

The Fatima Mansions

"Look what i stole for us, darling"

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[Irish news report:] ("The air corps helicopter took a five-year-old girl from Achain Island...")

Aodhagan went hunting for food and money
through the streets of Walthamstow
but the dim Sunday passed with nary a catch

and the dogs came home alone
Eat me now...
("We inspect our genitalia on a regular basis.")

(I'm) Attacking the ones who are weakest of all
on their dim walk to work with their eyes slit so small
for the dawn and the path and their shekels of mine
Fortune won't smile, I must be brutal or die

Now I live by the railway with the rest of the coven
in a hovel vibrating lit by tandoori ovens
where we keep the ransomees
We get raided on Fridays, we get drunk when they
leave us
We discuss ways to die, ways we could have gone
wrong
We don't mention the now
We can see no way out
We draw skulls on the walls
We draw blood from our balls
We play catch with the rats
(Still) the silence won't crack though we heave and we
hack

Look what I stole! Look what I stole for us, darling!
Look what I stole! Look what I stole for us, darling!
Maybe we're dead, I forgot
They're hunting us, so maybe not

Oh, let us mention her torso: heat, electrical chaos
If it burst she would die, oh, oh, oh
Wasn't it kind of her to let me in?
Will it get fat when it's older
Get all riddled with cancer

while she stays the same person who is fucking me
now?

See the view from above of the sofa of love
with the roof cut away, cars and people out there
and the stains spreading out and out, blood running
cold

Look what I stole! Look what I stole for us, darling!
Look what I stole! Look what I stole for us, darling!
We used to be human beings--not anymore!
I'll have her washed and brought to you
so you, my wife, can know her, too!

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