

## Dubaldo Marie Claire

### "Not So Manic Now"

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The wind's whistling  
My mind's twisting  
I was making myself the usual cup of tea  
When the doorbell strangely rang  
Because I've been up here for a while  
I'm starting to feel the monotony of a tower block  
I'm not so manic now  
I can uphold the weight of those neighbours  
& she's lifting & throwing to the wall  
The post-natal harmonies of youth  
When this younger man - 25  
Advantageously took away her pride  
I staggered shaking slowly to the door  
Through the frosted panel I can see you  
Your intentions as a salesman truly push  
You endeavoured as a psycho just to push  
& whilst lifting & throwing to the wall  
My puny structure of an ageing OAP  
No reason why you chose my flat  
Breathing deeply in a trance

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