

Dredging the Thames

Hannah Grace Smith

The milk is drying up at the iron teat

her father couldnt read

we are all alcoholics

I could only marry

a doctor
or a lord

in a coat far too thin
for a city far too old

and full of ghosts

and people who
love to play

with rest
can be quantified

progress

King Lear, eight Queens

now Kings

to renting half
your life away

cut the pigs ear,
too salty
anyway and

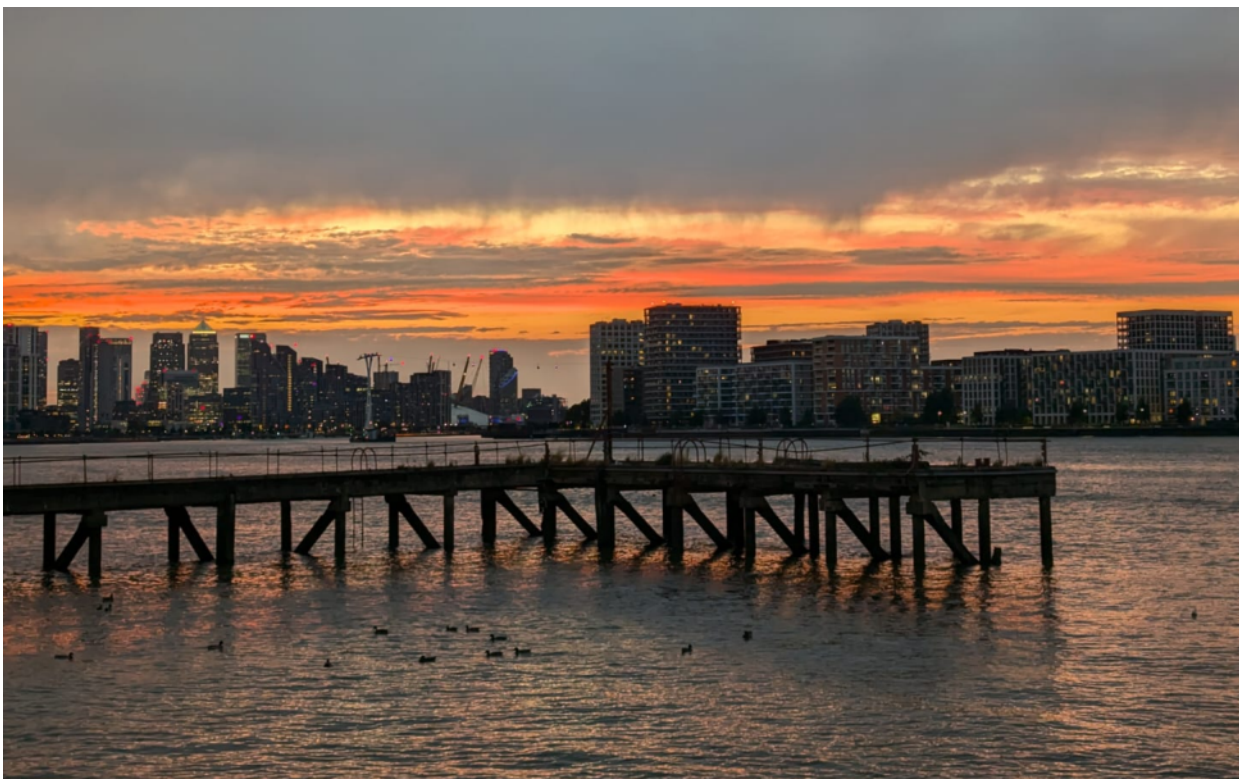
stolen



and full of ghosts

no one wants to buy it

her father couldn't see



Eels inside you

bottles and hands

green under
the swell

perhaps fragile

like weak hands,
stained with blackberries,
red and shaking

like boiling water,
cut with leaves,
steeped and muddied

drawn and quartered

no one wants to buy this