

Newborn

Like an animal she sniffs him, says how
she's missed that newborn smell,

inhales his scent like a drug.
Skin on skin she holds her son close.

I envy her, her fullness, the bloom
and perfume of motherhood

which allows her to exhale, so openly,
this love. If we were portraits in a gallery

we wouldn't share the same space:
Renaissance Madonna and Child,

opposite a Cubist image so fractured
it's barely recognisable as a woman.