



The Place That Is Not For Us

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I wish I had a rich friend
I bury my bones
I'd let them betray me and never have any qualms
I'd let them be mean to me at the cost of their soul
Follow them to hell and make them queue for my dole
I'd forgive them too quickly, swallow pride and alms whole.
I would carry their burden and then we could swap roles.
I both marvel and wallow in front of their face
I'd fill the gaps of silence, I'd make them check the price.
I would dampen their spirit and stifle their chuckle.
Have them weigh their own value and make them fight me bare knuckle.
I'd say they're good as the gold that's matching their girth
I'd call their father obtuse and their mother overt.
I'd say their nanny was a bigot
And their grandad uncouth.
I'd cry: "Nostalgia for mud!"
And make them bleed at the root
Trade your blood for water
Set your son on your daughter
Reimagine the wheel
And restore social order
I'd savage their sentiments
Show them poverty manifest
In spite of tamper-proof evidence
Still just a scumbag with eloquence.