

big

wiggle of new life
soft, round and boneless gentle green
feeling the way big

a footstep crunches
each breaking twig echoing
tiny heart solvent

what will i be when i am grown
will i be a tree
will i be an ocean
will i be the air
will i be a rockstar
will i be good

yes, of course you will be good
how could you be anything else?

growing out of an old shell
seeing it fracture
picking it off the cold tile and trying to glue it back together
if not to wear, to keep on the mantelpiece
a monument to what used to be

blotting

for once you guess the password on the first try
grease skims the surface of your keyboard
and you make a mental note to clean it later
not knowing there isn't any kitchen roll on the tube
because your flatmate decided to go straight to bed
instead of via the shop on the corner of your road

absent minded your nails pull at the bumps on your back
awkward angles forgiven by the curve of the mattress
imperfectly supporting your hip and shoulder joints
in a way that will soon make your right arm numb
left hand skitters across pallid limbs and comes to rest
finding its way through the forest you keep for protection

it was never a pornographic act nor even a sexual one
with the focus always being on the tactile sensation
of slippery skin under dextrous but uninvolved digit
right arm moves in to slam shut the black window
onto a world of zeroes and ones artfully rearranged
joins left as you sink into a vibrant parallel image

errant

sold

to the person with the nose-ring
eating the biscuits

please pay £40 to my colleague
on your way out

congratulations
on your new george foreman grill
and sandwich maker

next up
we have a vintage lampshade
made of paper and wire
starting at £100

sorry i didn't mean to

i was just scratching my nose

how do i get out of this

a crumb falls from the corner of my mouth
nestling itself in the gap between my chest
and my shirt

its abrasive decomposition unnerves me
and my feet carry my body
pounding into the street

eclipse

you are a landscape
smooth and desolate

you are a receiver
open and delicate

you are a wishing well
wet and wealthy

you are a living statue
silver and stealthy

you are a bike for hire
heavy and immovable

you are a conspiracy
niche and unprovable

you are a geneva drive
sealed and lubricated

you are a fax machine
slow and antiquated

you are an easter egg
sweet and hollow

you are a tramline
permanent and slow

you are a moon
orbiting and grey

i am the sun
you are in my way