

# Dubstar, Polestar

The wind's whistling  
my mind's twisting  
I was making myself the usual cup of tea  
when the doorbell strangely rang  
Because I've been up here for a while  
I'm starting to feel the monotony of a tower block  
I'm not so manic now  
I can uphold the weight of those neighbours  
& she's lifting & throwing to the wall  
the post-natal harmonies of youth  
when this younger man - 25  
advantageously took away her pride  
I staggered shaking slowly to the door  
Through the frosted panel I can see you  
Your intentions as a salesman truly crush  
You endeavoured as a psycho just to push  
& whilst lifting & throwing to the wall  
my puny structure of an ageing OAP  
No reason why you chose my flat  
breathing deeply in a trance