To make her magic

It was strangely hot,
the ash tree gasped in dust
as we approached,
dark-bud twigs cracked the sky.

All my life a Luddite
but glad to wait beside you in that room,
Pacific blue -
antechamber to miracles.

You grandparents put trust in herbs.
I made ritual,
sent healing energies,
secretly enjoyed being called witch,

and this sense of filaments stretched
like Indra's Web from life to life.

The embryologist
would make her magic next.

This morning I wait alone, dry-lipped,
the telephone a magnet.
I have touched this child, know she exists.
Creature on the edge of skin.

Joan Poulson

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