

Crass, Health Surface

Places of sickness nurse me cold,
Attendant whiteness glare in dark,
Straighten out the winding sheet
Twisted round in poorest dreams.
Shattered proofing of the lost,
Splinter shackled, little wounds
Of cruelty and truth, they tie
The one way sickness up inside.
Regressive smile, a baby's laugh,
A learnt contortion of the mouth,
Places of laughter leave me cool,
Hot fire dying down to ash.
Beauty breezes through so swift,
Endless roundabout of grief.
Not much to ask, a rightful place
Where nothing matters, but can't touch
Without a sinking heart, this sigh
Could be the wind among the leaves.
This pain does not belong to me,
They've taken everything away
To nurse the sicknesses of loss,
Instilled with fear and bleachy guilt
Impatient winds up in her cloth.
The tired shoes are splitting up
With weighty promises of love,
Waiting for the last to fall away
Buckle noose around the strap
All that separates the flesh
From green grass or sinking mud.
Stagnating, knowing the delusion,
Clean sheets waiting for a body,
Slapped into life and slowly gutted.
A place of sickness is to die in
Tired of the cruelty and lying,
Drip-fed tears of the forsaken.
They say, "Well soon have you up and walking";
Took the prison for a stronghold.
Took the lies for a love-song.
Paid for life on a shoestring.

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