

# Blessed are the Mothers

Blessed are the mothers in the trenches  
Those with a newborn  
Whose screaming face  
They are just getting to know  
And yet, already, love completely, intimately - eternal.

Blessed are the mothers  
Unfolding and cracked open  
Struggling to bloom  
Empty stomachs, full arms,  
The messy bun solidified with dry shampoo  
For the fourth, fifth, tenth? Day in a row -  
Who could possibly keep track at this point.

Blessed are the mothers in the trenches  
With three under two  
Two under two  
Any under two  
Whose days are a merry go round of nappies  
Sleep schedules, the nap missed again,  
Who can never find the time  
For a hot cup of something  
Or anything  
For themselves.

Blessed are the mothers in the trenches  
Who can't get a break  
At the hospital again, the doctor, self-quarantining  
Whose beloved ones collect sicknesses  
Like others collect rocks.

Blessed are the mothers  
Who feel themselves becoming invisible  
Turned inside out  
Into somebody else.

Blessed are all the mothers  
Praying for a good sleep  
Praying for health  
Praying to enjoy the moment  
Praying for better days ahead  
May we not be so quick  
To offer platitudes and accomodations  
To everyone else  
That we forget  
Motherhood is forged in the trenches.

May we be the tribe  
To offer grace  
To be generous in practical ways  
That we lift up  
Mothers, children, families in the trenches  
Even after they are safely on the other side.

by Steph Van Rossem