

I love your c-section scar

because they said wait here
five minutes
but after ten the doctors rushed
to beeping machines

and the scar is proof
you did not die

- - - - -

because they'd pitched
a gruesome tent
on the groundsheet of your body
and pulled our tether
taut as a guy line

and still a mask peered over canvas
saying *less laughter please;*
I'm rearranging you
in stitches

- - - - -

because your body is hale
as a glistening seashell
opening a shelter then
sealing shut its completion

and your scar knits pain
into strings of pearled tissue

- - - - -

because it's the clean line
of a smile
remembering a cut
that could destroy us

but it is your own mouth
that opens in speech
responding to this.

Biographical Note:

Dr Samuel Rogers is a Senior Lecturer in English Literature at UWE Bristol. He is a poet-critic whose writing has appeared in *English*, *PERVERSE*, *Streetcake*, *Symbiosis*, *Tears in the Fence*, and in the 2021 *Yearbook of English Studies* which he guest edited. He is also a Co-Editor of the *Modern Language Review*. He is finalising a monograph exploring the binary division of twentieth-century British poetry. His current project is an empirical study of the healthcare and wellbeing value of reading poetry.

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Blurb: This poem marks a brief return to the lyric voice as a processing of emotional experience. As an awe-struck bystander to pregnancy and childbirth, all I had to offer was a deepened sense of care, of which the poem forms a part.

Keywords: poetry; lyric poetry; love poetry; care; pregnancy; childbirth; hospital.