

BABY GROUP

Save me from my loneliness,
lady of the scar,

lady of the birth trauma
and the absent husband.

Distract me in the rain,
lady of the Asda fairy cake,

vacantly sipping as angels
circle in babywalkers.

And you, lady of perfection,
Boudica of cashmere

whose baby's shoes are shiny,
whose ribbons reek of adoration,

though we may never say more
than *Hello, isn't she lovely!*

I am glad you exist.
You appear on a grey morning

right on time, smart as a sail
on bewildered waters.

By Polly Clark
From *Farewell My Lovely*
Bloodaxe, 2009