

Tom McRae, Killing Balloons

The party's over
Morning has yawned
A nurofen Breakfast
Ashtray thoughts
Head on a cushion
Breathe like a stone
And three dead men
Button their coats
And they're gone

And i'm on my own
Hands in my sleeves
Here are balloons
Bags of old breath
Sad little lungs
Small purses of light
Sharpen a knife

Remember the rabbit girl who drowned
All that she left an inflatable moon
Remember the boy breathing her in
Day after day after day after the boat went down
The show's over, the house lights are up
Lipstick smushed on a plastic cup
Tickets dropped on the stairs and the street
Three black taxis circle the square and leave

And i'm on my own
Hands in my sleeves
Here are balloons
Bags of old breath
Sad little lungs
Small purses of light
Sharpen a knife