

Her haunted look and I'm buying
Grand Marnier,
hot salmon, tomatoes, something called
couscous.
I can't look right in the eyes,
she reminds me the trouble,
there are two blondes either side
but it is her I want,
her motherly, her ache, her deep explosive love,
she's good, she's heart, she's screaming blood,
hurricanes and tides that swamp the filthy land.
Seen that look before, animal, instinct, never known
much better than this, only that night she trades
her hunting arrows for deathless portraits.
The little girl keeps mother and she talks,
she talks like summer will end,
she drifts away, Miss Norwegian,
but that rose bloom, thousand years,
only fixes on an English face,
the vacuum between us is an expanse of solitude.
She is a Kandinsky,
like monorails, cockatoo's and aeroplanes,
a thief and the empty table in the Chinese restaurant.
She is the birth of sunlight, the hungry night,
silent breath of darkness as mountains
burn down, drown in oceans.
I never see her sheets,
she is dust and brain-dead church.
Night shopping cracks, beautiful
supermarket porn, shadows of the sex,
gentle, pure;
secret, sweet nothing.
Back amongst the poems,
the partisan rug, Gaelic blessing
falls softly and until we meet again.
Polka dot woman knocks,
can see her through the glass,
but in the drowning darkness she waits,
tonight I am drinking dirty.