

But rather than try to wipe my mind with smoke
I should just remember all the times I beat your arse at poker.
When I was slim and you were soft,
when you fell asleep with your face in my cunt,
the time you shat the bed.
Make the Satsuma shrink as though the juice
had been sucked out,
feel its skin slip sadly down my spine.

by Tamara Fulcher

Sun battles fog: fog wins

An etcher has been abroad
this night,
burning ferns into windows.

Pigeons swarm around a slurry
of rice and gravy.

He moves to avoid me,
I move to avoid him:
we touch.

Red cars line the gutter,
one with smashed lights,
paisley rabbit poised on dashboard.

The blue of distant mountains
brought close on laminated
buds.

Ursula Hurley