

Postpartum Intrusive Thoughts

How are you and the baby?

Great!

*I am a horrible mother
and I can't think straight!
This baby is better off with another.
Triggering bad thoughts seem to be my fate.*

Sleep when baby sleeps!

I will!

*I am awake.
Counting her breaths when she lays too still.
Sleep deprivation so severe I should take a bedtime pill.
But if I take that pill CPS could be called,
so I lay here awake with every night fall.*

Can I hold the baby?

Sure!

*No!
What if you get her sick and there is no cure!
Please I beg- don't breath on her!
Visions of baby dropped on the ground below,
why did I even stop to say hello?*

Let me know if you need anything!

Thank you!

*I am undeserving of help for this is baby number two.
A facade I have created. If only they knew.
Unable to voice the agitated thoughts I think.
Dissociate all day- nursing, changing, rocking,
did I even eat or drink?
Will anyone out there even care—*

—Hey! What is going on up there?

Nothing I am fine!

I'm really not fine.

Right there!

I see it. You went somewhere!

Postpartum is hard please don't hesitate to share.

'Motherhood requires a village' they say!

What happens when that village is filled with empty offers and praise?

Exchanging pleasantries each day connected by our young

Yet remaining disconnected with unspoken truths on our tongue.

**I am anxious to share, but my mind feels unwell.
So tired of surviving and walking on egg-shells.
Please hold my hand as I make the call.**

Don't worry friend, I wont let you fall.