

# **Of All the Pushing**

By, Susan LaFortune

In and out of sleep, during twilight  
A glow worm illuminates a room.  
    Soft light colors to help him sleep  
Bring no comfort to his aching mouth.

White boulders pushing to the surface,  
Trying to break free, break out.  
To be something other than  
Just a little raised bump.

Reminding me of his head pushing out  
Breaking me, breaking free.  
Just doing what nature calls for  
    Why does it hurt so much?

The first time hurts for everything.  
Slowly preparing for years  
    Of continuous pushing  
The first push is always the hardest.