

Great Imitation

"In The Slaughterhouse Where We First Kissed"

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I want to feel everything tonight, you and I fingers
entwined.

I want to feel everything tonight,
you and I fingers entwined,
feet pounding down and along soaking puddle stricken
pavement, racing nearly as quick as our pulse is.
The pale yellow wash of street light feels ever more
insipid in the face of the glare and the haze that
glowing on your face, blood red scarlet grin tearing
your mouth open, like the most wonderful wound that
I've ever seen.

Yours and my banshee screams of utter hilarity when
the brick you'd picked up struck the shop window and
as it shattered an infinity of twinkling fragments
cascaded, pirouetted in bounds and leaps,
some smashed into tinier pieces on the concrete,
while others stuck in your hair twinkling prettily
and a cacophony of shrill alarms and confused
screams struck up.

Now we're here, in an alley with over flowing stinking,
disgusting bins, hiding for our freedom squatting and
sitting, stuffing our hands over our mouths trying
desperately to douse and stifle the sound of a laughter
maniacal. You look more beautiful than an eternity
of sunsets slicked with sweat,
crimson red flushed complexion,
your expression ever demented yet refined and a
murderous
glint twinkling in your eyes

You emblazon even my grey days in sunrays,
incandescent orange and warm
And I tell her that I'd scratch out my eyes before letting
her come to harm
I'd always thought I was intolerable,
That to love the pariah within my skin was impossible
And I found it hard sometimes

But now there's you...

Now we're hiding just around the edge of the alleyway,
you're standing and panting heavily across from me,
barely able to contain the mania,
your unkempt, blackened but beautiful nails are
scratching
against your wet palms with such nervous,
murderous excitement, they're leaving little scarlet
marks I that find mesmerising.
We'd get clean, go out to eat,
up turn the table after the last mouthful of the
maincourse,
Throwing hot coffee at waiters,
smashing plates and screaming obscenities at patrons
Find anywhere to hide, hold one another so tight it
begins to hurt, but still you're pulling me in closer,
but I won't let go because I know that every moment
after this will be pallid and meaningless,
because never again will I ever be as happy as this.

I want to feel everything tonight..
When bricks strike the recently repaired windows that
we smashed up the other night

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