

The Wonder

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Ben watches his wife huff rapidly as the nurse had instructed when she bends over her large round belly, the skin stretched so tight it shines. Sylvia grips his hand and pulling forward, bright red fingernails digging into his flesh, a reflex to the pain. Beads of sweat drench her hair, a testimony of an ordeal. Her eyelids squish together and her upper lip curls, baring her teeth, as if at war.

The doctor gives her an assuring smile and says. “We’re almost there.” Then, with one last push, our child squirms out of its nest with a wail, announcing *I’m here!* Sylvia lays back, at peace, and the nurse tucks the baby against her breasts.

He stands over them, soaking in the serenity of the scene, struck by the wonder of creation.