

Meanwhile, Back In Communist Russia..., Sacred

Your hair had the colour of flaked almonds.

You, underweight - seven - stong - something.

It came out in strands that got caught in the back of my throat.

I found sits of it in my sheets for days afterwards, and it was a reminder I didn't want at all.

Someone had a photograph of you - all eyeliner and nail - polish and rainbow - coloured bracelets

When the kissing stopped, little shining strings of spit linked your mouth to mine.

Your hip bones and rid-cage juited through your skin and dug into me.

You bored me.

It was only your prettiness and the steady stream of oddly-coloured cocktails that made me think it

The shouting started immediatly : My father saying I was a slut ; my boyfriend saying it was all over

You didn't even phone me afterwards.