

Womb Beats

I emerged from the womb of a Mexican
woman on foreign soil.
A brave woman.

Before she knew me
she trekked through a dark desert,
she risked her life.
She hid in the dark.
Sharp thorns pierced her rear.
She kept on.

On this land
she raised four children of her own
cared for countless others.
She cooked and cleaned for others.
She sewed.
She sorted and provided bingo supplies.
All in the name of contributing
to her community on foreign land.

The words “illegal immigrant” and “border wall”
resonate against my ear drums
and echo the beats and swooshes of her womb.
Those sounds associated with her warmth.
Her courage, the compassion and resiliency that live within her.
The sounds that give me courage.
The feelings that encourage me to overcome my own thorns,
don the lab coat, and keep on.