

Conception

With nothing left to do,
I gathered tiny white vests,
muslin cloths, scratch mittens.
I opened the attic hatch,
carried the bathtub,
the bouncer,
the isofix and car seat,
the five-point harness highchair,
the four-ounce baby bottles,
the electric steriliser
and the volumes of books
on ways to get pregnant.
I tugged the knot
of each bag, squeezed them
into the bath to keep dry.
I didn't throw them away.
I turned off the light.
I climbed down.
I closed the hatch,
but I didn't throw them away.
I didn't throw them away.