

# 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

