

School Friends

I went to the bar,
Where my youth was hung,
Kept still only by their
Walk, stop, idle chatter,
Of football, banking, fucking scores.
While bodysuits,
That suit,
Bat eyelids that have long since flown to caves
Of nocturnal habit.
Lives screaming,
In their blindness,
Between stalagmites of social constructs
Which stand grid-like before me.

So I leave that molten centre,
For an expanding circumference,
That I may breathe.

Popping Dolly

I had a balloon dolly
Just like every other girl.
She had a face of marker pen
And a single golden curl.
She didn't have a body
Just a piece of common string,
But I put it on my finger
That cotton-diamond ring.
For I did not want to lose
My balloon baby doll,

**She may be but a face
But to me she had a soul.**

**It was unobserved he came
To darken my bright world.
His eyes dark grey, with hair,
Long and slightly curled.
He took my balloon dolly
Just like every other boy
And I wondered to myself,
Just who was now the toy?
With pen in hand, he popped
My balloon baby doll.
Her head just burst, fragmented
From that single hole.**

**The string lay limp and soiled
Upon the rocky floor.
And why he took it from me
I wasn't even sure.
I wanted him to feel the pain
And yet I don't know why.
I wanted him to feel the prick
Which shattered my bright sky.
But picking up her pieces,
With guilt I did recall, perhaps
It was I who'd let this fragile
Thing float towards her fall. ©**

For Tasha D and other victims