

The Pregnant Father Ponders

No kicking in the belly
Or late night hunger surges
Remind my body of your immanent birth in my life.

Sure I have gained a few pounds
Too many cookies eaten to silence
The din of anxiety.

Though another's body, another's loins birth you into the world
I stand pregnant inside
Readying to catch you as you land in my arms.

And I shall call you Son, Daughter
And you shall know me as Abba-Daddy.

Never, ever can I remove the empty scar of orphaned life.
All the knowing of time and mind
Can't fill the wound, nor answer why.
I only know in this pregnant moment of time
Your destiny and mine are being called to meet.

You, the Orphan I shall call my Child.
I, the Pregnant Father
Praying to be worthy to love you in the fullness of time.

Praying to birth from within me
Compassionate wisdom, patience, and love
Abundant energy, humor and a gentle spirit.

That I may respond to your cries
And fulfill this destiny we have created
Aeons ago, in the womb of eternal time.

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