

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.

