

POETRY

KATHERINE LAWRENCE

Delivery

You were the first baby I'd ever held, just
two days old, your mother in hospital,
hush of nuns moving back and forth
like long black brooms.

I kissed her lips, your lips, the palms of her hands,
your hands, told her I'd landed the Simon account
in Sudbury but she turned her head to the window,
it wasn't what she wanted to hear, so I told her
our baby girl was as beautiful as her mother
and she reached to take you from my arms,
asked me if I'd brought her a baby gift.

I told her she's holding it for chrissake, I'd just driven
750 miles but I was supposed to stop and pick up
chocolates in the middle of the night, more goddamn flowers
just like in the movies, well I told her life isn't a continuous reel
of celluloid sweetheart and my daughter's going to grow up
knowing the difference.