

No more honey

No more lullabies
From parched voice
Of anxious breasts.
No more kisses
To wipe tears;
Hot tears

Screaming from the heart
Of this new baby,
Who consorts with smoke
And frolicks with knife,
When all cry against it
.And all warn against it.
No more,
.Sweet Heart,
For breasts shrink
With milk of frustration,
Wrought by this new birth.