



Home Birth(1956)

It's the top window, to the left as you look-  
no different to the others from here in the street  
where black-masked miners trudge wearily home  
hawking evil gobs into the gutter  
and old Mrs S. the neighbourhood harpy  
flies screeching at the weans, who thumb their noses  
and chant, before scurrying beyond her talons' reach

But inside, in that pastel, floral space, it's otherwise  
...the 'sunshine and shadow' patchwork comforter  
reminding her of home... of her life thus far  
...the midwife poised between reassuring and terrifying  
"Now then Mrs M. we've work to do... The doctor you say!  
A busy man Mrs. and no' needed here at a'."

So she sweats and strains, screams and rages,  
despairs...and then  
"By here Mrs M. she's a big yin! Looks six months old already."  
The face of the newly arrived doctor slinks round the door  
"Everything alright in here?"  
and she smiles wanly and slowly nods  
...because it is

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