

Once Upon Time ... a Breastfeeding Story

My daughter is born, and she is truly a gift sent from above
She is such a blessing and a joy to me, I am immediately in love

I want to give her the world, nothing but the best
Mothers milk is an obvious choice for me, nothing is better than the breast

Loving her comes so easy, so nursing should be a breeze too
What a shock, neither of us quite knows what to do

Do lots of skin to skin, and nurse her often they say
But my baby has trouble latching on day after day

She thrusts her tongue up and her suck is kind of weak
I feel my goal of exclusively breastfeeding is starting to look bleak

My nipples are cracked, raw and sore
My baby has lost too much weight; I feel something is wrong with us for sure!

Hip hip hooray, my milk is finally in!
Things are sure to get better now and the bonding can begin

Alas new troubles arise and we are again put to the test
She still has trouble working for the milk and falls asleep at my breast

My poor baby gets so frustrated and all she can do is cry
I join in her frustration with tears in my own eyes

My husband is my refuge and I know he shares my pain
The lactation nurses are my guides and they help to keep me sane

The pediatrician says that supplementing is an absolute must
I look at the can of formula feeling defeat and disgust

I don't think that formula is evil, but I know my milk is a product made by
God himself

So pumping becomes my new job to keep the formula on the shelf

I'm pumping around the clock and supplementing too
Drinking lactation tea, taking herbs, and trying all that I can do

And yet we still nurse often and my baby starts to gain weight!
I still have faith that breastfeeding may be our fate

Finally my baby is gaining weight well, but I'm driving myself crazy
I realize that the bottle is making her more lazy

So I decide to take that darn bottle away
And we spend a weekend in my bed where we can relax and nurse all day

And then on that magical Sunday the world stands still, and I feel time go in
slow-mo

At eight weeks old my baby starts to nurse like a little pro!

Good bye pump, and bottles so long to you too
I've got plenty of milk and my baby knows exactly what to do!

I'm so happy I had support and my determination stayed strong
We just had to practice; it was in us all along

Nothing has ever made me feel more like a woman as the bond created by the
closeness, and I will always cherish this time we have together
I am providing her nourishment while creating a bond that we will share forever

Nursing my daughter seemed so natural and was so important to me
It is a gift only I can give to help her start life happy and healthy

....And we nursed happily ever after!