

Newborn

(Inspired by Gino Severini (1883 – 1966), *Maternita*, 1916)

Its cry
Sounds more like a cat's miaow
I turn to you
Is he hungry now?
Carefully
I pick him up
This bundle of blanket
And noise.
Should I feed him?
I sit on the sofa
And place a pillow on my lap
But now he's asleep
I think he's taking a nap
I said
I'll put him back to bed.
But the moment I lay him down
The crying starts again
Like an animal in pain.
I wonder will it ever stop
Is this my life now?
What have we done?
His cry becomes a hiccup.
I pick him up, our son



He nestles close
And roots for my breast
And as he feeds
His tiny fist uncurls.
I find myself uncurling too
And look with wonder
At our newborn son
Whose life
Has only just begun.
This tiny human being
Will be
Totally dependent on us
Day and night
And suddenly
It feels so right.