



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 accommodations
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 Rossen

