

# The Pumpalump

by Elaine Rivette Palmer

illustrated by Jocelyn Guidry

My milk was not white when it started to flow.  
It was yellow and thick, and was terribly slow.

But soon my breasts grew.  
They were hard and would spurt.  
When baby was near, milk soaked through my shirt.

When baby was elsewhere, I felt sad in my heart.  
I wished I could be there when we were apart.

One night in my room I heard a strange noise,  
a whoosh then a wheeze, then a soft little voice.

In rolled a breast pump with a shy little grin.  
It lurched and it rattled, then asked to come in.

"I am a Pumpalump. I pump milk very fast.  
I'll help you and baby feel happy at last.

"Your milk is important to baby's good health.  
It's better than beauty, fame, glory, or wealth.

"I know you are busy, and more work makes you weep,  
but you can pump milk and still get some sleep.

"The secret is simple. It makes perfect sense  
to do something else, while you empty your breasts.

"You can pump while you sit.  
You can pump while you stand.  
You can eat a big meal while you pump with one hand.

"You can doze while you pump,  
but you cannot lean back.  
If you lean to the side, you'll keep a dry lap.

"You can pump while you fish,  
but look out for the hooks.  
If you pump in a car, you will get funny looks.



"You can read a good book.  
You can pump while you sing.  
You can play with your cat.  
You can do many things."

Then the pump rolled away,  
and it said with a wheeze,  
"If you do as I say,  
you'll have plenty to freeze."

I now thank the pump for making me see  
that my milk is my gift  
to my baby from me.

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The author was inspired to write this poem during many hours spent in the supportive environment of the Danbury Hospital Neonatal Intensive Care Unit. She is not affiliated with Danbury Hospital, Texas Tech University, Dr. Hale, or Dr. Seuss.