

Pat Max

Microgynon

Defy the moon suck, Cnut unheeded,
All that she did with packet, pop, superseded.
No heave-some ebb and flow.
No cramping bend to lunar bow.
No woman ruled by orbiting tyrant queen;
Umbilical tangen skywards, cut clean.
I am the moon-child broken free,
Losing mother and maternity.