

# Baby Catalogue

*by* Kirsty Logan

my mouth is open, ready  
to bite your tiny toes  
nails sharp as the shells of sunflower seeds.

my belly is ready, rounding  
to grow your matchstick arms  
your pinprick pupils.

that place in our bedroom  
below the window, sun-bathed,  
ready for the box of your sleep.

we will be ready for your toes, arms, dreams.  
we will sell our guitars and crush out our cigarettes.  
we will learn to clean, paint, rhyme, wake, sing, quiet.

we will soften our grips and strengthen our walls.  
we will open.

