

Steph Gorman

Notification

I feel like a weird stomach groan
that is not a groan of hunger
in a silent lecture hall.

I feel like a nineties tribal tattoo
on the small of a professional back.

I feel like an impertinent statement
about a brothel in a packed lift.

Waiting for the gift of a little red coin
with a 1 on its belly,
I feel like a failed comeback album.

howling howling

since i left

you quarter

sleeping ive been

wobbling

i carry the cat

for something

to cuddle

i cling

to him

like a hopeless

creature clinging to

a horoscope

i cant

tell

if ive never

been bluer

you had me howlin

or if im

content

you had me howlin

to the point

of

collapse

hoooh hoooh blush

hoooh hoooh blush

ur pose xx

desire descends
like flu
like the bends
in the coffee queue
on the bakerloo
line i want you

A South Western Railway Family

The family all have hook noses, even the mother and father, as if they both declared when they met each other 'May we spread the gene for beakish noses far and wide! May our daughters have aquiline, Snape-like projections from their faces!' Actually, one girl's nose is almost straight save for a slight bump, more Ryan Gosling than bald eagle.

The family are all drinking from Pret elderberry cans with straws rather than straight from the blunt opening, which is:

- a) profligate
- b) lavish and
- c) embarrassing

Some time later, Pret cans dispensed with, they all push headphones in, have left to get lost inside their own devices. Perhaps this is what it is like to be in a standard, classic, customary family. I couldn't tell you.

this bye is slim like

a good knife
shut door light
hundreds and thousands
a rich adolescent
a managerial smile
a missed tube
an interlude
eyebrow hairs
shallow sleep
ladder steps
british kisses
courgetti
dvds
sellotape
nailmarks
wristbands
hyphens
bike spokes
whiskers
wicks
rings
strings
days
the volume of poetry
i would have given you

