

Abandoned, Angry

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Grey Fish Sea

You will run straight past me
Without barely glancing at me.
I will shout so loud after you
But you will be far so far too far.
You are a dot on the horizon,
A diamond in a diamond ring,
A hawk floating on the breeze,
A green fish in a grey fish sea.

I will follow in my little four door car
And I will, smiling, invite you inside.
You will accept, smiling, because you are tired so tired.
You are a face at my window,
A rose bush in an otherwise bare garden,
The moon in a star filled sky,
A green fish in a grey fish sea.

We will talk for hours
About picking pretty flowers,
About flashing lights and battered kites,
About love about loss about love.

When, much later, the talking is done
You will exit my cute car
And go into your home.
As I watch you walk away I
Will realise that I am grey and you are green.

I will think about the flowers we planned to pick.
I will think about fires in fields.
I will think about battles where everybody won.
I will think about how things that look different are actually the same.
All you have to do is close your eyes.

We will sleep, side by side.
Smiles on our faces.
Sweet dreams in our sweet heads.
Carefully constructed love in our beating hearts.

When you dream you pretend I'm green.

Before

This land has
Lots of poor people.
All they own are piles of pennies.
Clearly pennies shine like pounds but
The lady in Tesco's says
That doesn't matter.

Going Home

Darkness drapes over my shoulders and
Pushes me onwards relentlessly.
My breath is solid like statues and
I fear the fire bubbling inside me.

Plain halos of light dot
The mottled ground, tiny
Pockets of safety in
A violent existence.

The shops are abandoned to
Ghosts and goblins and demons.
I see wedding dresses, shadowed
Like caves in winter.

I finally reach my squashed house.
My keys, an assortment of oddities, sparkle in delight.
As I rummage through them they tinkle as if
They would like to stumble through a stammering speech.

Overflowing with confidence I invade the inside.
The light has conquered eternity.
I will whisper to my snoring father but
He will not reply to my murmurings.

When I sleep I dream of
A ballet dancer dreaming about me.
Night time is like a lion trapped
Inside the vortex of a blizzard.
He dreams of escaping but
He has nowhere to go.

Yesterday

They say yesterday was today for a day.

We wander west to Rome to find a nice new home.
She tells me, quietly, that we need seats that are as strong as stone.
I say that's fine by me, you see,
I don't mind wasting a day shopping for seating.

When we eventually reach Rome nobody is waiting to greet us.
I say maybe they are sleeping and thinking about us and our journey.
She says maybe they died centuries ago.
Maybe she is right and maybe she is wrong.

They say yesterday was today for a day.
While we were living in it it was sunny and
The salty sea air thrilled our thoughts.
No amount of nothingness can bring that back.

You have half and I'll have half.

Sometimes

Sometimes I
Cry because however
Hard I try my
Life is always
Less than love lusts for.

Sometimes I
Cry because I only
Know the worst
Way to walk.

Sometimes I
Sing because the
Sun, my friend, is
Warm on my quiet skin.

Sometimes I
Sing because the
Best men make
The best bread for the
Best friends.

Life is like this:
Sometimes we are
Asleep and sometimes
We are forced to
Fake happiness.