Creative Corner

## Description

## A Student Midwife’s Tale

**Rebecca Parrymore (She/her) – Student Midwife**



In the quiet dawn, I begin my day,

With hope in my heart and dreams that sway,

A student midwife, eager to learn,

In the realm of life where miracles churn.

I step into the ward, where stories unfold,

Of mothers and babies, both young and old,

With every heartbeat, a tale is spun,

Of resilience and strength, of battles won.

Communication, my trusted guide,

In every word, I take pride,

Listening intently, with a heart so wide,

For in every voice, a need may reside.

I speak with care, my words are light,

Bringing comfort in the darkest night,

With empathy and understanding,

I strive, To keep the spirit of every mother alive.

In this melting pot of cultures so vast,

I honour the present and respect the past,

With open arms and an open mind,

In every soul, a unique story I find.

From distant lands and cultures rare,

I learn to understand and care,

For every tradition, every belief,

Brings its own form of relief.

In moments of doubt, when shadows loom,

I find my strength within the room,

In the cries of newborns, in mothers' sighs,

In the shared glances and tear-filled eyes.

Resilience, my steadfast friend,

In every challenge, it helps me mend,

Through sleepless nights and weary days,

It guides me through the winding maze.

I see the fear, I feel the pain,

In the labour room, where storms often reign,

But with every breath and every cry,

I stand beside, and together, we try.

To bring new life into the light,

To fight the darkness with all our might,

For in every struggle, there's a spark,

A glimpse of hope in the deepest dark.

I learn from every birth, every tear,

The strength of mothers, so pure, so clear,

In their eyes, I see the fire, Of life, of love,

Of deep desire.

And as I grow, with every day,

I find my voice, I find my way,

With resilience, communication, and inclusivity,

I forge my path in this community.

A student midwife, on this quest,

To give my all, to be my best,

With every mother, every child,

In every heartbeat, tender and mild.

So here I stand, with open hands,

Embracing cultures from distant lands,

With resilience as my guiding light,

I journey on, through day and night.

In whispers soft and voices clear,

I find my purpose, year by year,

In every birth, a story new,

A student midwife, strong and true.

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