



Holy in the hush

Inspired by 2 Corinthians 12:9

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I have lost track of hours—
my clock is your crying.
Nights bleed into mornings,
each minute stretched with your need's rhythm.

I cradle you in trembling arms,
nipples sore—painful as labor;
Beneath my scar, stitches whisper pain,
yet your small, hungry face—
oh so innocent!

I whisper sorrows between your breaths,
wondering if love alone suffices.
Tears trace paths down tired cheeks,
meltdowns draining me weak.

And outside, the world rests.

Yet in the hush of your soft sleep—
each long night, the raw wound,
the fear that grips me—
is somehow held,
rendered holy.

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