

# Tom McRae, Killing Balloons

The party's over  
Morning has yawned  
A nurofen Breakfast  
Ashtray thoughts  
Head on a cushen  
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