

# Bloody Friday 1972



We raked the hay in Edenmore.

My Belfast Aunts and I  
Each straw from the ditches saved  
A winter's cowcud store.

We shook hay rushes lightly  
Dust falling like sieved flour..  
Then lifted, folded, set down gently...  
Wee hay buns  
Waiting for the oven sun.  
We worked till Tessie came over the hill  
The bearer of tea and terrible news.

In Great Victoria Street your warm blood flowed  
Straight lined down pavement grout  
Pushed on by the fireman's hose...  
It trickled over kerbstones  
Its path now slowed  
Split by drumlin tar  
A deadly delta  
Headed Laganwards

Gather sinews, limbs  
Rake in the body parts  
Piece together the jigsaw of the dead and soon to be  
Bagged in their own blood, lapping  
Laid down gently  
In little rows  
For the ambulance and the morgue.

In Edenmore we raked the hay  
Our spirits dulled,  
And walked down Nixon's hazelled lane  
To the thatch and the hearth  
And fadge bread browned in bacon fat.

Just seventy-four miles away.

**Frankie McPhillips**