

Inver

In the bay there were five or six
great dark floating monsters –
fish farms tended by men in RIBs
who threw down illegal lobster pots
and slung us Tesco bags of crab claws
not to tout. Our teas-with-powdered-milk
and cuppa soup cup dinners
all tasted like boat, like purple
methyated spirits too pretty
to drink, and the dolphins all had gaps
and chunks missing and looked wrong and wild
and not like the real dolphins I saw
on TV. And their wet backs brushed
slimey against our feet and in school
I lied and made them magic,
kept the truth in the boot with the lifejackets.

Waders

That summer one of the boys from the boats
tumbled overboard and paddled and sank,
washing up on St. John's Point days later
with his green boots still burping seawater.
They said it was the waders that did it:
the watertight rubber from toe to chest
gulps the sea, keeps it in and pulls you down,
an anchor strapped on with hi-vis braces.

And the boys from the boats kept their boots on,
knowing well the disrespect of learning
too quickly from another man's mistakes.
And the mackerel that summer kept biting,
and the nets were raised and lowered, all eyes
averted from the place the boy went in.

The Cosmic Comet

I get this
nightmare where the bricks of my house, all
aligned neatly and morally
cemented

together,
learn to form opinions. On the worst
nights, they decide that they don't like
me so much.

They begin
to close in and crush me into this
tiny cube. But on better nights,
they stick to

insulting
my clothes, my glasses and all my life
decisions. Oh, I know maybe
it isn't

"possible"
for a mindless stone - however large –
to be inherently evil
or benign.

It isn't
always that simple. Probably, some
are quite neutral. Maybe even
most of them.

entryway

i have had bad experiences
of things
going inside of things

sometimes words
slipping into my open ears
or boy things going inside
like wrong jigsaw pieces
leaving the smaller piece
sad and dogeared

one time a moth
crawled into my
ear in the middle
of the night

i had to spend six
hours in a&e
and when the doctor tried
to pull it out he cut open my
ear canal

and i couldn't go in
the sea for two
to three weeks

Cold Today

I don't know if the air is hitting the birds
the same as me, that type of cold
where all the muscles in your back and between
your guts feel like they'll never get loose again,
like *this is my life now*. I imagine
it must make flying a challenge. In the morning,
the sun seems to forget to give us the time of day,
but in the afternoon, the clear sky
hints at a moon like the residue
from a round sticker you couldn't peel
off quite right.