

First published in Great Britain in 2012 by Snapshot Press, Orchard House, High Lane, Ormskirk L40 7SL

at www.snapshotpress.co.uk/ebooks.htm

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Typeset in Minion Pro

Cover photograph © Wee Keat Chin

Design by John Barlow



Acknowledgements

Thanks are due to the editors and publishers of the following publications in which present or earlier versions of many of these poems first appeared:

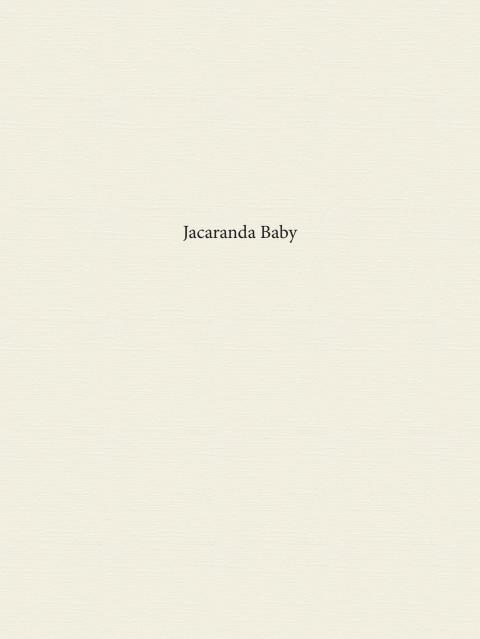
Eucalypt, Frogpond, Island, Presence, The Haiku Calendar 2008 (Snapshot Press, 2007), The Haiku Calendar 2009 (Snapshot Press, 2008), and The Haiku Calendar 2012 (Snapshot Press, 2011).

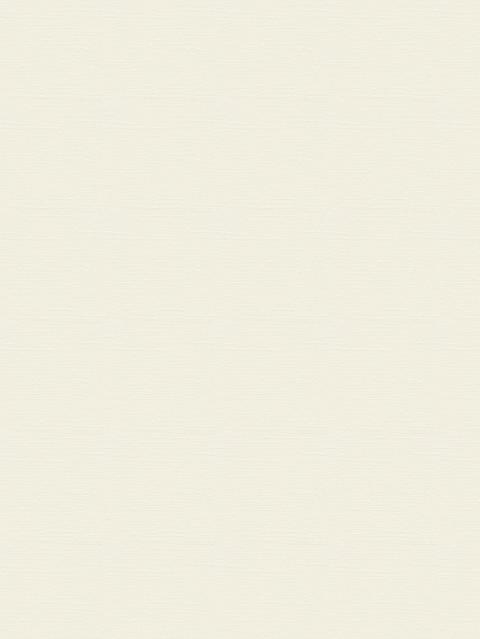
"Jacaranda" was Commended in the Society of Women Writers NSW Poetry Competition 2006

"breastfeeding" was Commended in the Jack Stamm Award 2006 and was a Runner-up in The Haiku Calendar Competition 2008

"toddler clothes" was a Runner-up in The Haiku Calendar Competition 2007

"cloudwatching" was a Winner in The Haiku Calendar Competition 2011





ebb and flow . . . wading across the estuary we finally decide to have children

Jacaranda

If a jacaranda blossom falls on you, good fortune will favour you

—Proverb

I must have stood under a shower of blue last summer. full of the hope of you, blossoms mirroring the summer sky as they fell, softening the path. Lush green leaves sprouted graceful, fernlike, little fingers, toes, branching out in the womb. In autumn leaves fell. left branches bare while you remained hidden, your heart beating double time under mine. And now as you shape my body, the jacaranda has renewed itself with leaves of winter sunlight and a promise to deliver a mass of trumpet flowers to herald your arrival.

choosing a name for my unborn baby all afternoon cabbage whites drift over the hedge

Skin

My skin
holds you suspended in darkness
until your appointed time,
protecting you from the world.
I'm getting to know you, inside out,
guided by the geometry of touch.
I feel your feet, fists, elbows
push against me, stretch my skin.
And for this short time,
it's just you and me
wrapped in each other,
a conspiracy of co-existence
until you head for the light.

painting the nursery my hair yellow-speckled maternity ward my minutes old son suckling at my breast I never knew there was love like this

Divisions

It took one egg and one sperm to form you, half and half. Yet divisions are not that simple. You are a blueprint of your father, the same shaped head, the paternal cleft in your chin, even your eyebrows are his. You are spirited and stubborn and can't sit still for books. Was my egg a blank vessel? Yet sometimes I catch the tilt of your head as you listen to music. In certain lights your eyes are my mother's. You are unique, neither mother, nor father. but perhaps there is a little of me just under the surface, under your skin.

Newells Beach

I hold you close in the half-light. Outside our window waves wash up on the shore. You stretch and gaze back at me with your ultramarine eyes, just four weeks old.

Yesterday I dipped your toes in the Pacific and your bow mouth opened into a smile. Soon we'll spend sandcastle-building days on this beach. We'll jump the waves, just as I did with my mother. And you'll learn how to swim and strike out for the reefs. breastfeeding the slow drip of rain on the nursery roof

The Beauty of Leaves

As your legs windmill against the low-slung sky, you gaze up into the canopy and I'm tempted to turn away, start on the day's chores.
But you, with your skin of clouds, are so intent upon the trees that I lie down with you under the maple so I can see too.
Soft light falling through branches, rippling leaves in endless shades of green, vein patterns from stem to leaf tip—hand in hand we discover the beauty of leaves.

restless night
I take my baby out
to see the moon

toddler clothes soaking in the tub evening stillness

Contractions

The world has contracted now I have a child. My days are spent in the house, the garden, suburban streets and parks.

Yet we delight in small things, my son and I.
We know when the cherry blossom appears, when the last leaf has fallen in our street, where each neighbourhood cat lives.

And every now and then I catch a glimpse of what it's like to be him.

afternoon drizzle my son pours a cup of pretend tea

The Little Buddha

sits in his pram ankles crossed fingers intertwined his downy head unmoving his gaze fixed upon the world as if he's seen it all before his meditation only broken when a passer-by stops to pay him homage

Sleep

finally she falls asleep arms draped around my neck

when I put her down she leaves the imprint of toes on my thigh the softest breeze . . . my daughter wakes murmuring 'butterflies' cloudwatching . . . my son's small hand curled in mine

