**Mother’s milk**

One night before bed I said to my mum
Can I please have your heart to keep
But mother laughed and said not now
And gave me her hands and feet
And the flesh was red and raw and smooth
And cold as mother’s milk
And she gave me as well her mouth and her hair
As dry as summer silk

One night before bed I said to my mum
Please give me your heart to hold
And mother laughed a silvery laugh that was soft and deep and cold
And she gave me her eyes as blue as the sun
That made my fingers sore
And she gave me her tongue as thin as a snake
That was red and smooth and raw

Last night before bed I said to my mum
Please give me your heart to keep
And as there was nothing else to give
She said of course my sweet
So she took it raw and red and smooth
Out from her bleeding chest
And I kept it till the sun came up
Then the rats and the wind took the rest

**Peter Iveson**