**Four Walls**

Somebody is giving birth in the room next door.

Nine months is up, it’s time for the big arrival.

The rest of us are pregnant with the future -

Pregnant with possibilities

Each one opening out – a door to walk though, an invitation.

The midwife arrives bearing oxygen

Which is not needed

More pushing is done,

The umbilical cord is cut – time’s up,

Three kilos of perfection is delivered.