

## Tamary Lia Baz, "Birth and Becoming"

Seventh month, my little boy  
This is not how I thought it would look

I imagined us in nature and streams  
That your coming birth would fill our lives  
We were wrapped in excitement and comfort anticipating your arrival  
arranging, dreaming, nesting

I didn't imagine that that pastoral image, little boy, would be replaced by  
sirens, missiles and shelters  
by sorrow that has spread like a blanket over the days and nights  
Endless concern for family and loved ones  
And an earth that trembles from its encounter with a brutal evil  
that we didn't want to believe existed

My womb hurts from the horrors, my little boy  
Do you feel it, too?  
I'm trying to take a deep breath for you  
"You must rest, let go"  
But how do you let go of grief, explain to me  
When children are dying every day  
And children of another mother are in the hands of animals?

This week I asked you, my little boy  
if you are sure  
This is where you want to come.  
To this world, to this earth  
I told you that you have time to change your mind  
And I will completely understand you, and I will have no complaints

And then I felt you—you smiled at me  
And you explained it to me well  
that you do know where you have chosen to come  
that you have no misgivings, and that there is no mistake in the address  
You're coming to this land.

I understood at that moment, my brave soul  
whatever you need from me  
It's not inventing a perfect world for you  
nor a womb that does not shrink in the face of horrors  
Or a body and heart that are not overwhelmed by sorrow, anger, and pain

You need me to trust you  
and me  
that you know to where you are coming  
And that it won't always be easy here  
That you have insight, a plan and intent  
that my role in your life  
is to be by your side, but to let you experience  
And not to push humanity into a corner  
which includes sorrow, pain, disappointment and oversight

So I promise you today and always, my child  
Not that when you grow up there won't be more wars...  
Only that I will always be here for you  
To embrace, contain, soften and nurse

and to pour love and light into every crack and fracture  
When you're in pain, when the tears come  
When reality tempts you to get tough  
And your senses will seek to submit and become numb

Mom is here with you  
all the way  
And in whatever path you choose to walk.  
This world isn't perfect, child  
And neither are we  
And I can't really guarantee you that we will succeed  
in creating a different, better reality here

But I promise you with all my heart,  
That we will never stop trying.