

Pregnancy, Labour and Birth in Lockdown.

*“But what about the pubs?
I haven't had a pint in months”*

I hand him a picture,
press play on a video of our child's heartbeat,
because he was not allowed in the room
to hear it for himself.

*“I'll take the chance.
Book the holiday
for next year,
it's been too long”*

We look at our finances.
Plan for the weeks we will isolate
to make sure we both test negative
in fear
he will not be allowed
at our child's birth.

*“Wear a mask?
I'm not worried about it
I'm not scared of getting it
Why should I have to sanitise my hands?”*

I smile at him,
tell him I need to go out sometime.
But I don't tell him how my hands shake
on the subway, in the shop,
taking the dog out for a walk
because what if I catch it
and I have to give birth early
or I could die?

*“Politicians
making decisions
about football fans
And when they can see
their team again”*

I think of how he will have to leave.
He will hold our child so briefly
while I recover in hospital.
Next to strangers,
I'll feed, heal
and bleed.
He will have three hours to hold our child
per day.
I will have three hours to hold him
per day.

I'm not saying the other things
are not important
and I know why it's so strict.

But it's still shit.