

the skylark and the boy

the skylark is speaking you said

hushing me with the pad

of your forefinger

i loved you at that moment

on the banks of

the ribble estuary

the breeze a sultry off-white

*

killing me came as a surprise

in the november (i think)

she's done this to you mother said

roaring through emphysema in the

post office queue.

it was pointless arguing.

*

it's a shame we have to die

derek said

get away from that boy

his mum said

fingering the lingerie in m&s

our egypt project failed

at school

though derek put most of the work in

mum didn't have enough

fish fingers to have him round anyway

but he could have

had some of mine.

*

what did it say i whisper

years later

*

i am the post office clerk

and we all thought she was

going to hit him which has

happened before

but never before lunch.

*

tonight I'm going to drink myself insane

maybe do a line or two

*

don't hit him i kept thinking

he didn't look a full mix

that one

tall though got some shoulders on him

those trousers looked a little short

grubby, too

*

holy shit, is it friday again?

*

best not push him he's strong

thighs like bravery

chest like dynamite

*

strike a pose throw some shapes

breathe the flashes

dodge the scrapes

*

“first class, madam?”

“whatever.”

*

i am ‘you’ to him / ‘she’ to her

walking is my favourite thing

especially in the afternoon

i like to imagine yesterday

i like to imagine paris

i like to imagine sundays

sometime in may

i like to think of passion as

time

silence

music

i like to dream of wings

and many things

almost anything

he speaks

it turns silence to chaos

he has to go

*

mother

they never think about the heart

of men

these girls about town

they are just plasticine

*

i'm not derek's biological mum

this town is getting worse

you should have heard

this woman curse!

grotesque no make up

a tatty head of grease and grey

and a walking stick a *walking* stick!

must be *my* age huh!

should be ashamed

and as for that boy that smelly excuse

for a teenage boy

to me he looked a touch deranged

oh, i told him! don't you worry

i said *derek! get away from that boy!*

before you catch something

 before he steals something

by the way amanda was in the coffee house

botox bitch

 they've bought a beige 4x4 ...

 *

most call me des

i'm sad for him

 that's all

i'd like to be his friend if only she'd allow it

he likes to talk and walk

if you get him to walk

 he'll talk

 it's nice to talk

 to someone

*

skylark

as if telling him

would ever make a difference

anyway