

i love to walk along the river,
even when it feels like a bomb

has popped.
i have eaten.

sometimes
i forget.

i think about love.
the boy at the chemist

gives me enough change
for a beer. glittering tuesday.

love

here are a few people
i have hurt: _____, _____, _____,
_____. they will leave.
a leaf spins. red boat.

i practise my grimace
under a fist of limes, pulsing

with someone else's hate.
two boys pass, chewing flowers.

is

i sit down, next to a fork.
it has recently murdered

a yoghurt. white clot.
the bench: impassive.

sometimes
i forget.

here is what _____
says: *slammin the banzos*.

the fork is bent. i think: christ —
i will be a wrecked old man.

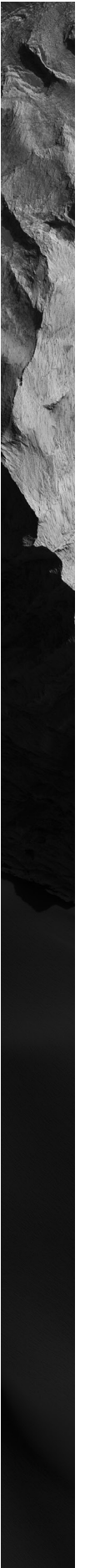
yours

paint in the air. two girls
spill curses, writing their names

on everything. laser-noon.
a postal van sputters.

a lady pushes a bike,
orbited by a squealing boy.

they fill the path.
the boy's hair bounces like a whip.



giddy cloud, conifer
midwisp jade;

& you. little
car. last week: blanket

of star, glittering &
you. i find

 opal
in my pocket.
the world is

thick. sunflare,
flashing corridor;

green eye. &
 you.

little car, creaking
 trumpet

along the run;
rain. jade

cloud.

