Fatima Mansions "Look What I Stole For Us, Darling"

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[Irish news report:] ("The air corps helicopter took a five-year-old girl from Achain Island...")

Aodhagan went hunting for food and money through the streets of Walthamstow but the dim Sunday passed with nary a catch and the dogs came home alone Eat me now...

("We inspect our genitalia on a regular basis.")

(I'm) Attacking the ones who are weakest of all on their dim walk to work with their eyes slit so small for the dawn and the path and their shekels of mine Fortune won't smile, I must be brutal or die

Now I live by the railway with the rest of the coven in a hovel vibrating lit by tandoori ovens where we keep the ransomees
We get raided on Fridays, we get drunk when they leave us

We discuss ways to die, ways we could have gone wrong

We don't mention the now

We can see no way out

We draw skulls on the walls

We draw blood from our balls

We play catch with the rats

(Still) the silence won't crack though we heave and we hack

Look what I stole! Look what I stole for us, darling! Look what I stole! Look what I stole for us, darling! Maybe we're dead, I forgot They're hunting us, so maybe not

Oh, let us mention her torso: heat, electrical chaos
If it burst she would die, oh, oh, oh
Wasn't it kind of her to let me in?
Will it get fat when it's older
Get all riddled with cancer
while she stays the same person who is fucking me now?

See the view from above of the sofa of love with the roof cut away, cars and people out there and the stains spreading out and out, blood running cold

Look what I stole! Look what I stole for us, darling! Look what I stole! Look what I stole for us, darling! We used to be human beings--not anymore! I'll have her washed and brought to you so you, my wife, can know her, too!

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