

My daimon is pregnant, eternally pregnant. Pregnancy is about creating life, yes, but I was surprised to discover that it is also about living with a constant sense of death. One can't escape it; it is with you in every moment. From the moment of conception, the being one is carrying can be lost at any time. Indeed, the mother can die too. One lives with this awareness throughout the pregnancy, sometimes as a little nagging presence, a reminder in the back of one's mind where the things we don't want to think about go. The naked awareness of the potential of death reaches its crescendo in the distorted hours of childbirth; one can't pretend it away when it is screaming in your face, blocking you at every turn should you try to escape. Being pregnant is the greatest risk one can take. It is very, very real. My daimon is real like that, forever pregnant, forever suspended in that place where there is life and death...and duende.