

On Death

The stink of its approach is
prickly and delightful.

It could all end with a housebreak
or a pre-dawn naked amble
down river, in the river;

or a monoxious hose,
his hand in mine.

I hope not. Hope is weak
and nothing stronger than hope.

by Tamara Fulcher

Choices

arsonist child minder
teaching us kids
to strike it
and eat it
and hold it there
witholding control

years later she married

a man full of fear
of fire

by Dee McMahon

The Failure of Perfume

intolerably crimson
black-creased petals
fallen on a hot tarmac path
gathered and pressed until
cell-walls ruptured
and smeared oily carrion upon
chipolata fingers
stuffed into jam jars topped
up with tap water
stolen by succubae
to leave brown matter
wafing gently under
a ceiling of grey scum

by Ursula Hurley