

# A Poem for Mothers Suffering Through Dysphoric Milk Ejection Reflex

My baby, her birth, such joy and such hope.  
So loved and welcomed by kith and kin.  
So right and so good!  
My baby, her birth, such pride and such peace.  
All I had hoped for, all I had dreamed.  
So right and so good!

My baby, her mouth, so gentle and sweet.  
She nuzzles and sighs and finds the breast.  
So right and so good!  
My baby, I hold her, feeling her warmth.  
I nurture this darling, this dearest joy.  
So right and so good!

But now - I stop. Where is the warmth and maternal?  
I should gaze into my baby's eyes.  
So strange and so odd!  
This feels different from the times before –  
the times I nursed with my other babies.  
So strange and so odd!

My milk, it is going to flow, but a horror  
A horror precedes it, heralding the letdown.  
So wretched and sick!  
A pit of hollowness deep in my stomach.  
I'm filled with anxiety and dread.  
So wretched and sick!

No hunger, just gagging and ready to heave.  
The tears and the weeping, the deep-seated pain.  
So horrid and vile!  
Despair and hopelessness, wretchedness and gloom.  
I'm worried and fearful and lost. Such misery.  
So horrid and vile!

Though its lifespan is short - a few breaths or a moment  
It pierces like homesickness, stabbing deep into my heart.  
So painful and cruel!  
Again and again my sweet milk is announced  
By anguish and torment, suffering and grief.  
So painful and cruel!

It's a feeling of guilt and of panic, of angst.  
And I don't understand it. Tell me, what is it called?  
I cannot tell others. They will judge and accuse.  
And I don't understand it. Tell me, what is it called?  
It's not in my head. I feel so... undone.  
And I don't understand it. Tell me, what is it called?

Oh, my baby! My love! How I cherish my baby.  
But someone, please. Tell me, what is this called?