

Meanwhile, Back In Communist Russia..., Blindspot

Your back had the same black shine as a beetle's shell.

I watched it, metres ahead of me as the afternoon sunlight twitched on & off of you.

The swish of your hair, the clothes, the hefty walk all say it isn't you at all.

Nonetheless I'm running and the clatter of my inappropriate shoes on the asphalt spurs me on.

I'm stung by the distance between us - the lamp - posts and clumps of litter that spring like flowers

Hollow air clangs in my lungs. Sick and dizzy I find I've caught up with someone who's not you at all.

Months of working through strangers whose eyes or smile or voice reminds me a little of yours.

Their spit has the taste of slightly you milk inside of my mouth.

I've made for you a pedestal that lifts you higher up the harder I try and knock you down.