

Tyger Tyger Magazine

New poems for children



NEW BABY

by Paula Thompson

Nine months of waiting –
best part of a year.
Mum's belly a beachball;
mine swelling with fear.
What if they love me less than before?
When our three becomes a four.

Our house filling up
with mysterious things:
monitors, bottles, baby slings.
Nappies. A pushchair. Some sort of pump.
That's not for you, it's for the bump.

Pinned to the fridge, an ultrasound.
Plenty of love to go around.
Fuzzy image, with no proper face.
Barely there;
taking up space.

Just me.
Us three.
No longer enough.
I'll have to share
their love; my stuff.

When she arrives, they put up a banner:
WELCOME HOME BABY HANNAH!
But I don't cheer, and I can't clap
as she gurgles pinkly in my lap.
Instead, I'm staring into those eyes:
cloudy, unfocused,
curiously wise.

And, despite myself, I can't help but linger
at each perfect toe, each miniature finger.
Mum and Dad scoop us into a hug.
The four-person kind:
squishy,
snug.

We've only just met, yet – somehow – I've
missed her.
This freshly made human; my new baby
sister.
And just like that, I realise
love doesn't divide,
it multiplies.

