

Ten Months by Jennifer Wong

They say I must be a proud woman now,
Female friends eye my new state with envy.
Passengers smile and hurriedly surrender their seats

As I walk about, squeeze my way in,
Repeating 'excuse me', 'excuse me'
Everywhere I go,

Gathering alien pounds of flesh and
Swelling mountains of milk,
Hunting for bigger bras at the lingerie department.

I move along, an obedient student, minding their advices,
Surreptitiously avoiding sushi, crabs, Xerox machines;
Hiding my stilettos, dozens of shoeboxes of them;
Earning sympathy from mother-in-law.

How do the others cope? This long countdown until
The metallic table, clanging utensils,
Stitches, the deft movements of the obstetric surgeon?
(How many does he handle in a day?)

Very soon I will have
Green snakes creeping along my legs,
And be content making jelly cubes and pound cakes.

*In the darkness we lay
Side by side, so intimately related,
Sharing our new story.*

*I hear her sound breathing, imagine my son's heartbeat,
Rhythm of a small toy drum.*

*Her beauty moves me beyond words,
Like a peacock spreading her iridescent plumage.*

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