

Burial

Naked in a bog my rotting body
Warmed itself underneath the soil.
The green turf concealing
The skulls of my ancestors.

My bruised body,
A battered remain
Of my stolen country.
My holy ground

Scattered with the blood of saints.
O Father, I pray to you
For the love of my land.
The spade's metal contaminates my earth,

Slices through the lifeline of my existence,
Digging my heritage
Away, replacing my ground
With its own foreign soil.

Annie, Katie, Shazia and Sarah