

Shira Richter

*The night we first made love (after how long?)*

April 5, 2002 (They are almost 3 months old)

The night we made love

D could open the door any moment

Put something by the door. The heater? The wash bin?

The room smelt of dirty diapers.

The door wasn't locked.

D was in the other room

Why do I think of other things while I'm making love

and think of making love while I'm doing other things?

The day we made love

My mind raced itself to – to where?

The day we made love

I turned off the light

(I never turn off the light)

I turned off the light so

One – if D comes in – she won't see us and we'll have time to say 'Get out'.

Two – He won't see my – what used to be my tummy. The skin on my tummy.

The night we made love

Penetration hurt. But why the left side? The stitches are on the right side.

When did we make love last?

This is how I talk. Since birth. Since Don't tell me it's not –

This is how I talk, and it's a – it's a legitimate depiction of how

A pre- how a post pregnant woman thinks and talks. The night we made love

Sirens blasted somewhere in the night. And more sirens, there's another one.

(Another suicide bombing?)

You came on my crumpled belly.

We felt around for the toilet paper, but there wasn't any.

Why didn't I buy condoms at the pharmacy when I bought formula this Friday?

Why don't I go to the gynee for a hetken\*?

Why don't we stack up on formula for the maybe coming war?

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**Shira Richter, The Night**

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Why should I see the news if I can't do anything about it?

No toilet paper. Use a diaper. Not the plastic one, the cloth ones.

We wiped the come with the cloth diaper from the babies' drawer cabinet in our room.

Then he blew his nose in the come.

The room smelt of kaki filled diapers.

That's how we made them.

Someone cried in the other room.

I fantasized obvious not- to- mention fantasies.

The night we made love.

I thought of telling you we're out of mineral water and we need to order more.

I stopped myself.

\* Hebrew slang for IUD