

Freewrite meditation inspired by Luke 1: 39 - 80.

I am pregnant with an autumn tree.
I'm holding within me the shedding of dead leaves.
I'm leaving a season of summoning summer sun.
It's not quite yet cold,
but I'm pregnant with a winter breeze.
I wake up some mornings
nauseous with the chill of change.
I wonder if this new life within me
will be born with all its fingers and toes.
I wonder if it will breathe deeply
and cry loudly
and laugh wholly
and holy
and whole-heartedly.

I am pregnant with timber,
width the base of a mountain.
I often question if my heart is fertile
enough for this mustard seed sprouting with the promise
to move.

I'm pregnant with a garden covered in the crunch of red
and yellow and brown.
I'm pregnant with nests exposed
in branches I have to lift my chin to see.
I'm pregnant with the Fall, with falling, with the fallen.
I'm pregnant with a rose, with rising, with the risen.
I am pregnant with days just,
only,
barely warm enough to sit

outside
to watch my breath
coatless,
uncovered.

I am pregnant with a prayer held in stained,
glass hands.
I am pregnant, and fragile, and afraid

but when I hear the sound of Your greeting,

the child within this womb leaps for joy,
and my soul magnifies You,
and my spirit rejoices.

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