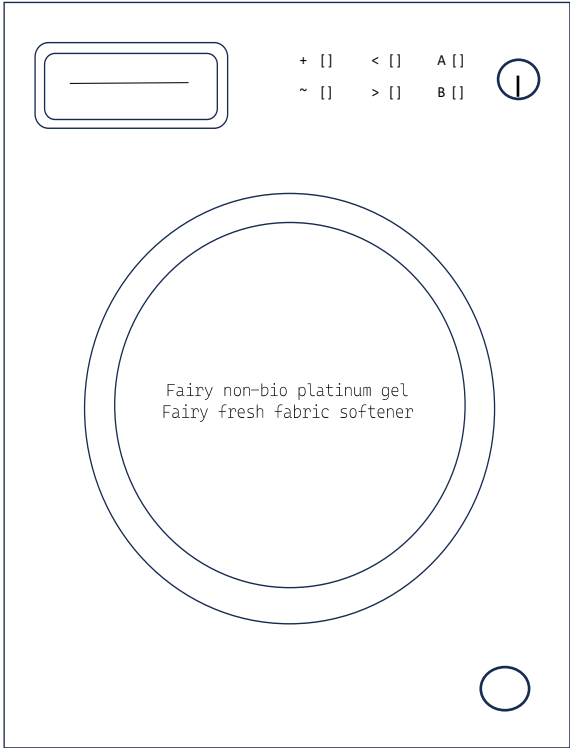


~~I wanted this.~~

I wanted love.



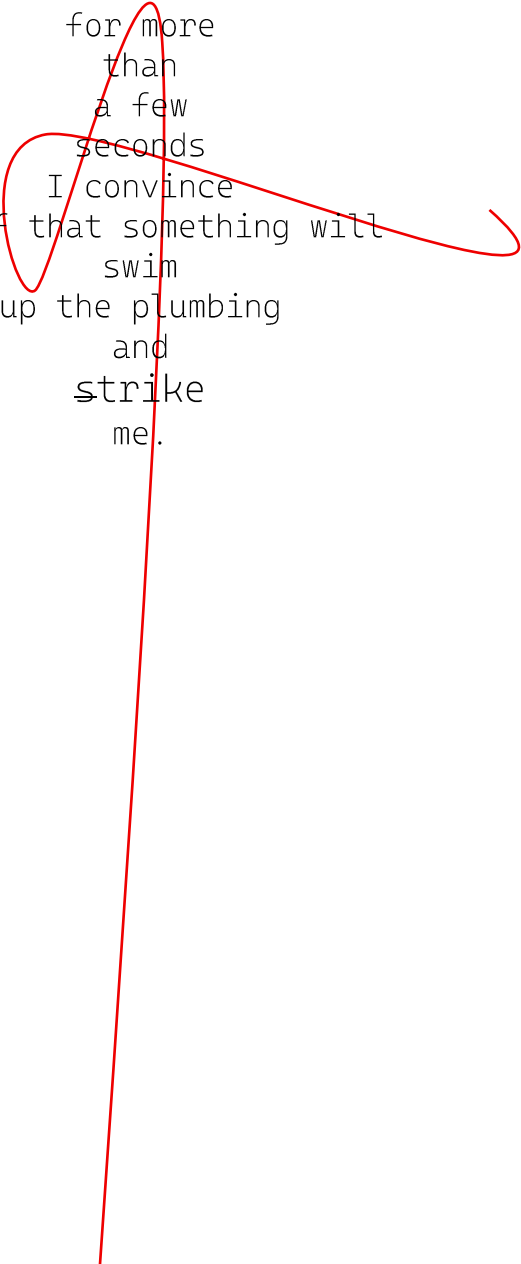
When strangers
walk close to me,
I no longer tolerate it.

I stop

and wait

until they pass me.

If I sit
on the
toilet
for more
than
a few
seconds
I convince
myself that something will
swim
up the plumbing
and
strike
me.



It's too much

It has been
a while
since he
last
smiled. I
take that
personally.

I sat there,
in the bath
and thought.

Yes, you
deal with
it.

Not one ounce
of guilt
entered my mind.

Give it a few years, you'll want another.



water water water water water water water water water water




water water water water water water water water water water



water water water water water water water water water water



water water water water water water water water water water



water water water water water water water water water water



water water water water water water water water water water



water water water water water water water water water water



water water water water water water water water water water



water water water water water water water water water water

I'm fearful of the night
approaching

A desire to be around animals.
To be in the same room as them.
To know they are there.

=^ . ^=

I was hit on at work
for the second time
since becoming visibly
pregnant.

{Male customers}

Something about
men and their
mothers?

I fucking hate social media!

‘Just wait until...’

Maybe I'm too weak.
Maybe I'm not cut out for this.

I'm a shit woman.

I scrunched
scratchy,
toilet paper
it into

up the thin,
Cineworld
and forced
my ears.

Play pen

Cot

Mattress

Bedding

Mobile

(felt, ribbon, embroidery hoop)

Nipple Pads

High chair

And I pleaded with my mum.
If it happens to me.
No matter what.
Make sure that I hold him.

-.--~="~--...
; _.-" / \ ! ! / \ "-._ .
/ , " / , \ .---. \ , \ " . \
/. ' ~ | /I look\ | ~ \ ' .\
 into his
\ \ . ~ | \ eyes / | ~ \ ~ .! /
\ \ . ~ \ \ , ~~~! , \ / ~ \ .! /
"-._ \ / ! ! \ / _.-"
"=~~... ..~=\ "

& I
cry

And their advice is always:

“That’s men though, isn’t it? They’re just not able to handle it.”

I'm
i n v i s i b l e

I'm his babysitter.

I'm waiting to hand him back to
somebody.

I don't want to give him back but
he's better with them.

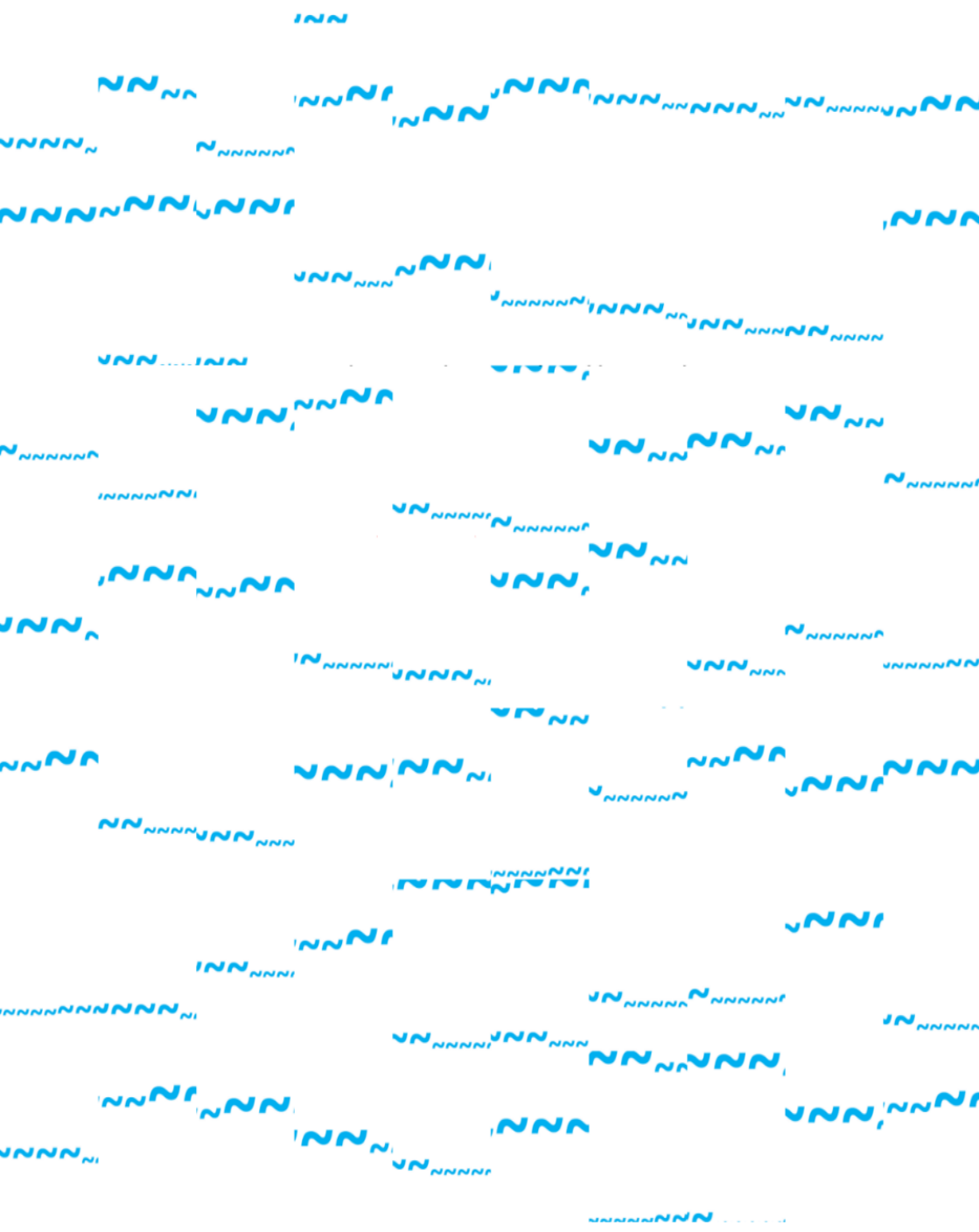
I wore normal clothes today.

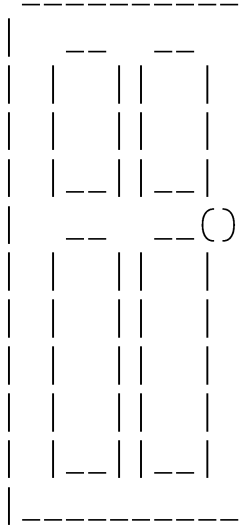
He loves
looking at trees
And I think, Wow
He's right.
They are so mighty,
beautiful, awe inspiring.
I hope his love of trees
is lifelong.



16:47
17:03
17:11
17:21
17:37
17:53
18:00
18:08
18:17
18:25
18:33
18:48
18:54
19:02
19:08
19:23
19:26
19:30
19:36
19:43
19:45
19:51
19:57
20:03

02:55





I hear him
murmur in his sleep
from the next room.

I felt confident being alone with him
for the first time.

I like
the smell
of his
poop

My body is in pain.

I continue...

I continue...

I continue...

He can't feel rejected.

Please
Please

Miles

It's okay
You're okay

Mum loves you

ITCHY

B(*) (*) BS

Soft feet
Bright eyes
Wide eyes
Puckered lips
Cute grunts
Strong neck
Chest to chest
Korma poops
Babbles
Smiles of relief
Milk drunk
Satisfaction noises
Squishy cheeks
Headbutts
Hair pulling
Co-sleeping
Delicate snores
Baby acne
Active sleep
Milk breath
Startled arms

I am not Woman.

Carrots

Potatoes

Bread

Milk

Rice Pudding

Cereal

Aptamil

Ice-cream

Chocolate

Huhyuk

Huhyup

(Drinking Milk)

Dribble
Dribble
Dribble

One simple moment in the day when
my body is my own.

A bath.



To feel the warmth of the water



wrapped around me and nothing else.



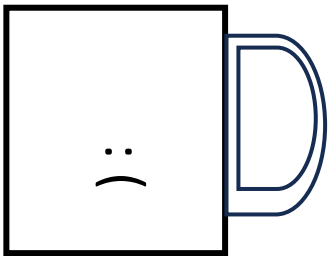
I ~~gave up~~ stopped breastfeeding today.

My anger terrified me.

I'm still
pissing
myself!

I deeply regret that I
declared my occupation as
'Retail Assistant'.

My tea is always cold.



Overwhelming

inadequacy

inadequacy

inadequacy

inadequacy

inadequacy

inadequacy

inadequacy

inadequacy

inadequacy

inadequacy

If you continue to have him sleep in
your bed, you're creating a rod for
your own back.

Has it got bones in it?

I'm grieving my childhood through his eyes

What if I die while commuting to or from uni?

He won't have a mum.

He won't have me.

When it gets hard, you live in your head
and I live in your silence.

1st tooth
17/08/2025

~~I wanted this.~~

I wanted love.

2024 – 2025

9 Months +

Yaz Leigh

2024 - 2025