



**poems**

**by paddy webb**



## calf love

it is time now for weaning,  
my nipples are sore from your  
sucking and nibbling  
you need  
more solid fare  
it's tempting  
to roll over and offer  
my dugs to your warmth  
your head  
butts against me - soft and woolly  
why don't they take you away  
so I won't have to send you?  
I sense your repressed anger  
as you find you've sucked me dry  
comfort is where you find it:  
I must rock myself to sleep

## letter-poem (i)

"speak louder  
I cannot hear  
the words between the sobs"  
the line's noisy  
interpolating  
little crackles and sighs  
but it is not the words  
that need hearing  
tap-tap  
the heart knocks  
hoping  
it's the right door  
waiting,  
not knowing  
but it opens  
as you say, "shall I come?"  
half-blind, bewildered  
brave brown badger  
nosing  
out from your den  
to meet  
head-on  
my stones

