**My mother's heart** *by Phil Coleman*

My mother's heart’s too tough

to stomach, cuts like old brown balls.

Stitched leather valves, cord-wound

muscle, sage and onion pursed.

For Sunday tea, gold-jellied tongue

sliced sandwich thin. Too rough a cow’s

French kiss to swallow easily. It was always

Take one more before the cake got knifed.

She learnt offal in a poor kid’s war

jackals scratching at the kitchen door.

Old man Jack loved livers, fried with onion

kidneys slippery with blood and piss

or sweetbreads poached in milk.

She often had just bread and scrape.

You can’t let good dripping go to waste.

He drank the pennies, smacked her face.