

Journeys moving, journeys moving still

*In a nest of my folded legs, her favourite place to rest,
my yoghurt-breathed, smudge-fingered,
glasses stealer sleeps clutching her prize and my sight.*

The sight of regurgitated ravioli in the chipped enamel bathtub,
acid eroding enamel because I can't hack the toothbrush.

The blood rush sloshing from head to gut,
feet numb on the shuffle back to the sofa to watch the room spin,
and take periodic glances at The Keepers.

*In a nest of my folded legs, her favourite place to rest,
my yoghurt-breathed, smudge-fingered,
glasses stealer snuggles into the crook of my arm
gurgling tiny snores as she does,
pressing a lens against her cheek.*

Cheek pressed against pillow,
movements limited to making even more lemon and ginger tea
and half hour episodes in the loo, scared to stand,
expecting to see my bloodied blueberry baby bobbing in the toilet bowl.
Even when the app tells me she's bigger than that, an apple or a mango,
my mind still cuts to her baked in a pie.

The only time I don't feel sick in the stomach or head,
I'm led by the hand by my husband to the sea,
where the salt scours lungs that haven't breathed fresh air in a week.
The wind whips tears from my eyes, like two pebbles in their sockets.
We watch seagull parents teach their young how to hover,
Watch them soar, watch them swim.

This is the only peace I get.

*In a nest of my folded legs, her favourite place to rest,
my yoghurt-breathed, smudge-fingered,
glasses stealer wakes and immediately begins to whisper to herself,
examining the blue frames, rubbing the lenses on her gums.
She holds them out to view them wholly and murmurs 'what?'*

Murmuring 'sorry' as a foot in the lung, knocks me to stand-still when trudging the hill
home.

I insist on walking miles a day, disregarding the frost and frozen leaves, but attempts to
dodge the tall, well-dressed men of all ages who've elbowed me into clothes racks, lampposts
and shop windows are futile.

I am forced to pound the disabled toilet door dry-sobbing and desperate while the guy inside
takes a phone call.

I walk eyes darting and down, shoulders hunched, arms wrapped around my bump.

*In a nest of my folded legs, her favourite place to rest,
my yoghurt-breathed, smudge-fingered,
glasses stealer discards the drooled and chewed upon specs to point out of the window at
things I describe for her:
a magpie, leaves, a squirrel, the wind.
Each with a tiny 'what?', 'what?'
We listen to the rain.
She twists a little in my arms
but instead of nuzzling for more milk stares into my face,
stretches out her index finger to the tip of my nose.
I am seen.*