

Clare Bowditch

"Lips Like Oranges"

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Factory by five, and as the morning hits,
she's working a double-split shift,
the bosses "Hope you don't mind"
in a hand-written note place in the lunchroom.
Leave Josie alone (you've got to leave that girl alone).
She didn't ask for you.
Could she be sitting there longing for someone to take
her home?
Her in the morning light; she switches off the night.

She's got such beautiful lips.
The call like oranges to the thirsty man.
Break-time intermits.
He wants to say it but he don't know if he can.

Oh just to know her light!
Josie sees Josephine, and he wants to call her "Josie".
He wants to say "Josie, are you alright?
I've watched you fifteen years bottling those god damn
beers".
Paper-thin the walls between the lavatories,
the men's and the lady's.
Is that her name he calls?
She hears Josie rehearse some kind of song-like
verse.

She's got such beautiful lips.
The call like oranges to the thirsty man.
Break-time intermits.
He wants to say it but he don't know if he can.

I guess I was wondering what you were doing on the
weekend.
I've got tickets to this show.
It's free you know and...

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