

*Medbh McGuckian*

Dyad, No.3

I have the feeling of being touched out  
By hands as hard as wood, my insufficient  
Milk overwhelmingly white in this peeling  
Gold-vanilla centrefold. Slow and fast colours  
Of the black city leave embossed prints  
Of shadows cast by world-wide October light,  
Where two hills next the sea form a heart  
Of comely streets wharfed with worldly industry.

I think how infants sleep across the globe; the bio-  
Underclass, how they wear their babies to improve  
The latch, of watery foremilk and creamy hindmilk  
Before the true milk comes in. The dust  
That undergirds, collecting on their bodies,  
Is answered by my dark-red audience, the leaves.