

Fish

"Bitter Suite: Brief Encounter - Lost Weekend - Blue Angel"

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1) Brief Encounter

A spider wanders aimlessly within the warmth of a shadow

Not the regal creature of border caves

But the poor, misguided directionless

Familiar of some obscure Scottish poet

The mist crawls from the canal

Like some primordial phantom of romance

To curl, under a cascade of neon pollen

While I sit tied to the phone like an expectant father

Your carnation will rot in a vase

2) Lost Weekend

A train sleeps in a siding

The driver guzzles another can of lager

To wash away the memories of a Friday night down at the club

She was a wallflower at sixteen

She'll be a wallflower at thirty four

Her mother called her beautiful

Her daddy said

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