

Scraps

by Robin Mitchell

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blossom

rain falling in great big drops
and the signs just about everywhere,

I'm a smiler in this apocalypse after-life.
some post-traumatic shock still flickers
on the face of the land,
and the signs got to me

in-between each rain drop
a small bird sings
they mesh together
a curtain, birds and rain.

knowing you makes a song in me
and my voice, though loaded with folly,
in some way sweet.

prove

can't believe it's true
or get it right, honey white
since I met you

just spend and spend time,
the same way I do.

prowess, my middle name
penance, my birthmark
I wear you like a wretched fur
and I'm not gonna take you off

be a blessing! be gone!
be, oh be all over me

caged in fever,
wrapped with the shakes,
strung up by the throat
to the light fitting

and the party's on!
still going strong!
broke a heel on the stair,
span out into the hall
with my good intentions tangled in your hair.

elevate

burst across the black back of a wet rock,
morning comes
with a cat-call from the drums

soft memory imprint
washed to the horizon

my body shakes with cold,
stuck with salt
and nature's crude piercings.

love&hugs

o rainbow

I will be sad when you go

you're my sweet little

sex symbol

I drink a drop of you

from a thimble

I drink a drop of you,

swallow hard, choke it down

- it's all begun

- it's time you left

the hours on the clock gone astray

dawn stands outside, calling you away

baby look at me, how could you ever leave,

even now putting on your clothes,

but don't close the door,

let me follow if I please,

if I ever feel the gravity of you

tugging at my sleeve.

cecina

in the burning, found a way out
subdued by all the wearying
of a glory afternoon

me and my folks took down to the edge,
looked with our own eyes upon a mirror
which was a window
which was a door

escape blocked by shards of logic,
sent limping,
wounded by shrapnel

the anthem ringing in my ears
my eyes feasted
but my mouth never got to taste

streets so real you can smell blood

I tell awkward prayers,
words cluttered and crammed,
ill-fitted bricks and the house came down

telling tall tales
of lovesickness and dying from it
when no-one ever sang that song to me

ain't all about you, bro
hard to keep a handle
when everything's flying off around you
pinging and scratching like a brutal wreckage

sorrow and sighing will flee, death will die,
o afflicted city,
such a kiss of tears I have for you

such a sick and heartfelt feeling,
sensationalism's a bitch
I never trust her
but she tends to win.

beauty school

leave everything and just run
kid, though they're too fast for you
anyhow and your lips are no good
your looks are no good
takes a long time to explain, but,

leave me floating breathless on purple heather
on moorland, not a stone's throw from the sea
as the ships steam past heading for god knows where
stuffed full of secrets, letters and presents we should've
but it's too late, the horizon swallowed them all

quickly now 'cause all the light gets drained into the sea
sea and sky and moorland, all are purple red drunk and awash
'til heaviness pulls the light out from the sea,
drags it suffocating along the ocean bed,
to bed

some or other violin part
kicking its way through the landrover stereo
and I'm so thankful to be free of this dream.

tornado season

get caught out by trembling
in the air
so c'mon never be afraid

to dance, though your legs aren't up to it
though you're drowned dizzy and destroyed
by a drink or two

lover,
stranger,
jesus,
I have other names for you, do me a favour

but I'm sat unable to swing my fists
or even keep my hands closed
and these open palms are talking to you
like they've got your name written on.