

## *Reflections*

There's something inside her at last  
For the longest time there was nothing

She gazes into the mirror  
And raises her glass, drinks and turns away  
Pragmatism wins over introspection

Her glass is empty

She already loves her baby more than she has ever loved herself – but will  
that be enough?

She imagines how he will look when he is born, how she will dress him

What sort of man he will become

He nudges her and she smiles briefly

She feels different now – special

And for someone who has never felt special in her life

It's a good feeling

She watches as her image fills the glass and raises it to her lips

And as she sips the only thing that has ever made her happy, her baby waits  
to be born

*Elizabeth (Anne) Russell*  
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