

POEM

Nick Twemlow

Seven slicksters in black suits strong enough
to sever mettle chains swaddled round her.
But they'd have t'drop the ehsus and blacken
the fish prepared earlier for dinner.
And spendthrift guff apparitions of tide
hidden in the pharmacy vaults of the mind.

 Rolled back, their patch-work
imagination's plunged in. Took scythe
to ankle, cut it clean, swept away
the sheets of dust into darker
corners where no flame could spit, no ember fly.
What's left of her in never enough;
her lips stapled shut, her palms cupped
under a tube shooting steam, hot music
wrenched out from her ear before
it had a chance—really what love means—
t' shut the door, t' shut the door