

Marc Almond "My Little Lovers"

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A tearful tincture washes
The cabbage green skies
Beneath the dribbling tree
With tender shoots...
Your raincoats
White with special moons
With round eyes
Knock together your kneecaps
My ugly ones

We loved each other
At that time
Blue, ugly one
We ate soft boiled eggs
And chickweed
One evening, you anointed me poet
Blond ugly one
Come down here that I may whip you
Across my lap

I spewed your brilliantine
Black, ugly one
You would chop my mandolin
On the edge of my brow
Ugh! My dried saliva
Red-haired, ugly one
Still infects the trenches
Of your round breast

Oh my little lovers
How I hate you
Plaster with painful blisters

Your ugly tits

Stamp on my old pots
Of sentiment
Come on up
Be ballerinas for me
Just for a minute
Ohhhh.....

Your shoulder blades
Are dislocated
Oh, my loves
A star on your lame back
Turn your turns

And yet it's for these mutton shoulders
That I've written poems
I would like to smash your hips
For having loved

Pointless heap of failed stars
Crowd the corners
You will burst in God
Saddled with ignoble worries
Beneath the special moons
With Round eyes
Knock together your kneecaps

My ugly ones!

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