

Meanwhile, Back In Communist Russia..., Mornin

I thought of the poem with the line about the smoke being a huge-yellow cat curling around the hou
A clownish figure, measuring out his life in coffee-spoons.
He said the idea of bondage made him laugh ; conjured up the image of some middle-aged couple
However with his mothers apron-strings to hand, I can't imaging him saying no.
You say you don't feel fully fledged, and then crawl into your mothers womb (him ?).
You're too scared to agree or disagree or even think about what you want.
You say you're scared of feeling trapped, and then lock yourself in your mother's house.

It started in tangled duvet covered in pictures of chubby infants, mixed drinks and the sticky-sweet
Three month later trudging through daffodils and dogshit he talked facetiously about having gone fu
He dragged symbolism out of football matches and nausea. We looked drugged and battered.
I felt him force the roles around, making me nurse him as though the emotional betrayal(?) was som
He caught the four-sixteen back home, leaving me standing on the platform with his sweat on my s
" Please keep in touch ! ". I couldn't see the point.