

As Grey as Any Kitten

Never say this of me:
she was a busy man, she
was an after dinner speaker.

I remember smoking my first cigarette
in a shed full of hay.
I remember a puppy I could not train
and so he had to go.
I remember instructing Prue
to fly out of a pine tree.

If you tell a girl about bleeding,
the next thing you know, she's tried it,
and prompting all her friends.
But isn't that best?
Secrets are lumpy. Try
to be silly and tasteless.

I want a hedgehog here,
but where will it go? Not with yellow
explosions in the greenery,
nor in the speckly rain.

It is the evening of influences,
very damp with rattles clapping
and hoo hoo of a truck below.
When will I forgive myself
for that man's faults?
It's killing me,
even though I constantly
declare I am alive
and as grey as any kitten.

RACHAEL MCALPINE