**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**