

for Emrys & Keziah, born into Job's world

She sleeps,
Perfections swaddled,
One absent fist flung free;
Hits at her mother's body, birth ravaged,
Wracked by demands of consuming new-found love
Exhausted and alive.

Within the womb of being
They lie together.
A cushioned nest of lullabies
Soft-pads encircling chaos.
Pastel blessings of admirers
Hang delicate from thorns;
God-words and crocheted bunny rugs
And hypoallergenic wipes,
Stuffed mad into the crevices,
Sieve gales to nagging drafts
That make the coloured mobile dance.

Storm voices howl of innocents
Where mercy did not stretch,
And those forsook by Divine hands
With wretched warning shriek:
God is a fierce place to reside.

She wakes,
Hope luminous,
And at her cry
The milk of life pours forth
Unstoppable.

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