

SENSation

Hannah Esme Jones was born on March 10th this year. Having two brothers, two sons, two grandsons and now a granddaughter, this was a very new experience for me. A slightly scary experience.

I gazed down at the tiny bundle with wonder. She'd arrived three weeks early and looked to me like a fragile little doll. I bent down to kiss her little face gently, terrified of my strength. The new baby smell, pure and innocent, intoxicated my senses. The taste of her dewy skin on my lips exuded a sensation akin to being caressed with a precious and rare unguent, making me tingle with joy.

Her eyes opened and I was drowned in their depths. She seemed to know who I was and why I was there, so intent was her focus. I was mesmerised. She held my gaze, my eyes aching from its intensity, but I continued to savour this special moment, suspended in time.

The slender fingers wrapped themselves around mine. Long fingers, soft as silk, but her grip was firm. All the while she watched me, listening to my grandmotherly murmurs of love.

Then her eyes left my face and the spell was broken. Her little face began to crumble, her mouth puckered and a roar filled the room that seemed to be coming from a dozen babies, not just one. In vain did I try to soothe her, but my "there, there" fell on deaf ears.

My services were no longer required and she made that perfectly clear! I passed her over to her loving parents and Hannah's outrage abated as she had her needs met.

Welcome, darling little Hannah. I look forward to the years ahead.

~ Helen Goleby