

## Silence, Please!

Pressed flat my understated waistband, my spine  
Is checked out. The numbers run twice daily, a spinning account, dialled up  
And down. Agreed it's all best on the shelf, an eyelash or two over titles,  
Smoke in my high trees waft over the leaves and the fluff crunch  
Under one bare sole is darkly advanced – a level too high and  
You leave to pour in to all the cracks in the city, off without turning.

Warm words in the eye, disgraced to the dents in the pads on  
Your palms, Touched against the perfect story and this couple  
A measly reflection, We gracefully fall,  
All dressed to the credible from a senseless Monday,  
Eighteen days before the next. Volumes of hours, each entry defined,  
I'm a kiss itself when I'm waiting for you.

The three brass bands on my cheekbone and insistent  
The clicks on the dusty horizon, Pages unfurl from his black suit ,  
Warns you off, my shoe slipped back on to a dread of the door,  
The heart in a hula quiets on the rack,  
For minutes, your back breaks me,  
And I'm in between brackets, a cradled egg, shrinking.

**Abbr.**

When I was much shorter, I made other things shorter to  
Fit with my limbs.

I scrambled from morning to evening, uphill and in heels and  
I never once heard the time crusting around me.

I wanted the day, the day after next week and I wanted to kiss off the second I sat in.

I made words little beats of missed consonant sound, I said "Hi" not "Good Morning"

And I worked my way 'round to the bus route on Fleet Street,

I crunched days in to spitballs and flicked them away, I cut hems from my dress.

I rolled down my socks to a puddling ankle and I ran in a circle until the sky flipped the bird.

I curtsied impatiently to older and wiser and then used one syllable words to their backs,

I broke people in half by cutting their tenure and skipped to the next without even a lie,

No apology necessary - the word was too long. Those tears took so long to  
inch down to his chin.

I held little drinks in my middling hands, up to the light - just one naked flame, no extragavagant,  
blistering bulbs

And watched one channel two secs at a time.

My hair disappeared on a whim in the bathroom, length not an option, no need for insurance.

My life would be short and explosive, my forecast, correction: my summary;

Small and exquisite like the jewellery I wore. Daisies not roses.

I stood under the water, not slipping to noses in to soapy dismissal.

Once slice not two and runny egg breakfast, ticked off by a stuffy old-timer,

Blood turning to sand whilst hoisting the moon,

I made smaller love and praised premature and I ate half a biscuit before

My makeover, my minimal makeover and it went and it went and I clawed my way through  
Flying wheels, quick feels, Emma Peel's on - I'll watch for a split then turn over from leather,

Whatever

The weather, I wish it was less, fewer rays, fewer drops, less of the wind, please.

Two, tiny shoes, fair-dos (if you're quick), lighting the wick, taking your pick and hurrying through,  
heart-pounding to

Wherever the next, wherever the sex (as long as you're quick), Whatever to

Do, Whatever I did, However the kid that I was should have been, Whatever it was that I did when it  
happened,

I wish I had made things longer.

## Ascension

I saw your name; it was pink and white scratched out grey and made to delight in the

Dates dancing below. Stretching, limbo years filled me, Made me close my eyes, a rusty pilot forced them open

And laced my jacket for me.

The brownish beginnings, the silver relay partner rushing with the baton, Making song and dance in those dark, dark years.

You were there all that time, a bannister balustrade forever on Escalating stairs, you must have seen time and thought "no".

The sterilised white banishing spots and the pelvis and quiff lying down, bending over For those tasteless jitters and men throwing their hats to be caught by the

End. Always around that bend, another day, another May with less And less blossom. You must have watched the sky become littered with

swinging stalks, watched the fancy gables go, go and see the movie that the board Wanted banned, the board that got bored. The galloping hoardes Were fast approaching; the boom, less room and a 'I do' was 'you wish'.

And then another zero, like Nero, set fires and the liars, the lotharios, suited and champagne Fluted told you with hees and haws that poor was poor and didn't you know it.

The hate it set in and you stood, your own work of art and of heart, Beating in the darkest museum corner, waiting for your time and unfolding a

Magic trick or two, but the bricks fell on your principles and it was all Good news. Then you could choose, star fruit and euphoric infusions, Convivial convenience on every corner and everything cheap, in a heap. Bruised and ballsed up.

And your name was always there,

In the years and on tables at Easter. You beat and you buzzed, a sentry for a century.

Blessed it all, benevolence. And all of it, All of it Never made sense.

## Serenissima

Plastic sea parts my hands, horrors on  
Horizon, but you sail it, tending to come home no more.  
Chalk-rose walls on a tide mark, my curlicued windows,  
Sinking the histoire  
All of your fingers are mingling on board. You watched  
My away down the place, suitcase, slap – pat flat shoes and you thought that I'd never  
Be back (but I never signed in to begin with), Dear Dextrous,  
Prick your poison pen to green paper. I'm waiting, replies skating thin film,  
And in windmills, a train window,  
You'll see my arms waving good something. One drive  
Downhill with my head on your arm, lifting boxes in garages,  
Tattoo pressed to cardboard. I left and you swim in now's backlog, Keep  
Writing to me, Saccharine bleeds to the desk, all the best; the fierce frosting nurses the sting of the  
Crumb from the table. I never was able to sag in your hands. You  
Could not trust me with sleep – spilt wrinkles in sheets stretched to the distance  
You fly every month. The welcome of cocktails and clinks showering, Overpowering  
Your tiny beating. You're to die as I am, Sweet Bird of toothy grin,  
And it never sinks in,  
Till the day it all crumbles. Watch the city unravel, brown shoes in green water. Eat again  
As we ate on a bridge made of fasting, with one longer-lasting. A drum-playing  
Bunny. Unfunny, but truth.  
Tragic and flustered, I mustered a tear at the thought of your wreath, what I would write,  
What I would right. Would I take it to Mark with a flask in the sky, no clouds.  
Watch slapping waves carry pieces of loss,  
Maybe you'll marry.  
You measure your pleasure by train tracks and miles, all the guides,  
What a bride she will  
Be.

But,

I hurt you first.

Remember the most, remember our toast

When revisiting beauty.

I'll watch through my eyeholes, sequins and feathers.

**Art as a three letter Word**

The Wednesday double was rain on the skylights, where  
All colours turned grey in the end, and to send  
Me to college took brushes and oily meniscus, the discussed  
And the poured over wax and its waning delivered me  
Raining on to my roof.

Smearred on the glass were six hundred protests  
At clay and its tack, the unlikely fruit with a fan, all drawn with  
A shawl, stippling spittle at Seurat and co, let yourself go  
Throw yourself on your strokes, don't take your time  
You'll let yourself down.

Every pencil mark vague and unknowing, no breasts  
Were bared so the pot plant erupting was notion of life, reproducing  
With spores and cut in to fours, we were separate in aprons  
Take it seriously, Girls. It's important expression, stop pointilist nitpicks  
And painting your veins.