

Our ancestors are but a line of mothers unfurling through the centuries. In the eyes of my mother, through which I have learned to see the world, I see all the women that brought me to life in a collective childbirth, the whole land coming together to deliver new women, the whole city raising me with her apprehensive hands. This is for my mother.

Erin Rizzato Devlin

Mother Glasgow

I find you throughout the land,
in the lament of a thistle who
carries around
a heavy purple heart,
in the floating streets
of a city you have become.

Through your pale blue eyes
I know the sky; through your
inver of songs
that poured from your tongue,
I know the secrets of life
you have relentlessly
whispered to your children.

You are the earth from which I grow.

(5th March 2020)