

NIL DESPERANDUM By Caroline Davies

Once there was three, soon to be four
Then after three months, four is no more
In pain and grieving she comforts the dad
And paints on a smile for the children she has

Months pass. Four is always on her mind
And people can be so unkind.
Her neighbour Mavis said “it’s tough
But aren’t three healthy ones enough?”

“In my day if you had a large brood
There often wasn’t too much food,
Nowadays you should think of the planet
There’s already too many people on it”
Mavis was always so matter of fact
Devoid of diplomacy and lacking in tact

Years pass and her three are all fully grown
Have all become adults about to leave home
Winter gives way and soon it is Spring
She feels the flutters of new life begin

Her children are shocked and a little appalled
She decides to tell them about baby four
The eldest, her daughter asks “how did you cope?”
She replies with a smile. Says “I always had hope”