

The Prostitute's Story

Bustling bodies reach under, over bright brass taps.
Rare as good house wine, in dim nooks avoid
Hustling Chinese selling 'Fi-pound' movies.
There, ensconced you read, unaware of sharp
Glances from hostile competition; content.
You and your cursory eyes, green/blue stars
Bared in the pit of Camden. Me, subtle
Skew on a desperate bid for favour.
Lewd remarks just wouldn't cut the mustard.
My slick patina shrivels in your glow.
Few see beyond the red nails and net;
By pity or contrition you see deep.
Soul watcher, in a dim corner. You read
Whole paragraphs of me, and aren't repelled.
Ice Face
Winching I wait and close my eyes
I want the prize
That last fine drop
Until it stops
And all the ice slides down the glass
Tongue cold as brass
I clench and brace
For ice on face
Crushed cold dregs of mojito rush
Towards nose brush
Cheeks, ear and sit
Half smile; got it!

Vacant

Cover what is familiar with sheets
I'll rinse the walls and cold stone floors with tears
Wipe away the grime and reveal my fears
Brackish, dust swirls and the empty room meets
Expectations so quixotic and greets
One who closed eyes and made day disappear
Took words and the one thing I wanted near
Hammer the mats coax my slowing heart beats
A plaintive drum reveals I am alive.
Enter what is stark and view the nothing
The last and salient truth I leave to you
Eddies of heavy air remain, you fling
Wide the doors; lost, now you decide to strive
Too late, you feel the regret I once knew.

Commuters

Quick step skip inside
Slide, then, like musical chairs
Carried with the tide.

Patent heels, silk tie
Penguins on a fast train home
Hours 'til I see sky

The sound carries me
To the darkness we submit
Weird intimacy

Glad for the end of the day
Bracing ourselves for the next.