

Joanne Wishart

**One more sook**

*Just one more sook*

she pleads, her sleepy eyes  
begging me, again  
to expose myself  
and let her feed,  
I'm tired

She's two, nearly three.

People have stopped asking  
*God are you still feeding her?*  
*She doesn't need it you know*  
*She's far too big*  
*Making a rod for your own back*

She needs my breast like your child needs a hug  
when they fall and whimper  
Like your child needs your kind words  
when they are dejected

She latches on  
Her little body falls limp  
with utter peace and joy  
and love and content  
She twirls my hair  
and strokes my neck  
Her tiny hand clasps mine  
Her big blue eyes peer up  
and we are one

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I twirl her hair  
and stroke her podgy thigh  
We are in love  
and at peace  
She's two nearly three.  
Barely more than an infant  
She's not too big,  
running but still stumbling  
Talking but still learning

How many more?  
"Just one more sook"  
A week, a month, a year  
I'm tired  
It matters not  
I'm her mother  
And I gladly accept that rod.

*Sook: Scots dialect, meaning suck*