



Fakes & Manners

Elayne Harrington (Temper-Mental MissElayneous), 4th May 2011

Raised on an unsteady diet of white bread, aluminium poisoning.
Petty theft misdemeanors, ad infinitum, petrol siphoning.
Disguise our integrity, postpone passion to other children.
'Poly-fila' for the cracks in our souls, duplo-lego block-building.
Sucking solvents; our pre-teen passifiers.
Self-made magician; petrol from blue to yellow.
Take the long way home to a small war, all the same – a warzone, too angry
to choke on 'hello.'
Not knowing that cuts don't always have to go septic.
Abnormality's parallel to functioning when calm is hectic.
Not hungering for danger because we didn't know safety.
Just hungry, escape route: school tie to hang and not chafe me.
I'm a chess piece on a drafts board, wearing no mask, why I feel like a
stranger.
Blondey dollies, cereal bowl, cigarette butt, passive smoke to fill your
heart's chamber.
We believe in 'never', we trust in "don't always say always".
We're the common good realists, our footsteps fade in school hallways.

Fundamental knowledge of energy, the symptom is folded arms.
Potential faucet turned to 'empty', clockwise rotation, open palms.
Dodge bench warrants and guard spiritual awakenings like bags under
scrotum.
Can't fully feel alive, 'less your heart's racing...
Is living easy if living is coping?
We crow-barred our own minds ajar, the young know that God neither man
nor woman be.
Assembling pencil blades for our own faces to scar, disfigure and barbwire
myself lest you approach me.
The fright of my life, pluck petals and count the years left.
I can't enjoy my sherbert jigsaw memories because I'm worried to death.
In conjunction with hanging fearlessness on the shelves.



In order to function with the faeries and elves and far-fathomed forced
falseness of fallacies of ourselves.

Over the rainbow and beyond the wishing wells.

If you break it, you buy it, anything sells, if the tattle-tale tells.

Tales of fiction for factions to rouse an infraction.

Of the remnants of P.V.C. peace of mind from which stemmed fake
satisfaction.

High status starts with nursery rhymes, literary spellings and times tables.

Basely low rank courtesy binds, having no digestive tract to swallow fables.

An attitude of God repaying me in mercy.

Try to disallow but my gratitude enables.

My efforts to be tied to their indifference, like cable.

Ties cutting wrists, lies instigate, hence; cupping fists.

Try not to hate us, end up respecting us out of fear.

We are those infants, minus the poison, minus the gear.

Keep out of the reach of children, still the danger of suffocation prominent.

You're fourteen in a month, forty-year-olds haven't gone through all you've
went.

In disarray and in danger, no crib for a bed.

Woodworm cots, sleeping upright in buggies instead.

Matured fears of adult cot-death parade our heads.

Father pushing pram, imitate Goliath wielding steds.

Missing child, green-eyed, strawberry blonde, lost, on the juice for the cure.

Circumcised in the mental, both sides of the watery divide, no guard dogs
to hoose or to lure.

Downward looking canines, galaxies, not in our vision plane.

Chin to concrete dragging, seeking luck that through pennies's feigned.

The sky is our God, is seeing believing, well, we trust it, yet cannot touch.

Truest faithful of Fidos are we heretics, we want it all, but don't ask for
much.

The same juvenescence imagery, scribed on a female brain.

Though we couldn't have conceived the tooth fairy the same.

The same era projected and reflected in a different retina.

Calculating milk teeth's worth, the Trócaire box to settle it.

All a haze, pocket money on tick, scot-free by a whisker.

Forecast on sunny days, borrowing phrase from the mouth of your sister.

Dogs chasing cars, tireless bike wheels igniting a spark.

Our only shooting stars, timeless lightyears lighting the dark.



Smoking butts out the ashtray, no need to keep sketch.
Egged on to be wild ones, lucky red-head, age six, placing bets.
Unlucky uncles that wore grimaces and greed in their heart.
Bore nemesis like carbuncles, would score a screed then depart.
Clever little wise one too, true blue, stamping feet, balling fists, morphing
the baby face askew.
Sorry I ever grew, or worried I never threw more shapes or tantrums, was
too wide of either to do.
Thinking dipsos were champions.
Class clown in the adult school.
Down The Shamrock pub, doing sums.
Estimating toilet trips, Guinness froth, sucking thumbs.
An open book to read others, street suss, reading paths, chin tucked,
brothers drawing weed plants.
Thought it caramel, what was brown being cooked.
First word's a curse, learned from the mouth of a nurse.
Verbal flowers in a hearse.
A squandered youth? ... Could be worse.