

## Untitled

Not only did I show you my breasts,  
I showed you my mental illness.

The horoscope page says that I'm tidy on the surface but turbulent on the inside  
*get into it* my spinning circle dry wash soaked clothing trapped in the machine  
that after engaging refuses to open up; I'm locked out of the honeymoon suite as  
he shakes in the corner coming out of his place with strange vigour, you are a  
machine for God's sake is this what love has come to? a drenched denim jacket  
sleeve skews over the opening seal of his door as a hand soaking in truce, we  
found the wet we'd been looking for but I end up sick in bed from wearing it too  
soon I wanted it so badly you see had me meander around dryness in the fast  
track lane neglecting the single washing line out on my balcony, hungry for  
weight.

## Cartography

The scars all over my face  
Won't be enough to make the  
Circumference of Africa but plenty  
For an island of beings, if we  
Accumulate all of the scars on my  
Body into this figure we'd be  
Classified as an EU Country.

I've been thinking lately,

My odd shits (these poems) and poetry's fixation on beauty has me thinking that I'm not good at any of this. The first attempt was a partner lead activity in year four about recycling, and at that point winning interested me more than the point of the poem; the recycling. Nowadays it's the process rather than what comes afterwards. Throwing up has negative connotations and, fair enough, there is no Doctor to applaud you when you tell them that you've been vomiting, only the raised eyebrow of her assistant, but that's more towards yourself and how you didn't see it as a problem like they did. I'm going to try link the two processes together, being sick and writing, they got me hunching thinking of everything in front of me, is it bad that after drinking it feels good? I let it all go down into a pit, watch the words fall into form this sickening sentence into waste give me a theme to write to I'll wipe my lips of what didn't come of use bubble-gum spearmint myself fresh of the after taste,  
**send submission.**

## The sky is falling

*After "Chicken Little".*

If you'd learnt the dance steps carefully enough, if you mastered the routine to the point of manoeuvring yourself away from other people on the dance floor but not raising, I reckon you're well on your way for standing a chance in the coming Awards season. My feet delayed by undiagnosed (a personal favourite from my daily lexicon) dyspraxia and the stubborn habit of wanting to take things at my pace for once, only now I'm the body in the middle of a mass watching everything go ahead of me. Dancing was only fun when I was six anyway, caring seemed a rare feeling and the only one at the same time in 2006.

## Her city, our garden

perhaps instead of basic flowers branches passing over us through the errands of today's outing, we turn the watering cans towards the direction of honesty, in the left patch of the allotment sprouts loss, wilting for some farfetched blossoms petals that have fallen already, has been for years and years now. This email was sent from a plant that can't receive emails. Please don't reply to this email.

## SAXOBEAT

Our arms in lulled  
Laboured motions through  
The grey sky that came with  
10am lunch breaks, for we had  
To get this right and we'd sing  
The lyrics to sensational pop  
Running through the playground.  
Emily and I had very different  
Vocal approaches and the girls  
Were all adding their mumbled  
Lyrics into the hex of music of  
2011, performing for the green  
Grass and year threes were the  
Peak of my hazed youth.