

Beggars Opera

"Passing her"

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Bath stone and exhibition glowing from a round face
pitching into colours
installations of the brave. Passing her passing her over
to the world.
Leaning lights and bright holes drawing beams across
the walls. Sacred
mind cracked up nose leaving cardboard in a
blind. Passing her passing
her over to the world. Glazing chalk inter plastic fill your
grape with two
tone gel creep across even stones wet and handsome
tall and tense.
Essence in the nose I pierced frozen hair and glimpsy
eyes folds of old
and modern life videos active acting choice. I love you
you love me.
Internal a world external a 'Wasn't it nice?' racing for
the beach running
racing for the beach swimming facing you with the sun
wetter than hot on
the face of the luminous land.

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