

Rhythm and Chemistry

Rhythm and Chemistry is felt, not bought.

You shouldn't drink Blue Wicked love; it makes your teeth rot.

Two more drinks, another penny in the slot.

Nice boob tube love, faded plastic blue,
the colour of last summers back garden play pool.

Try to kickstart the magnetic pulses, not long till the curfew.

As our angular soul's touch and meet, with smiling eyes and saffron teeth.
Now close enough for perfume to infatuate, our sharp edges scrape and grate,
So we try to be rounded, less jagged, more pliable than straight.

My one's the large yellow one and I'll take a Blue Wicked too.
Fancy a smoke love? Fancy different room with the same view?
Clutching our props, waiting for conversation is to ensue.

Slurring and searching for connections to fuse,
Over another stale smoke, our better selves and dreams we muse.
The taste decays, but we refuse to lose.

Nice tattoo love, I like the dull green glow.
A neon butterfly from Asia deserves to be on show.
Whatever you have to say, I can pretend to want to know.

Hazy eyes, clumsy hands, new realities, we are wet sand.
The familiar feeling, we can't, we can.

Losing all our edges, as the tracks fade into repeat.
Faster and faster the blue & yellow liquid depletes.

Pulling back layers of the glass onion.

Looking for meaning, but of course there is none.

Softer morning tones, messy hair, lack of clothes,
until the panda eyes are scrubbed, no coffee, then we go.

Always a faint hope in the sea, but this time it's just not home.