

POSTNATALISM

Eyes open yet? There.

Moocow. Swaddle. Swallow.
Buurp.
There's a pat on the back. There.

What will it say next?
Perhaps names, it will want names.
It might ask to be picked up,
put down in sickness,
or held, by the mother of invention.

Wedded to the facts? On the face,
look, it's crying. Needs a spell. Rub belly,
blow raspberries. Quick.

Passed around, it likes that. Kind hands,
big eyes, ah, but too many, too many. Mustn't. Thoughts
reflected, alienated
majesty. Potty reigning. Mustn't.

Will it walk soon? Come ta', come ta'.
Four, two, three legs. Piggy wants
to mark it. Unclean. Green eggs. Wants a song, give it one.

Rock-a-bye. Hello again. Wants a present.
A beggar's banquet,
a locked cabinet, some old steam engine.
And danger? Hope so, please.

Nother feed. Already? What goes down must come up.
Who's the dummy?
Shush, sugar, mustn't.

Hold it. Don't put it down. There.
Make a circle. There. Nodding. Hold. There.

David Leys