

## **Broken Sonnets**

Sometimes I'm confronted by each startled foetus  
my womb refused to hold, and their left-over amniotics  
rise like bile, burning away all inside me on which you could be sure.

And I think of Plath and those French girls with plastic barrettes,  
and spend the day with my own hair loose about my shoulders,  
avoiding schoolchildren and gas ovens;

I spend the day avoiding you.

And I listen to the men here talk semantics, cosmology, deep weblogs  
and their coolness washes over me like foundry water  
till I am hardened

to lead crystal in impregnable female form.

These days, I really need you to remind me, however hard  
I may storm, that nothing with a heartbeat  
was ever birthed from thought alone, or solid glass.

**Originally published as 'Apology' in *14 Magazine* Number 12, 2012.**

**This poem by Anne Welsh formed part of an installation with Hermione Allsopp at the Albert, 23-27 May 2013, as part of the Pistols and Pollinators Project organized by Accident and Emergence.**