



Maxine Bolden*

A MIDWIFE REBORN

All my dreams seem to be about being free, truly being born.
Again. And this time for keeps.
People seem against me getting free, but need my freedom for
their own.
Against me having a voice, yet my voice gives voice to their
voices so they can be heard.
I need a voice. For my people. A new voice. For my people.
Listen to my sure voice.
It is my freedom.
My people's freedom.

It's what I hear that binds me. So it must be what I hear that
frees me.
So I hear myself praising
And praying and teaching and singing and until I vomit out all
the pain and hurt, rejection and abandonment that is inside
me and outside me and inside others around me
That they don't see. I vomit until I wake up.
The journey begins. The journey continues. And the journey
never ends.

I see myself new and shining and BEAUTIFUL. I've never
been beautiful. I've been pretty,
Shaped like a coke bottle, but not beautiful. I've been cute and
eager.

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I've shined with after glow and fashion fair and pregnancy. I
have been. But now!

I see myself through the seeing eyes of my daughter—hopeful
and open—free.

I hear myself through the listening ears of my son—musical
and merry.

I know myself through the touch of my husband knowing—
enticing, sensual, erotic, powerful.

I see myself. I finally see myself. There I am. And here I am.

I sit at the feet of Inspiration and Spirituality and they teach
me about my journey.

They teach me about being and not doing. They teach me
about being who I really am,

Not just who I am, have settled for, have been. They teach me.
And I learn.

In the corner of my mind, I see glimpses of myself, whole, joy-
ful, healed. No longer do I wear depression and shame, anxi-
ety and disapproval, abuse and self-sacrifice. I see myself,

Not as servant, but as disciple, as friend, as solitary light, as
me. I see myself joined to and conjoined with the tasks ahead.

I revel in the glory of joy and bask in the beauty of eternity.

I look in the mirror at sanctity and hallelujah. I dance with
the ocean both spirit and truth.

I look and I dance. And I dance and I see. Oh, I see you come
to me, O God, this holy thing that is me.

I am overshadowed by God's promises and purpose and con-
ceive . . . myself, new and free.

I struggle from my own womb, stretching toward the air, no
longer afraid of the beyond,

Not limited to the right now, no longer bound to what was
before. I come out and become.
Here, there is no slap on the buttocks, no perversion of my
sexuality. No,
I cough. I gag up anger and bitter words spoken by others.
I inhale deeply of joy, peace, and courage.
And realize my Self. I realize that the me I am is not the am
that's me.
No, it's not really who I am.
The shell comes off, the shadows draw back, the hunger is
filled and creation unfolds.
Look at me.

I am hopeful. I see myself, not dimly as in a mirror, but clearly.
Understanding,
I am not vomit nor spittle nor waste, but living water, sacred
breath, holy purpose. As I step to myself, I see the glory and
honor of Goddess, the sensuality, the sexuality of liberation,
The swivel and swerve of creation's hips, the stir and fire of
inspiration's loins.
I am what I will be. I Am!

The first of these is the fact that the

the second is the fact that the

the third is the fact that the

the fourth is the fact that the

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