

## out of heir

the Surgeon tells me his scalpel has been passed  
down through generations of his family

he asks how i'd like the news delivered

the Surgeon asks what i will call it

the Surgeon goes deep cuts my gran  
out of her Irish townhouse the kernel  
of my mother already within her me  
nestled inside my mother the Surgeon  
says it's like layered fruit you're the pit  
solid stone unopenable

the Surgeon hands me my past  
floating in a glass for you to keep  
on your bedside table he says

*no* he replies *proof of what remains*

i tell him my pain has been also

i say *with a clean cut from ear to ear*

i say *forgiveness isn't that what we'd all  
like be baptised*

i say i am the last one unbreakable filled  
with everything that went before

*a reminder of what is lost* i ask