



## To Zoe Glorious June 1972

by Sue Hitchcock

Was there ever a June as glorious as that one?  
Not too hot for two creatures locked together.  
My wriggling baby, warming me within,  
promising a lively child, a boy, a girl, who knows?

The doctor at the clinic, not my own,  
made everything a joke,  
equipping my first-born with a pen  
to scribble on my belly, not worrying  
I was not registered with anyone for the birth.

The amniotic flow began a night adventurous, at least.  
No phone. No doctor.  
Dad set out to call the midwife from the callbox, outside the Police Station.  
Midwives came, and scrubbed my feet, relaxing me in the bath.  
Then as they stood chatting, the birth began,  
They almost missed the event.

Sweet slippery daughter slithered out,  
No shouts or screams to wake the house, flats over or under,  
Firstborn still asleep.  
Wake her, let her join the thrill,  
She sat on the bed and cuddled her little sister.  
Could anyone hope for such a joy,  
And still she brings such love to me,  
I love her more and more.