
panic rising and my voice cracks
my legs are on fire,
tears flow and I try to stop them.
A hand on me
"let them come"
I sob and tears stream, I forgive myself.

Now he is here
holding me, gifting me strength I haven't got any more
my eyes are inside his, and I can see myself.
We push this tiny new life towards a huge world



willing her through the last leg of this journey
I am howling into a bottomless hole in the earth then suddenly
a new sound

relief

Maisie

Love

By Martha White
On the birth of her daughter (pictured)

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