

Portrait of the poet as midwife

by sean m. poole

Some poems slip out easily
Thick and solid
Well-oiled and fully formed

Others must be coaxed out

Cajoled and courted
Labored over
Twisted and tweaked

Brought forth with grunting and
Bearing down

Pushed from the birth canal
Grabbed by the ankles
Slippery and dripping

Smacked on the arse
Until they scream aloud

