

I See You

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I see you
bathed in the golden hush of exhaustion,
cradling a love so vast, so new,
that it aches in the most beautiful way.

A mother, yet still yourself,
torn between instinct and uncertainty,
caught between the world that was yours
and the life now resting in your arms.

They expect grace, wisdom, surrender—
as if motherhood is a gentle unfolding,
not the building and breaking of our own identity,
not the quiet rebellion it often is.

They do not see the battle within:
the letting go, the holding on,
the slow unraveling of who you were
to weave something new, yet still familiar.

Only those who stayed nights awake
rocking, whispering, waiting—
pleading for a moment of peace, a hint for guidance—
can understand the weight of this moment.

The quiet triumph of your body,
the miracle that unfolded within you,
and the storm of feelings
that no textbook could ever teach.

Bringing a mother into the world
is as challenging as taking care of a baby
and you are doing both simultaneously.
It's a real fight, yours with yourself.

There will be nights when unspoken fears echo in your heart,
when questions swirl like restless tides,
when you feel surrounded by loneliness,
and you wonder if you are enough.

Let me tell you—
you are.
Because I was.
Because we are.

In your touch, there is comfort.
In your words, a lullaby of safety.
In your love, a world waiting to bloom.
You are more than enough.

Even as you carry the world in your arms,
you, too, are meant to be held.
Let compassion—especially your own—

wrap around you like a soft embrace.

You have given life,
and your life is just as worthy of care.
You are allowed to feel tired
just as you are allowed to rest.

Laugh in despair.
Cry in amusement.
Right or wrong,
this new you is still you.

From one who has walked this path,
who knows both the science and the soul of it,
in the quiet wonder of this new beginning
I see you

I stand with you.