

Fish, Warm Wet Circles

On promenades where drunks propose to lonely arcade mannequins
Where ceremonies pause at the jeweller's shop display
Feigning casual silence in strained romantic interludes
Till they commit themselves to the muted journey home
And the pool player rests on another cue
Last nights hero picking up his dues
A honeymoon gambled on a ricochet
She's staring at the brochures at the holidays
Chalking up a name in your hometown
Standing all your mates to another round
Laughing at the world till the barman wipes away
The warm wet circles
I saw teenage girls like gaudy moths a classroom's shabby butterflies
Flirt in the glow of stranded telephone boxes
Planning white lace weddings from smeared hearts
And token proclamations, rolled from stolen lipsticks
Across the razored webs of glass
Sharing cigarettes with experience with her giggling
Jealous confidantes, she faithfully traces his name
With quick bitten fingers
Through the tears of condensation that'll cry through the night
As the glancing headlights of the last bus kiss adolescence goodbye
In a warm wet circle
Like a mother's kiss on your first broken heart, a warm wet circle
Like a bullethole in Central Park, a warm wet circle
And I'll always surrender to the warm wet circles
She nervously undressed in the dancing beams of the Fidra lighthouse
Giving it all away before it's too late
She'll let a lover's tongue move in a warm wet circle
Giving it all away and showing no shame
She'll take a mother's kiss on her first broken heart
A warm wet circle, she'll realise that she plays her part in a warm wet circle