Eleven O’clock High

Floral sheets
And real flowers
On the shelf,
The rest is spotlessly white:
White nurses, white surgeon, white anaesthetist.
What will flowers mean afterwards?
A tubal ligation.
And me, childless.
I waken with pain transferred to the stomach.
The silence is deafening.
Deliverance on my own terms —
Privileged emancipation.
I am the tern
Who flies to and from Antarctica
And never nests.
My godmother brings coral orchids.
The flowers colour my soul.