

Mary speaks of how it feels when the baby turns

by [Devon Miller-Duggan](#) in the [December 4, 2019](#) issue

As if he's a fish alive in the sea.

I am ocean.

As if he's a hand stirring water and grain.

I am what will rise in time.

As if he's a tongue rolling around honey and sour.

I am fruit.

As though a stormcloud boiled the sky.

I am sky.

As though a skin of wine sloshed in a servant's arms.

I am servant.

He rolls beneath my husband's hands as though he is curious,  
as though he is leviathan near breaching the waters.

Still, I am sea.

As sprouts pushing against earth, toward sun.

I am field.

As though I had swallowed a bird, yet still it flies.