

Maureen Duffy
Mammicks

'Obsolete', the dictionary dubs it or, lip curling, 'dialect'.
Cold meat on Monday, shepherded into pie on Tuesday
or sandwiched into my uncle's lunchbox
bubble-and-squeaked on Wednesday with last night's
cold mashed; Thursday was stew or steak-and-kidney
pudding and we were glad to have said
goodbye to the mammicks, a word that came down the line
to start a new life in the smoke for another century.

When I find it again, made classy by Shakespeare
and scholarship, meaning 'cut in little pieces,
leftovers', it still has the tag 'origin obscure',
an old word for old ways now warmed up again
as the cold bites, though the words themselves
buried under fast-food technospeak
like burnt-out loves never return.

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