

Love

Hannah Newell

At first I thought my body was an orange peel
thrown, in one, over my shoulder to form my lover's name.

Then I thought it was a torn shirt that could be sewn
that would never be the same but could
one day
be a shirt again

But maybe bread.
Yes, plump leavened bread
Nigella's old-fashioned sandwich loaf.

Yeast can't be unrised,
nor dough unproved,
loaves unbaked
but they can be spread with butter
thick enough for teeth marks
and eaten.

I could ping back if I laid her down
but I have finite time to count her tiny toes.
Already growing

I can make food now,
with my body,
food for her

Hannah Newell (she/her) lives in Kent and loves writing poetry. She read a Masters in Creative Writing at the University of Kent where she wrote and directed a play called "Snapshots of Young Love," worked with a literary journal called *Banquet*, and won the Tongue Tied award for spoken poetry. Now she works in homelessness, has two little girls, and writes with the Mum Writes group. She will soon have words in *Sledgehammer Lit* and *Censorship Magazine*.