

## **Bruised Relic**

On the naked body lies  
dead roots and the scattered  
seeds of Anhorish; a  
body lying in a sacred bog.

The peat is merging  
with the rotting fallen  
corpse, with bursts of  
bruised love in her bone-chest.

Your imperfections are  
purified by the soil,  
the turf decays your  
broken bones, oh

Father Dublin, your roots  
dig deep like skulls  
in the peat-brown earth.  
Dead relic of my country.

Sahar, Priya, Iram, Harpeet