

Goodbye Devaney Gardens - Clíodhna Bhreathnach

I will arise and go now,
and go to my trash heap,
and a small ribbon cough up,
wet ribbon of my lung;
there ceilings moult green evil,
I cannot go to sleep,
and the loose night
stretches out unstrung.

There visions drip of swings,
blue damp never
to bother future babies.

But goodbye to hope
and so long to public housing.

The land is lost forever.

Suck on your paper straw
you prole. Don't choke

on that red feeling.

Internet outrage is lonely
but this people's city is now

for dickheads only.
I saw chalk writing
on the tarmacked road,
it said *shame on you,*
yous took our homes.

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Biography: Clíodhna Bhreathnach is from Waterford. Recently she was shortlisted for the Fish Anthology Lockdown Poetry Prize and her poems have appeared in Channel Magazine and Tír na nÓg Literary Magazine as part of the Circuit 2020 Arts Festival. She is on Twitter at @undersea_org.

Favourite Poems: *The Great Hunger* by Patrick Kavanagh and *The Castaway* by William Cowper.