

Gabriel Peter

"Intruder"

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I know something about opening windows and doors
I know how to move quietly to creep across creaky
wooden floors
I know where to find precious things in all your
cupboards and drawers
Slipping the clippers
Slipping the clippers through the telephone wires
The sense of isolation inspires
Inspires me
I like to feel the suspense when I'm certain you know I
am there
I like you lying awake, your baited breath charging the
air
I like the touch and the smell of all the pretty dresses
you wear
Intruders happy in the dark
Intruder come
Intruder come and leave his mark, leave his mark

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