

Crazy blazon

—god I hate
you and your long
scarves and your
classroom smell and
the way you leaned against the Venetian
blinds in my old room and left them
saltied the next day like a tongue
on a Roman coin. I hate you like
trawling thru the pisslined streets in town
and slipping over each brick of Manners
Street, skirt dampened like a schoolgirl's.
I hate you like a 5-act German opera
or the 7pm emptiness of a house party.
With liquid eyeliner I write
the curse of your name, slip it under
my tongue and swallow
as easy as swallowing lithium. But u
but u steal in
in the night
u steal in
like a thief in the night; how it is in the Bible,
and you grab me with a warmwet hand.
You say, *forgive me*
all I have done
and all I did in ur dreams to make u hate me.
And I lead you back through the window
out into the biting blue cold
and watch you climb down but I do not —
I do not dare — do I dare? —
do not close it