

第 40 篇 [想像初生時] [Think of Your Birth]

命題大意： 設想自己出生時情形.

寫作大意： 如題.

ASSIGNMENT: 4/2/2003

Spring into the city by writing poem about birth. What do you think your birth was like the minute that you enter the world?

WRITING : 4/9/2003

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Spring onto the earth, speaking of the birth. All have such experience, none has any reminiscence. With later information, write out the imagination.

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It is the 13th of May 1921 (lunar calendar 6th April), 3:00 a.m. to 5:00 a.m., at a village in Liling county, Hunan province, southern China. I enter the world when my mom is 40 and dad 43. He is not at home,

Before my birth, I have been in mom's body for nine months, growing from an egg cell to a baby, tightly packed with a membrane and some water in her womb. At that time, my physical body is complete, but only my heart and blood circulation systems are working. Others such as respiration and digestion systems are intact ready to work. I have been getting nutrition from mom through a flexible duct called umbilicus connecting my belly and the womb's inner membrane. My small limbs have moved once in awhile making mom very uncomfortable.

At the moment to be born, NATURE gives me the power to turn up side down and thrust out. Added with the exertion of force from mom, I am squeezed out head- first . I hear mom moaning. I eventually break out of the membrane, in a gush of lubricating water. I suddenly feel released. "Wah, wah..." I cry out loudly that is the beginning of my aspiration.

There is no professional obstetrics hospital at the time. My grand mom in her 60s serves as a midwife and my eldest sister in 20s who is married and has children, as a helper. They pull out the umbilicus and the membrane. My mom stops moaning but continues to sweat and is exhausted. "It is a boy!" Grand mom murmurs. Mom smiles and gets released....

All become very busy. I am washed in a wooden pan with warm water. My umbilicus is cut with a scissors, leaving about 3 inches of stem tightly tied with a piece of thread. I am wrapped with a soft cotton cloth and fed with some herbal stewed warm water to clean out my digestion system until my mother's milk becomes available for me. I stop crying and begin to stare around . My five senses begin to work accumulating information. This is how I enter the world. Four years later, my father died at an age of 47, Seventeen years later, my mother died at her 57. Now I am 82.

Remarks: With the intention to make the writing dramatic, I use the present tense mostly in this writing to represent my feeling and assumption except the death of my parents that is a fact of the past.