

Oconnor Sinead "Three Babies"

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each of these
my three babies
I will carry with me
for myself
I ask no one else will be
mother to these three
and of course
I'm like a wild horse
but there's no other way I could be
water + feed
are not tools that I need
for the thing that I've chosen to be

in my soul
my blood + my bones
I have wrapped your cold bodies around me
the face on you
the smell of you
will always be with me

each of these
my three babies
I was not willing to leave
though I tried
I blasphemed + denied
I know they will be returned to me
each of these
my babies
have brought you closer to me
no longer mad like a horse
I'm still wild but not lost
from the thing that I've chosen to be

and it's 'cos you've thrilled me
silenced me
stilled me
proved things I
the face on you
the smell of you
will always be with me.

